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THE NEW YORKER

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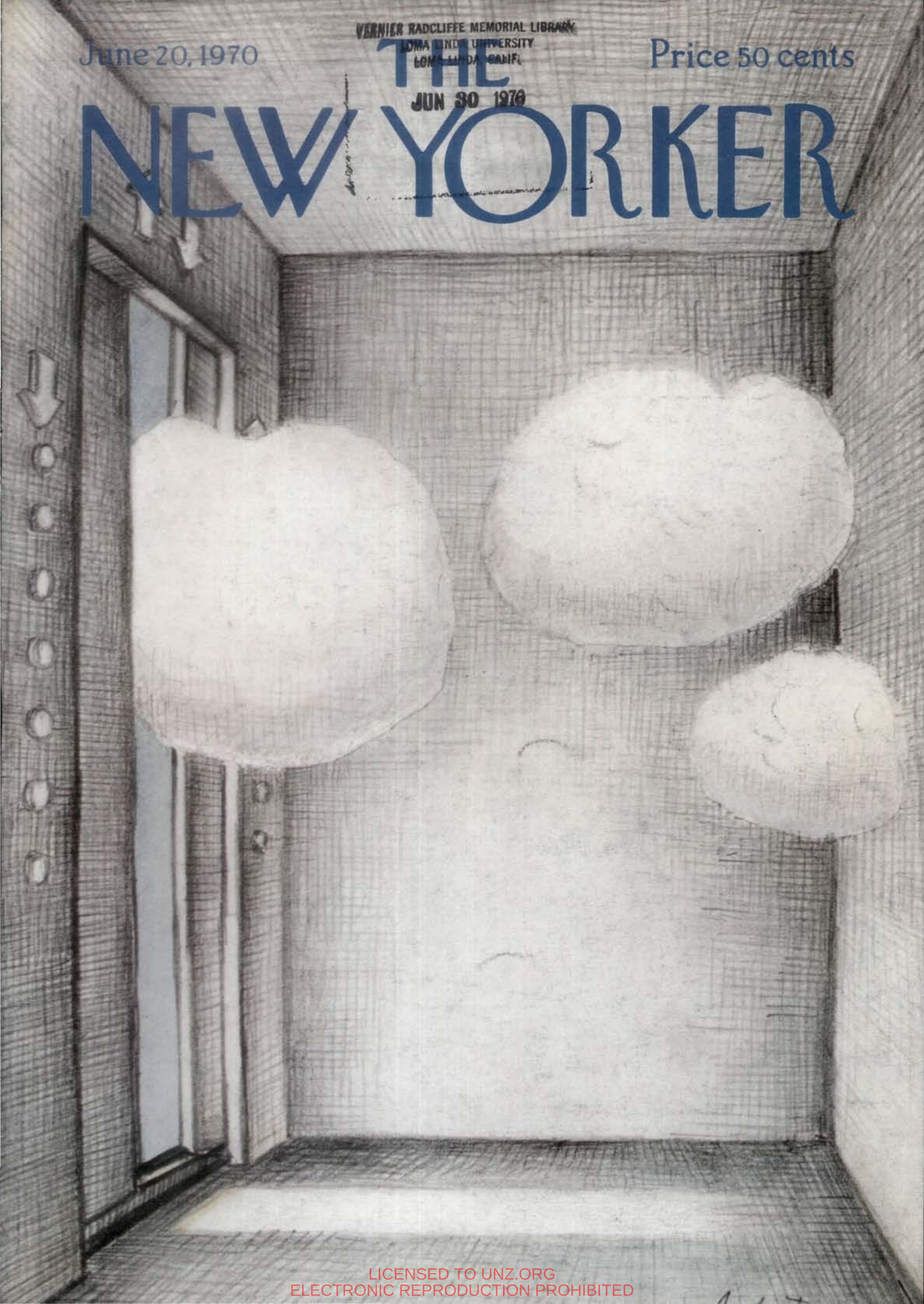

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Awake and Sing!—A satisfactory revival after thirty-five years of Clifford Odets' masterpiece—a moving and funny play that is much less dated than you might expect. (Bijou, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3, plus Wednesday, June 24, and Saturday, June 27, at 2:30.)

Borstal Boy—Bringing back to life a Brendan Behan not in the least Lazarus-like but characteristically indignant and joyous. With Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Butterflies Are Free—A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. Well acted by Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Cage—A play written by Rick Cluchey, and performed by him and five other ex-convicts from San Quentin. Preview Wednesday, June 17. Opens officially on Thursday, June 18, at 7:30. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Child's Play—Robert Marasco's spooky play about how pedagogy corrupts and absolute pedagogy corrupts absolutely. With brilliant performances by Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Colette—Zoe Caldwell gives a great and totally satisfying performance in this fine dramatization of Colette's autobiographical writings, and she is ably supported by the rest of the cast. Elinor Jones is the dramatist. Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have written a number of delightful songs, which are scattered throughout. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. There is a parking lot across the street from the theatre. A bus leaves the theatre after each performance and eventually winds up at Times Square.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A deplorable revival of **beggar on horseback**, an old play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 27.)...¶ At the Forum, in the same building: **amphitryon**, another go-round of the old legend, with two light-footed acts and a clumpy third act. Peter Hacks is the playwright, and Ralph Manheim the translator from the German. Funny performances by Harold Gould and James Ray, among others. (Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 20.)

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Room Service—Ron Leibman and a host of other high-strung characters rush through an admirable revival of this very funny classic. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**adaptation** and **next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the concept:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, June 24, at 2. Closes Sunday, June 28, for the summer.)... **forty carats:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for June Allyson, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)...

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25

"HASSIDIC TALES, WITH A GUIDE TO THEIR INTERPRETATION BY THE NOTED SCHOLAR" . . . . . *Woody Allen* 31

"METAMORPHOSIS" (POEM) . . . . . *Jon Swan* 33

"THE FALL" . . . . . *V. S. Pritchett* 34

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS (GENERAL MOTORS STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING) . . . . . *E. J. Kahn, Jr.* 40

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 55

THE RACE TRACK . . . . . *Audax Minor* 58

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (ABOUT THE HOUSE) . . . . . *Janet Malcolm* 63

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION (2,4,5-T) . . . . . *Thomas Whiteside* 78

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS (NEW YORK CITY ASSEMBLY DISTRICT CAMPAIGN) . . . . . *Susan Lardner* 96

BOOKS . . . . . *George Steiner* 109

BRIEFLY NOTED 119

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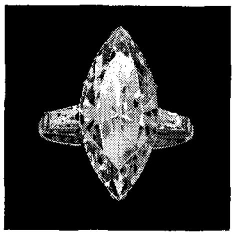

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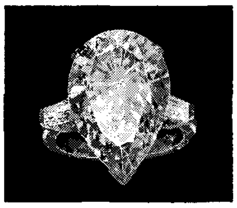

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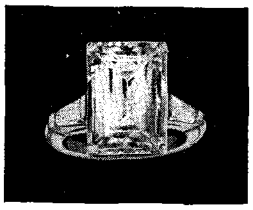

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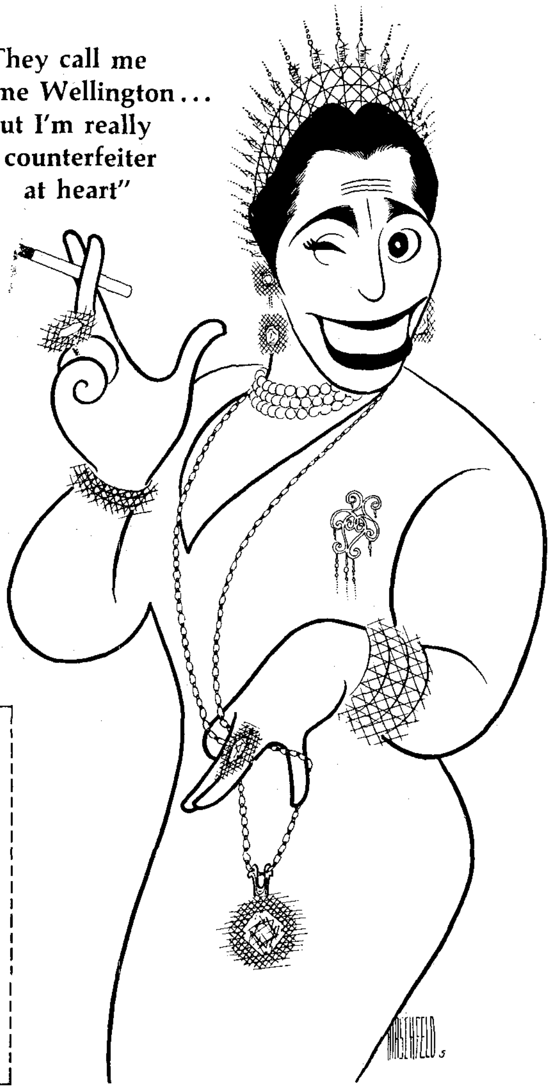

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY: Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Akokawe—A loosely knit but quite entertaining evening of words, music, and dancing out of Africa, as assembled by the Nigerian actor Afolabi Ajayi. Perhaps the show's greatest attraction is a dynamic young beauty from Tanzania named Amandina Lihamba. This is the Negro Ensemble Company's final production of the season. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Applause—A rousing, tireless, immensely skillful retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Boy Friend—Judy Carne and Sandy Duncan enjoying a merry romp at a finishing school on the Riviera, back in the twittering twenties. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn, with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. It purports to be about the great Gabrielle Chanel of Paris and turns out to be about the great Katharine Hepburn of Hartford. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A marvellous cast, headed by Larry Kert, Susan Browning, and Elaine Stritch, in a fresh and funny show. George Furth did the excellent book, and Stephen Sondheim did the equally attractive music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to agreeable samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious," grown too big for its hand-me-down breeches. With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Silent with awe and pity I went to her bedside. She was crying in her wretched bed. For those words, Stephen: love's bitter mystery. Where now? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Her secrets: old feather fans, tasselled dancecards, powdered with musk, a gaud of amber beads in her locked drawer. A birdcage hung in the sunny window of her house when she was a girl. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** She heard old Royce sing in the pantomime of Turko the terrible and laughed with others when he sang: *I am the boy/ That can enjoy/ Invisibility*. Phantasmal mirth, folded away: musk-perfumed. *And no more turn aside and brood.* Folded away in the memory of nature with her toys. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Charles West plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. West at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday, June 17, at 8:15: "Theme and Variations," "The Eternal Idol," "Les Noces," and a new production of "Gaîeté Parisienne.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 18, at 8:15: "Pulcinella Variations," "Fall River Legend," and "Gaîeté Parisienne.". . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8:15: A new production of "Petrouchka," "Fancy Free," and "Etudes.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 2:15: "Petrouchka," "Fancy Free," and "Gaîeté Parisienne.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 8:15: "Petrouchka," "Pillar of Fire," and "Gaîeté Parisienne.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 21, at 1:15 and 7:15: "Harbinger" and "La Sylphide.". . . ¶ Tuesday, June 23, at 8:15: "At Midnight," a new production of "Jardin aux Lilas," "Caprichos," and "Gala Performance.". . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 8:15: "Concerto," "Paquita" (première), "Fall River Legend," and "Gala Performance.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 25, at 8:15: "Les Noces," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," "The River" (première), and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8:15: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 2:15: "Pulcinella Variations" and "Giselle.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 8:15: "Moor's Pavane" (première) and "Giselle." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 12.)

Martha Graham Center of Contemporary Dance—A program (postponed from May 28) of three new works by Bertram Ross and one early Graham work, "El Penitente," danced by a company headed by, among others, Mr. Ross and Mary Hinkson. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, June 17, at 8:30.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Opening free performances in the summer series of three plays—**KING HENRY VI, PART I:** Tuesday, June 23, and Friday, June 26, at 8. . . . **KING HENRY VI, PART II:** Wednesday, June 24, at 8. . . . **RICHARD III:** Thursday, June 25, at 8. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.). . . **NOTE:** All three plays will be presented, seriatim, on Saturday, June 27, starting at 7. That's the plan, anyway.

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Not for comfort-seekers, only for those who dig entertainment of a contemporary sort, like folk singer Tom Paxton, who on Wednesday, June 24, will give way to the very funny David Steinberg. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Gregariousness is evident in this wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music—turned out by Joe Beck on guitar and electric piano, with a bass player assisting him—is quietly lively, and it runs from eleven to three. Dinner is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight, mirrors, brick walls—a place of beauty is a joy for an evening. Jazz, on the cool side, from eleven to one on piano and bass. A distinctive menu. No live music Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Way West, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers intimacy, calmness, and cooking from the Old Kentucky (or Georgia or Mississippi) Home. Chuck Wayne is on guitar until Wednesday, June 24, when Gene Bertoncini will take over, with Ron Carter on bass. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—There is a lot of fundamental music here, as the Zoot Sims quartet plays solidly and never without inspiration. Friday through Sunday, June 19-21, Al Cohn will

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

join in, and Anita O'Day sings every Friday through Sunday. On Tuesday, June 23, Roy Eldridge will relieve Sims. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old hangout, a dependable haven for traditional jazz. The musicians, most of the time, are Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi, and they carry on from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Nostalgia efflorescent. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel peachy. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Easterly the drift of traffic flow that takes the reveller to this most unlikely, and rather gloomy, part of town. The place of entertainment, it should be noted, is sufficiently cheerful in its simple way, and one may be assured of the continued patronage of Euterpe. Hank Mobley's quintet is on the stand. On Tuesday, June 23, Rashied Ali's quartet will move in. On Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, pianist Alice Coltrane will also be here. Mondays involve jam sessions, with Art Blakey acting as host.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, where you can be as casual or as formal as you wish, the Billy Taylor trio plays for cocktails and dining. On Mondays, these people are off and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs, two sure winners are onstage: incisive comic Dick Gregory and stunning young singer Esther Marrow. They perform through Sunday, June 21. Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, Nina Simone will sing. Shows at ten Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday; at ten and midnight Friday; and at nine-forty-five, eleven-forty-five, and one-forty-five Saturday. On Mondays, there are various Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Some of the finest jazz musicians have played—and still play—in this small and funky basement. The Elvin Jones quartet is loud and impressive. On Tuesday, June 23, Freddie Hubbard's quintet will take over. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant, and the dinners and suppers are near-Lucullan. The crowd, a svelte one, dances on a little floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—If this is where it's at, then at it's where is this? Lots of moving lights and lissome people, along with indoor playground equipment that helps keep kids kidlike. On Sundays, as well as Wednesdays and Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live groups alternate with high-powered records. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Soft carpets, the names of famous Frenchmen etched on glass, and a relatively timeless atmosphere. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort. Dancing to records from eleven until three or four, but only on Fridays and Saturdays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Small, intimate enough for the collegiate crowd that comes here, and musically subdued. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. The supper menu is ample. Closed Sundays.

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Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Looking out the fifteenth-floor windows, you can see all manner of neon signs flashing, pulsing, and gleaming in the heart of the second biggest city in the world. The interior is all right, too. Dancing to music, both live and recorded, Mondays through Fridays from ten to three. Light suppers are served. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—A restaurant called the Penthouse Club by day, a discothèque by night. People dance to strong records from ten until three or four. Late dinners are available, and the view of the Park is fine. Sundays through Wednesdays, a group called Chartreuse plays. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—It would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, a group known as Gentlemen entertains. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—Can be compared to a quaint old village street, with shops, lampposts, tables, and people sitting or strolling about. Not bad, if quaint old village streets are your bag. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Wheels on the doors, wheels on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. The live sounds of C.S.C. alternate with records. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Hey, Jude, your mother shoulder know the fool on the hill. Yesterday, with a little help from my friends, lovely Rita let it be a day in the life. Michelle? She's leaving home. (Dancing to records from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.)

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at two-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve, and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays. . . . **Tavern-on-the-Green,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): As close as the city can come to a midsummer night's dream, by the light of the silvery moon and/or Con Edison—*en-plein-air* feeding and footing it featly, this last to music that runs from seven-thirty or so until quite late. No action Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking begins at nine on Saturdays and a trifle later the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the one revue in town, is brightened by fitful gleams of humor, of which it could use more. The cast is brightened to approximately the same degree. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Israeli bop, the song is sort of Israeli pop. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from six until one. Dance music for all hands. Closed Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—A bunch of the boys (the Dells) are whooping it up in the Royal Box during dinner and supper. Their art form is rhythm-and-blues; the art form employed by Irwin C. Watson is humor with a reasonably soft cutting edge. The Lee Evans orchestra is its usual self-possessed and prepossessing self. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, an army of singers and musicians always on the move, break camp on Wednesday, June 17. Next evening's main arrival is Amalia Rodrigues, Portugal's leading export, whose *fado* songs make sorrow the sweetest of all emotions. A covey of Spanish flamencans will also be on hand. No dark nights. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Juan Jimenez) and voice (José Sordiall). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—'Tis summer, and home-from-school time, so the Copa is a Rock garden, tilled by Gary Puckett & the Union Gap. On Thursday, June 25, they cede the premises to Robert Kole and Ernest Param, whose ballad-and-banter act has them boxing in the featherweight class. Every night, and twice or more. . . . ¶ In the lounge, the music and the listeners are sort

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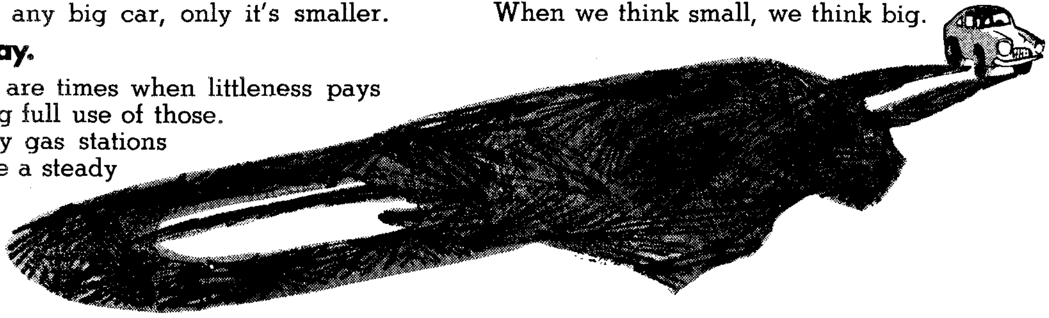

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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of home-on-the-range, out at that big ranch in Nevada.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Dakota Staton, a jazz singer who doesn't get around here often anymore, is being backed up by the Norman Simmons trio, and a jazz band involving such deserving men as Charlie Richards, Buddy Tate, Eddie Barefield, and Herman Autrey is sounding off. On Friday, June 26, a changing of the guard: the trio of Marian McPartland, whose jazz piano trips the light and the fantastic, plus the band led by Urbie Green's workmanlike trombone. The milieu is ale-and-chop-house, as it should be. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room—a bandbox indeed these nights, mustering up the Burt Farber and Mark Monte orchestras (both for dancing) and Doc Severinsen's crew, on parole from television (for listening)—shuts down for the summer on Saturday, June 20. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to ten-thirty, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano, eight to one, except Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Women's Lib is far from the mind of Carmen McRae, whose balladry indicates—blazingly and beautifully—her willingness to see the difficult relationship with Man through to its bitter/sweet end. Her credo is delivered at both dinner and supper; dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—A distinct view of the past, by arrangement with Sy Oliver. His band, using the tense, taut orchestrations he devised for more than one historic group, shares the podium with another of those rock-breaking gangs. Six to two weekdays, one to eight Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—June is busting out all over when Trini Lopez takes the floor of the Empire Room to serve as a benevolent song-and-prance Pied Piper. This happens during dinner and supper; Charles Turecamo's orchestra fills up the rest of the evening with further appropriate sound. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Whatever songs Bobby Short decants in this highly educational institution are in the Academy of the Immortals, but there is nothing academic about his performance of them. His aides-de-camp (and sometimes de-Camp) are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): College reunion, continual, coeducational, and convivial. The bar is straight and narrow; the dining room is as broad as it is long, and frequently filled by the music of a duo, led by Joel Shulman, which is in service every night but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before and forevermore—Tibor Rakossy for officer of the watch, Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion *grande vedette,* which serves also as her *pied-à-piano,* from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Mirko, who has been a nostalgic guitarist for longer than anyone can remember, is now part of the entourage. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). Someone is almost always at the piano, and the best of this ground swell is Scott Reed, whose voice and mild piano carry on from nine-thirty until three, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti is the name of the cuisine, right enough, but the vocal outpouring, which often involves not only the entire staff but the entire audience, runs from Neapolitan opera to the Donnybrook fairgrounds. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee all over the place (by, naturally, prowling violinists) and, for good (and hearty) measure, an occasional rehearing (by a quartet whose lead singer is Leyna Gabriele, prop.) of this or that operetta. From dinner until two, every night but Sunday. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, *afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians* and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): In the lounge, next door to the King Cole Bar, there is musing piano, from five until ten (though never on Sundays or Mondays), by Julius Monk—a musing that is a social occasion for all who date back to his days at Le Ruban Bleu. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and post-prandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one absolutely every night. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle haunted not by ghosts but by live musicians, such as George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, heartfelt pianist. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. No music Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A buttery of a certain importance, wherein Dick Hankinson addresses the keyboard off and on from six until one; Sundays, this or that pianist serves as his lieutenant. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A pretty formal occasion, and a just plain pretty one, too. George Feyer, dean of our Viennese musicologists, has the use of the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. No sound on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): A renaissance—dance tunes once again in a celebrated pleasure dome, and night after night. The course: seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Sundays and Mondays, eight-thirty until a late curfew Tuesdays through Saturdays. Further to brighten this corner: Tony Bujka, violinist, and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, pianist-accordionist, who deploy between five-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A fairly ornate mulberry bush, around which, regular as clockwork and eager as little beavers, a posse of musicians goes from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): State occasion. The season for Joe Miles and his quiet-as-a-church-mouse piano ends on Saturday, June 20. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Lotus is not on the menu of this duplex chalet, but eaters of it will be at ease in this world unto itself. Perambulating song and guitar on the lower deck, and a menu full of other things. Every night. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Sit not at the mile-long bar but at the side tables if you have come to hear Wayne Sanders' piano, which has a keen sense of nostalgia, and a nourishing one. Five to ten, except Sundays. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): A newly discovered island in the midst of Manhattan—one prepared to indulge the guests in reasonably eclectic shore dinners to the tunes of the piano run by Buddy Barnes, the sometime accompanist of Mabel Mercer. Eight-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5731): Not the Great Outdoors, but at least a little one, with a scattering of real musicians who operate when the hordes come down from the hills around to dine—music from noon to two-thirty and eight to one, Mondays through Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Harry Bouras—Drawings with social intimations by a Chicago artist; through June 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

Ernest Dieringer—Ten six-foot-square geometric paintings; through Friday, June 26. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Red Grooms—Watercolors and constructions for his film "Tappy Toes;" through Friday, June 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Childe Hassam and Ernest Lawson—Paintings by these prominent Americans; through Saturday, June 27. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Saturdays.)

Emil Hess and Kathleen Cooke—Assembled sculptures with sound effects by the former and moody drawings of animals by the latter; through Saturday, June 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Pat Lipsky—A first one-man show by this Abstract Expressionist; through Friday, June 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Bronzes, terra-cottas, and drawings by this veteran Expressionist sculptor; through June 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturday afternoons.)

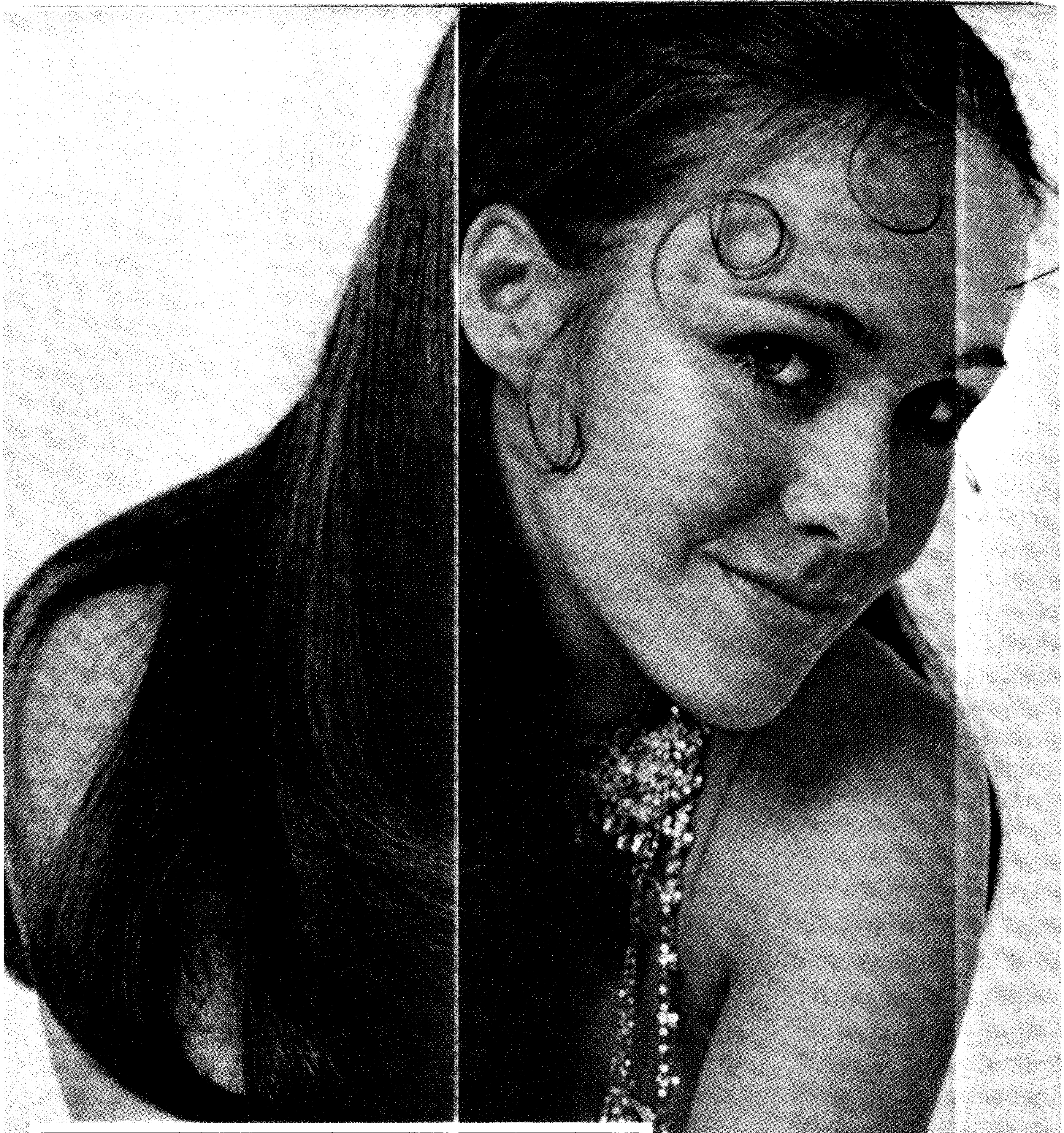
Charles O. Perry—Complex geometrical sculptures; *through* Saturday, June 20. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Collages and silkscreens, one huge; through Saturday, June 27. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St. Daily, 10 to 6.)

Dan Rice—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through July 3. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Osamu Shimoda—Fifteen white geometric sculptures; through Friday, June 26. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

H. C. Westermann—Twelve sculptures and a



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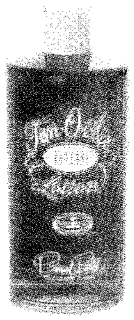

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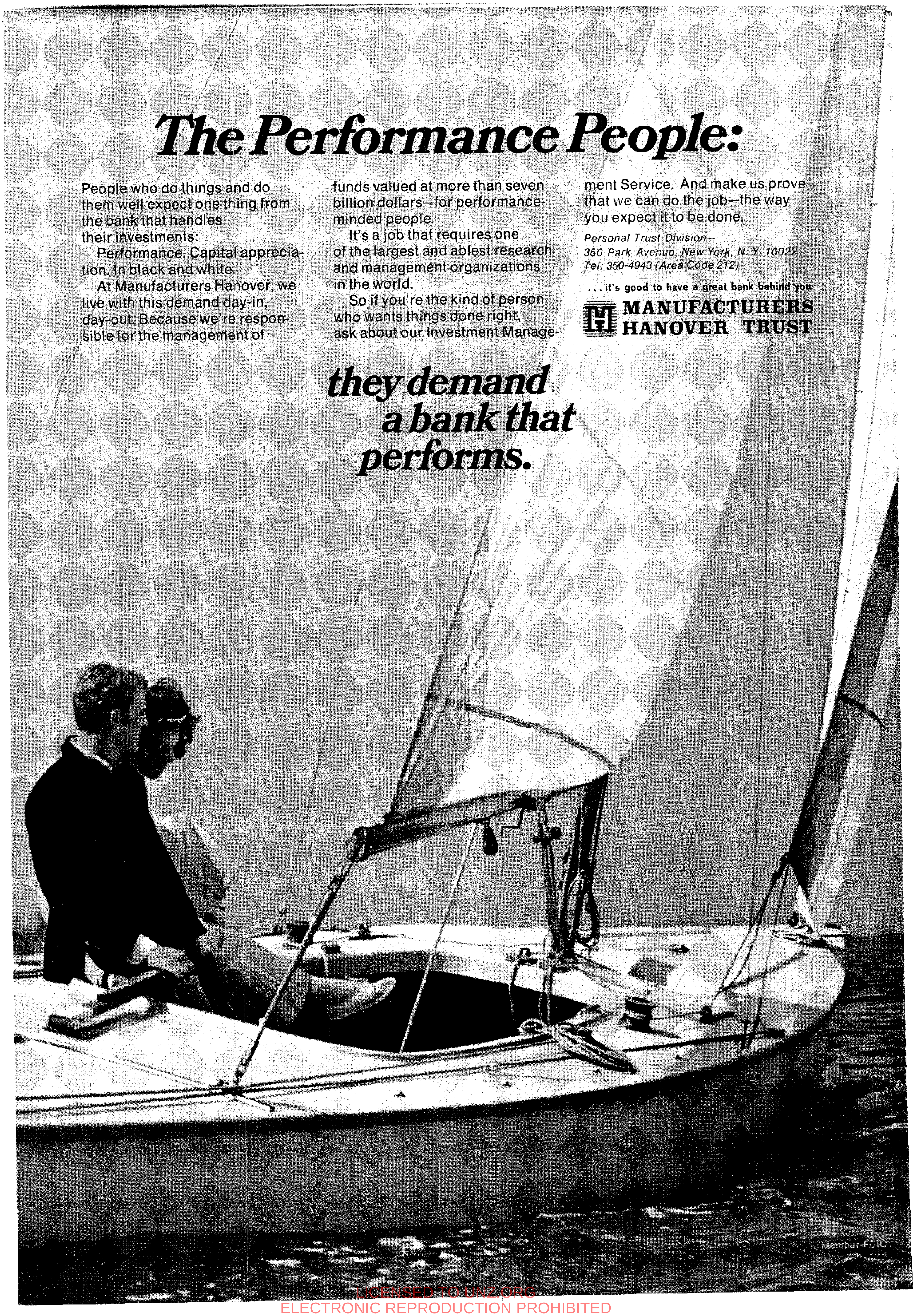

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suite of drawings by this inventor of unusual combinations of images; through Saturday, June 27. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, June 20. . . . **DEITSCH**, 24 E. 81st St.: Woodcuts by Beckmann, Feininger, Kirchner, Munch, Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through Saturday, June 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Works by gallery artists expressing their concern about current social and political problems; through Friday, June 26. . . . **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and three-dimensional works incorporating words; through Thursday, June 25. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **FEIGEN**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by nineteen artists, including Breder, Castro-Cid, Ray Johnson, Gerald Laing, and Alphonse Schilling; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **FRENCH & CO.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Works by young artists in a variety of modes; through Aug. 28. . . . **GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART**, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings and prints on the subject of Jerusalem, from the seventeenth century to the present; through June 30. (Open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **GIBSON**, 27 E. 67th St.: Data on happenings and earthworks by Christo, Hutchinson, Insley, Kaprow, and Oppenheim; through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6.). . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Romantic" paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through July 31. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Works on Western wildlife themes by, among others, Remington, Charles Russell, Albert Bierstadt, and Paul Kane; through July 31. . . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Bierstadt, Sully, Kensett, and others; through July 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists; through July 17. . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Experiments in modes of the day by some thirty artists; through July 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Larry Bell, Craig Kauffman, and Robert Irwin; through July 31. . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by German Expressionists; through Saturday, June 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Klee, Léger, Masson, Picasso, and Trivigno; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Davies, Joseph Stella, Gorky, Hartley, and other American artists; through June 30. . . . **SONRAED**, 542 La Guardia Pl.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by seven Expressionist figurative artists who call themselves the Rhino Horn group; through Wednesday, June 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6.) . . . **TIROCHE**, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Works by Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and School of Paris artists; through July 24. . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists; through Friday, June 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of a privately assembled collection that includes Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Gris, and Léger, as well as prominent American artists, such as Prendergast, Marin, Demuth, and Hartley; through July 3. (Open Saturdays.). . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by artists employing this gallery's specialties—prisms, reflections, motions, and changing colors; through July 31. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings by thirty or so twentieth-century American "primitives;" through Friday, June 26.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, also period rooms and fixtures; through Sept. 7. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. . . . ¶ A hundred masterpieces (Duccio to Picasso) from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; through July 26. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works in which photographs are given the illusion of solidity through various mediums; through July 5. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions, which include a drawing by Matisse, a sculpture by Melotti, and paintings by Braque, Klee, Kokoschka, Miró, and Sophie Taeuber-Arp; through Sept. 11. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth annual show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty-eight recently acquired paintings and sculptures by a hundred and twenty-two artists, sixty-two of them newcomers to the Whitney's permanent collection; through July 5. . . . ¶ Trompe-l'oeil paintings by such American artists as Harnett, Peto, Haberle, and Raphaelle Peale; through July 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Two hundred works, including bronze and stone figures from Benin and the Congo and examples from other regions. Several of these pieces are out of Africa for the first time. Through Saturday, June 20. . . . ¶ The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Manuscripts, books, and musical scores by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Also paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Georgia O'Keeffe, Raphael Soyer, José de Creeft, and others. Through Sunday, June 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Large steel and glass sculptures, models for projects, and prints by the Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman; through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Works executed directly on the Museum walls by Artschwager, Bollinger, Lewitt, Morris, and others; through Aug. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Behind the scenes with Rouben Ter-Arutunian—original costume and stage designs; through Saturday, June 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through July 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A new collection of folk art: paintings, furniture, carvings (including an unusual figure of Father Time), and the like; through July 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Items from the Museum's collection representing birds, beasts, and fantastic creatures; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one "conceptual" artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ "Hiroshima and Na-

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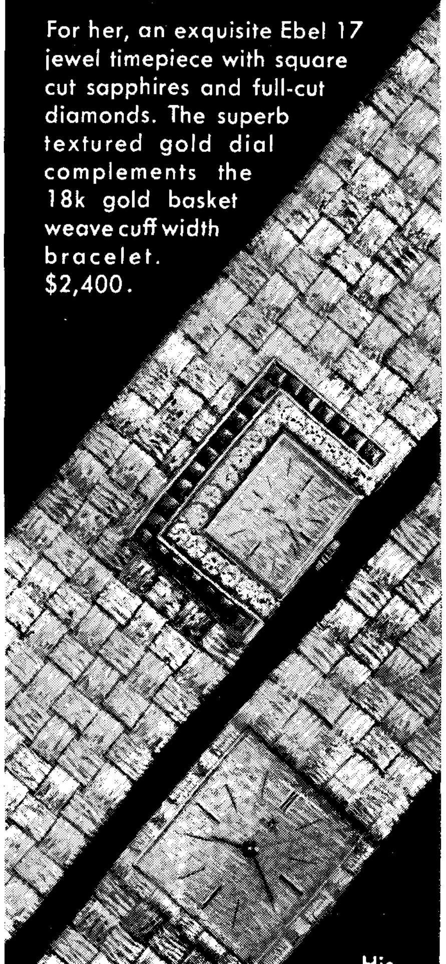

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gasaki," a collection of photographs which recorded the nuclear holocaust of more than a quarter of a century ago, and the aftermath of the event; through Sunday, June 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A charming group of watercolors and sketches, done by Baroness Hyde de Neuville during her stays in the United States from 1807 to 1814 and 1816 to 1822, of landscapes and figures (many of Indians, understandably).... ¶ Paintings, lithographs, and engravings depicting New York Harbor in its early idyllic days, when the air was fair. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and garments by a group of Chicago artists; starting Sunday, June 21.... ¶ Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through June 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of a four-week non-subscription season—Wednesday evening, June 17: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Colette Boky, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, Giorgio Tozzi, and Robert Goodloe.... ¶ Thursday evening, June 18: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Ion Buzea, Mario Sereni, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Friday evening, June 19: "Carmen" (a performance in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Regina Resnik's Metropolitan Opera début), with Miss Resnik, Mary Ellen Pracht, Sándor Kónya, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday matinée, June 20: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Shirley Love, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Theodor Uppman.... ¶ Saturday evening, June 20: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Marie Collier, Joann Grillo, Franco Corelli, and Morley Meredith; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Robert Nagy, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis.... ¶ Monday evening, June 22: "Aida," with Lucine Amara, Ruza Baldani, Sándor Kónya, William Dooley, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Tuesday evening, June 23: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Ion Buzea, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Wednesday evening, June 24: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Marie Collier, Joann Grillo, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Morley Meredith; and "Pagliacci," with Raina Kabaivanska, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis.... ¶ Thursday evening, June 25: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Friday evening, June 26: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Shirley Love, Ion Buzea, and Theodor Uppman.... ¶ Saturday matinée, June 27: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Mary Ellen Pracht, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday evening, June 27: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Giorgio Tozzi, William Dooley, and Paul Plishka. (*Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.*)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final concerts of the season—"Along the Danube" on Wednesday, June 17, at 8:30 (with Earl Wild, piano); and "Mediterranean Promenade" on Thursday, June 18—a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415—and Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, all at 8:30 (with Pilar Lorengar, soprano).

RECITALS

Metropolitan Opera Studio—At Alice Tully Hall, the last in a series of concerts—Thursday, June 18, at 8:30: A program called "The Forgotten Schubert," with Gail Robinson, Joy Clements, and Deborah Truxal, sopranos; Rose Wildes, mezzo-soprano; Gene West, tenor; Wayne Turnage, baritone; and Louise Sherman and David Stivender, piano.... ¶ Monday, June 22, at 8:30: A program called "Twentieth-Century Romanticism from France," with Colette Boky, soprano; Melvin Brown, tenor; Gene Boucher, baritone; and Judith Alstadter, piano.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Laura Nyro and Miles Davis's Quintet—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday through Saturday, June 17-20, at 8.

Country Joe McDonald and Jam Factory—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, June 18, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Air Force—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, June 20, at 8.

World's Greatest Jazz Band, Maxine Sullivan, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Joe Newman's Septet, and Teddy Wilson's Trio—Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911. Sunday, June 21, at 8:30.

Ten Years After—Fillmore East. Wednesday and Thursday, June 24-25, at 8 and 11:30.

Stars of Faith Gospel Singers—Museum of Modern Art. Thursday, June 25, at 7:30.

Chicago and Blodwyn Pig—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, at 8 and 11:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 734-1002 for news.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in a series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts that starts Wednesday, June 24—in the event of rain, next evening—and will run through Friday, Aug. 14. (Wednesdays and Fridays at 8.)

Riverside Park—Frédérique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the first of two concerts, this one with Janice Piaseczny, oboe. (Wednesday, June 24, at 8:15. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval, running through Saturday, Aug. 22. Thursday, June 25, at 7 and 9:30: Ray Charles and His Orchestra with the Raylettes.... ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 8: Buddy Rich and His Orchestra. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Waterloo Village Music Festival—Pablo Casals and Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra in a benefit program, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Stanhope, N.J. Saturday, June 27, at 8:30.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by Patricia McBride and Edward Villella and the North Carolina Dance Theatre. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, June 25, at 3; Friday, June 26, at 8:40; and Saturday, June 27, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, June 17, at 8:05.... ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, at 8:05, and Sunday, June 21, at 2:05. ... **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, June 24, at 1 (doubleheader), and Thursday, June 25, at 8.... ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, June 26, at 8, and Saturday, June 27, at 2.

Boxing—Jerry Quarry vs. Mac Foster, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, June 17. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10. Prior to the main event, there will be ceremonies celebrating the seventy-fifth birthday of Jack Dempsey, including a film showing highlights of three of his title bouts.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **belmont**: Weekdays at 1:30;

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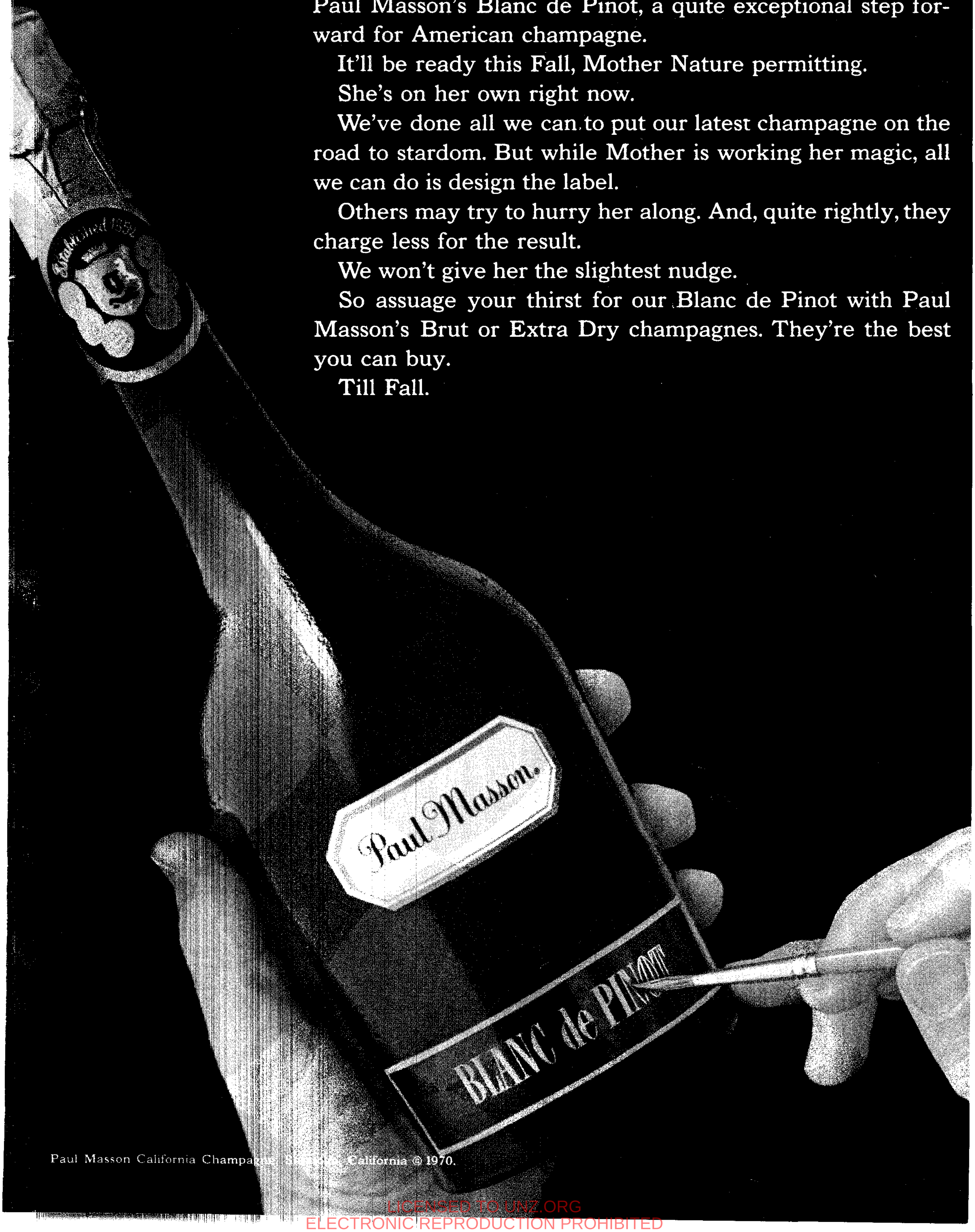
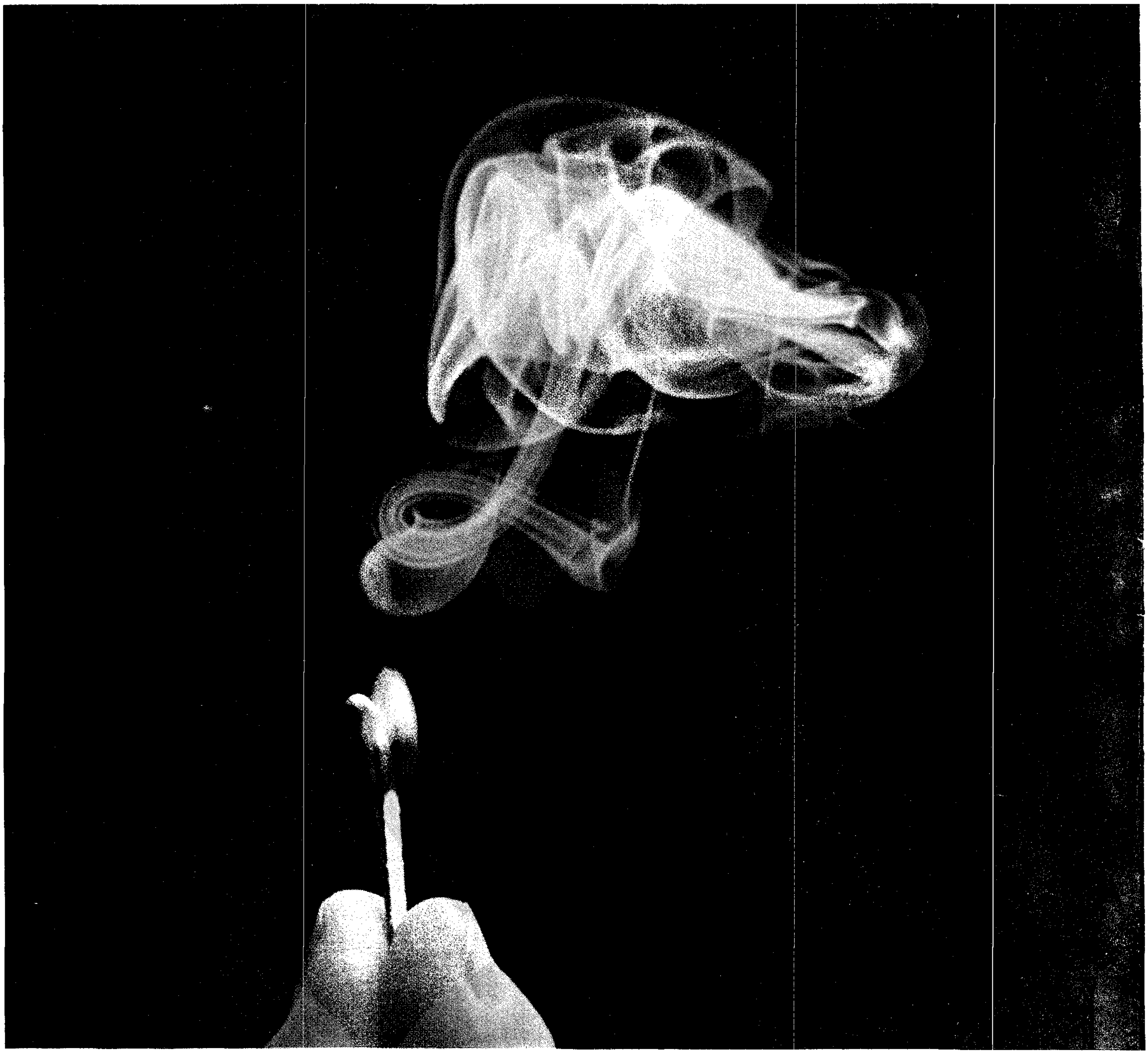


Paul Masson California Champagnes, Saratoga, California © 1970.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, June 27. The National Stallion (for colts and geldings), Wednesday, June 17; the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 20; the Grand National Steeplechase, Tuesday, June 23; the National Stallion (for fillies), Wednesday, June 24; and the Saranac Handicap, Saturday, June 27. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.)... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)... **WOODBINE,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 20.

SOCCER—A.C. Milan of Italy vs. Racing F.C. of Argentina, for the World Challenge Cup. (Yankee Stadium, Friday, June 19, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call JU 2-0300, Ext. 400.)... ¶ A closed-circuit telecast of the final match for the World Cup soccer championship, from Mexico City. (Madison Square Garden, Sunday, June 21, at 2.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **THOMPSON SPEEDWAY,** Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, June 21, at noon.... **BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT,** Bridgehampton: Sunday, June 21, at 1:45.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43 on Fridays and Saturdays.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Saturday, June 20.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

WALKING TOURS—"Upper Central Park," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, June 21. Meets at Central Park W. and 100th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

AUCTIONS—Final auctions of the season—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—*Wednesday, June 17,* at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings, from many sources.... ¶ Thursday, June 18, at 2: Chinese works of art, including jade and other hardstone carvings, Korean stoneware, bronzes, and snuff bottles; from a number of owners. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, June 17, from 10 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nine programs in a series of Japanese films, some without English titles: June 17 at 2 and 5:30, "Horse" (1941); June 18 at 2 and 7, "She Was Like a Wild Chrysanthemum" (1955); June 19 at 2 and 5:30, "Wife" (1953); June 20 at 3 and 5:30, "The Five Women Around Utamaro" (1946); *June 21 at 2 and* 5:30, "An Autumn Afternoon" (1963); June 22 at 8 and June 23 at 2, "Snowflower" (1959); June 24 at 2, "Our Neighbor, Miss Yae" (1934); June 24 at 5:30, "The Loves of Kojuro" (1938); June 25 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Sunset Clouds" (1967).... ¶ June *20 at 11:30*: "The Informer" (1935), directed by John Ford, with Victor McLaglen.... ¶ June 22 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Metropolis" (1926), in German, directed by Fritz Lang.... ¶ June 23 at 5:30: "Diaries, Notes, and Sketches" (1969), directed by Jonas Mekas. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.)

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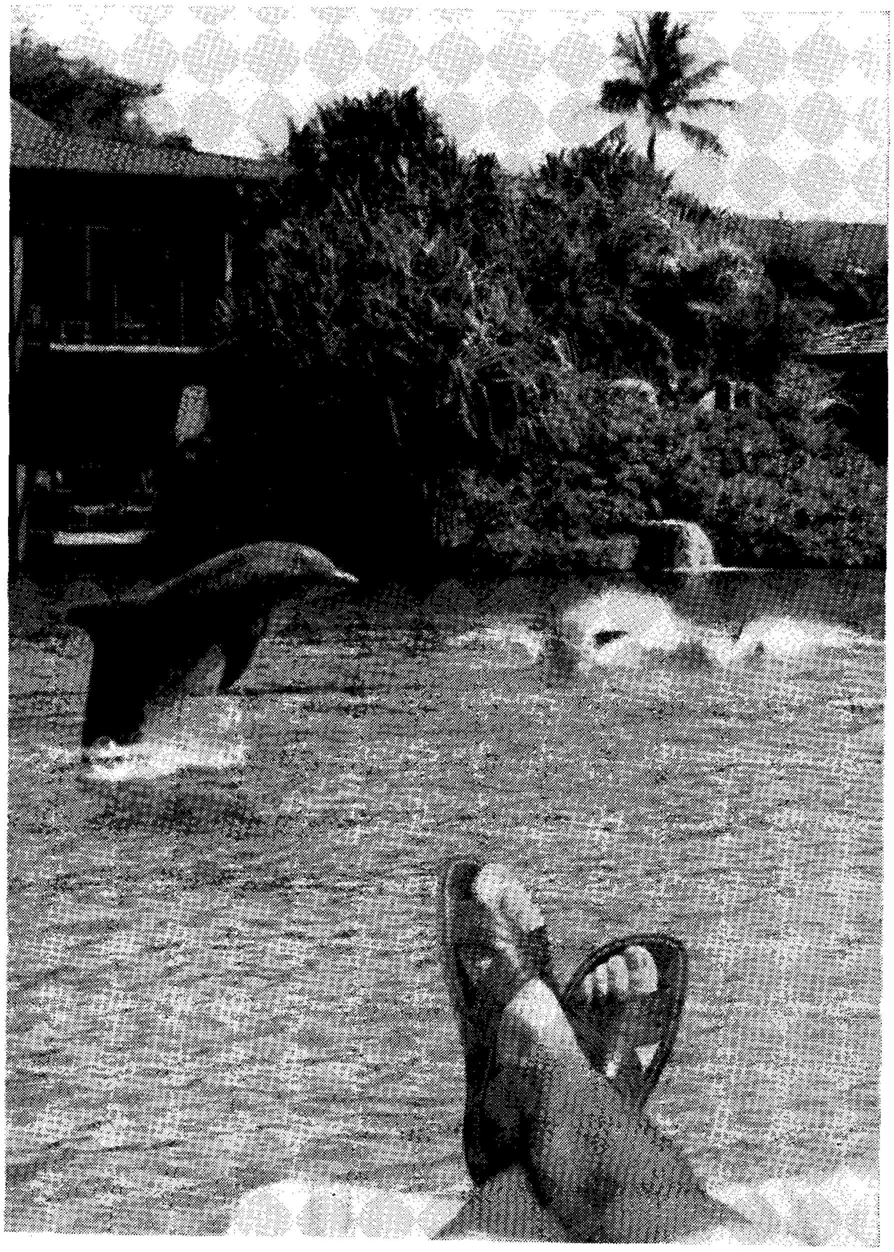

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25		

Accident (1967)—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a chic, nasty melodrama in an academic setting. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 22.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through June 23.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction with mixed results. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 18-19.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon form the two couples (it's the latter one that will interest you). (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through June 23.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 23-24.)

The Boys in the Band—A movie of Mart Crowley's play—written in faggot vernacular—about a gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party. The text has been preserved as if the quips were ageless; the movie disproves this supposition. Directed by William Friedkin, who emphasizes the suffering and heartbreak, and fails to freshen the comedy. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through June 23.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—This Western turns out to be one of those buddy-buddy chaffing, bantering jobs, but at least the buddies are Paul Newman and Robert Redford. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 24.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan on a concert tour of England, recorded by Donn Pennebaker's camera. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through June 23.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through June 23.)

Fanny (1932)—Though the three films of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy are interrelated, each is complete in itself. This second one was directed by Marc Allégret, with the same cast as the first, "Marius." After Marius (Pierre Fresnay) goes to sea, Fanny (Orane Démazis), who is pregnant, marries a middle-aged sailmaker (Charpin); Marius's father César (the great Raimu) acts as godfather to his grandson. A film famous for its detailed characterization and its fine comic invention. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 19-20.)

Fellini Satyricon—The pre-Christian Roman world as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. A tired, oppressive movie. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

Gaily, Gaily—Norman Jewison's frenzied version of Ben Hecht's reminiscences of Chicago yellow journalism. With Beau Bridges, Brian Keith, and Melina Mercouri as a harlot whose flashing eyes are rivalled only by her flashing teeth. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 23.)

Hello, Dolly!—A great star (Barbra Streisand) redeems an impersonal big circus of a show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—An imaginative, lyrical, and absorbing film that tells of a tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais' controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 21-22.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as Joyce Cary's fabulous painter-hero—the lewd, scrounging Gulley Jimson (whose antic self-destructiveness is based on Dylan Thomas). With Kay Walsh as Coker, the barmaid; Renee Houston as Sarah; and Ernest Thesiger as Hickson. Ronald Neame is a literal-minded director, and so this comedy isn't as free as it should be—it turns out to be a conformist movie about non-conformity—but the characters manage to bust through, and it is highly entertaining. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 19.)

Ikiru (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24.)

The Italian Straw Hat (1927)—René Clair took the Eugène Labiche and Marc Michel play that Bergson has used to illustrate his theory of comedy and turned it into a model of visual wit. This silent satire on middle-class pretension is so elegantly directed that farce becomes ballet. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9180; June 25.)

The Joker (1961)—Philippe de Broca's idiosyncratic little comedy gets better (and more subtle than one expects) as it goes along. The lyric young hero, Jean-Pierre Cassel, chases the glamorous Anouk Aimée, and when he catches her discovers how dreary she is. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 23.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Loving—George Segal gives his best performance yet as a commercial artist who doesn't like his life. An intelligent—often funny—movie, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting June 24.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Jean Renoir's version of the Maxim Gorky play features those two magnetic poles of French acting—Louis Jouvet as the gambling baron who sinks to living in a flophouse, and Jean Gabin as the thief trying to climb up to a different life. Their scenes together are among the treasures of the French film tradition. The fine cast includes Le Vigan and Vladimir Sokoloff. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 22-23.)

Marry Me! Marry Me! (1969)—A slight but truly done film by Claude Berri, about a Jewish boy who gets shoved gently into rather the wrong marriage. In French. (Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; starting June 24.)

M*A*S*H—The best American war comedy since sound came in. With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Le Million (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy move with such delicate inevitability. With Annabella. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 18.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's direct-cinema film about a gathering of fifty thousand kids in Monterey, California. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through June 23.)

Morgan! (1966)—A truly weird black comedy in which the anarchistic left-wing misfit hero (David Warner) is also crazy and in pain. The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 22.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich in her dinner jacket at the peak of her naughty perfection. She sings "What Am I Bid?," and Foreign Legionnaire Gary Cooper knows just what to offer. This adorably silly, consummately entertaining romance was directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 20.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 17.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous film about four people in Clermont-Ferrand—a drolly solemn engineer (Jean-Louis Trintignant), a Marxist professor, a quizzical beauty qualified as a doctor who wraps herself naked in a white fur rug and listens to the engineer discussing Pascal half the night, and a blonde whom he knows he's going to marry. The film has some of the qualities of a great short story by de Maupassant. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Passion of Anna—Ingmar Bergman's magnificent new film, studying the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The movie is technically engrossing; Bergman can do anything, and makes it seem simpler with each film. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots, for instance, and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, without a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

Patton—George C. Scott as Patton in an epic designed to satisfy those who think he was crazy and those who think he was great, but not those who don't just want to have their prejudices greased. Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; through June 22. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; starting June 24.)

Picnic on the Grass (1959)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 17.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie (1969)—Maggie Smith's Jean Brodie is the kind of snobbish, romantic teacher that little girls get crushes on. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 24.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 23.)

The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming (1966)—Alan Arkin as a Russian sailor, and Carl Reiner as a vacationing New York writer in a comedy about a Russian submarine going aground on an island just off Cape Cod. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 21.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily (Marlene Dietrich) and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Josef von Sternberg directed. With Anna May Wong and Gustav von Seyffertitz. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 20.)

The Sicilian Clan—Henri Verneuil's efficient thriller, which has flashes of humorous bile that are a little like Hitchcock's. Jean Gabin, Alain Delon. In French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through June 23. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting June 24.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderees, and Yves Montand is the detective. Directed by Costa-

Gavras. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 23.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25.)

Thérèse (1963)—Emmanuèle Riva (of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour") as François Mauriac's Thérèse Desqueyroux, the provincial bourgeois lady who attempts to murder her gross, prosperous husband (Philippe Noiret) for the best and worst of reasons: he is dull. Directed by Georges Franju, and filmed in the cold Bordeaux of marshes and moors. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 17-18.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Jane Fonda is first-rate as Gloria, the hard, funny, knowing girl who expects nothing and gets it, in Sydney Pollack's heavy-handed but effective version of Horace McCoy's thirties novel. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 24.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. Excellent photography by Henri Decaë. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 23.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a huge box-office success. With Jason Robards, Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 21.)

Time in the Sun (1940)—"Que Viva Mexico," the only film that Eisenstein directed outside the Soviet Union, was never completed. But out of the fabulous footage that he and his cinematographer, Edouard Tissé, shot in Mexico in 1930 and 1931 the film "Time in the Sun" was edited by his disciples, who attempted to approximate his original plan—from Aztec cults through Conquistadores and peonage to Christian feasts. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—René Clair's lovely early musical. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 18.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of last summer's Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style, and the standard of sound recording is first-rate, but skeptics would be right to call the picture a media hype. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Z—How Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. Directed for speed and suspense by the gifted young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 23: "Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.
From June 24: **THE SICILIAN CLAN** (in French).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Censorship in Denmark: A New Approach," a documentary film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 23: "Last Summer" (1969), Barbara Hershey; and "Medium Cool" (1969), Robert Forster.
From June 24: To be announced.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 23: "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film; and "The Party" (1968), Peter Sellers.
From June 24: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID**; and **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 23: "Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.
From June 24: **LOVING**; and "The Looking Glass War," Christopher Jones, Ralph Richardson.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Watermelon Man," Godfrey Cambridge, Estelle Parsons.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Hawaiians," Charlton Heston, Geraldine Chaplin.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through June 23: **THE SICILIAN CLAN** (in French).
From June 24: "Catch-22," Alan Arkin.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson, Marlene Jobert.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Landlord," Beau Bridges, Lee Grant.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"A Walk in the Spring Rain," Anthony Quinn, Ingrid Bergman.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Zodiac Couples."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Strawberry Statement," Bruce Davison, Kim Darby.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through June 23: **THE BOYS IN THE BAND.**
From June 24: "Myra Breckinridge," Mae West, John Huston, Raquel Welch.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 23: "The Hawaiians," Charlton Heston, Geraldine Chaplin.
From June 24: "Cotton Comes to Harlem," Godfrey Cambridge, Raymond St. Jacques.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 23: **BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.**
From June 24: **PATTON.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 23: "Beneath the Planet of the Apes," James Franciscus, Kim Hunter.
From June 24: "Kelly's Heroes," Clint Eastwood, Telly Savalas.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Cotton Comes to Harlem," Godfrey Cambridge, Raymond St. Jacques.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through June 23: **DON'T LOOK BACK**; and **MONTEREY POP.**
From June 24: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 23: **BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.**
From June 24: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 23: **PURPLE NOON** and **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (both in French).
From June 24: "Let It Be," the Beatles.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Jovita" (in Polish).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 23: "Zigzag," George Kennedy, Anne Jackson; and "A Place for Lovers" (1969), Faye Dunaway, Marcello Mastroianni.
From June 24: **THE SICILIAN CLAN** (in French).

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
"Brand X," Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 23: "Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.
From June 24: "Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through June 22: **PATTON.**
June 23: Theatre closed.
From June 24: "Myra Breckinridge," Mae West, John Huston, Raquel Welch.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Too Late the Hero," Michael Caine, Cliff Robertson.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 23: **BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.**
From June 24: "Beneath the Planet of the Apes," James Franciscus, Kim Hunter.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Out-of-Towners," Jack Lemmon, Sandy Dennis.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Sand Pebbles" (1966), Steve McQueen.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
THE PASSION OF ANNA (in Swedish).

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Forbin Project," Eric Braeden.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Dreamer" (in Hebrew).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart," Don Johnson.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 23: **GAILY, GAILY.**
From June 24: "Cotton Comes to Harlem," Godfrey Cambridge, Raymond St. Jacques.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 23: **EASY RIDER**, and **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**
From June 24: **THE SICILIAN CLAN** (in French).

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 23: "All the Loving Couples," Norman Alden; and "The Chairman" (1969), Gregory Peck, Anne Heywood.
From June 24: **MARRY ME! MARRY ME!** (in French); and "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting" (1969), Carol White, Paul Burke.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 17: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** and **THÉRÈSE** (both in French).
June 18: **THÉRÈSE** and **ALPHAVILLE** (both in French).
June 19: **ALPHAVILLE** and **FANNY** (both in French).
June 20: **FANNY** (in French); and "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961; in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
June 21: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French); and "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961; in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
June 22: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** and **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (both in French).
June 23: **THE LOWER DEPTHS** and **BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING** (both in French).
June 24: **BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING** (in French); and "Le Joli Mai" (1963; in French).
June 25: **THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT** (silent); and "Le Joli Mai" (1963; in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 23: **GAILY, GAILY.**
From June 24: "Let It Be," the Beatles.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 17: **MOULIN ROUGE**; and "Oscar Wilde" (1960), Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
June 18: **LE MILLION** and **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** (both in French).
June 19: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**; and "The Mouse That Roared" (1959), Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
June 20: **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**; and **MOROCCO.**
June 21: **THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING, THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING**; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
June 22: **ACCIDENT**; and **MORGAN!**
June 23: **THE THIEF OF PARIS** and **THE JOKER** (both in French).
June 24: **IKIRU** (in Japanese); and **TIME IN THE SUN.**
June 25: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent); and "Portrait of Lenin" (1967; in Russian).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 23: "Zigzag," George Kennedy, Anne Jackson; and "A Place for Lovers" (1969), Faye Dunaway, Marcello Mastroianni.
From June 24: **THE SICILIAN CLAN** (in French).

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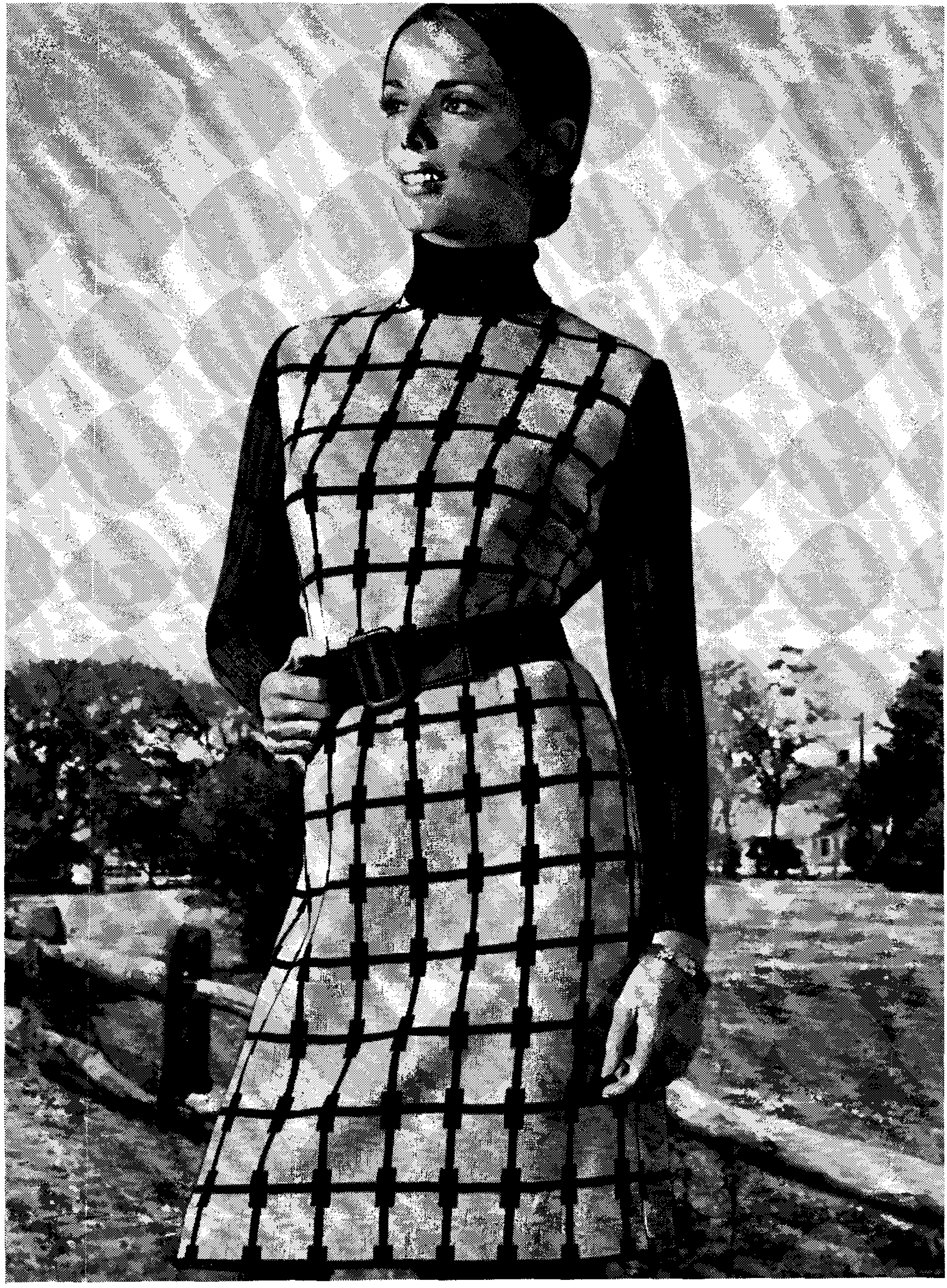

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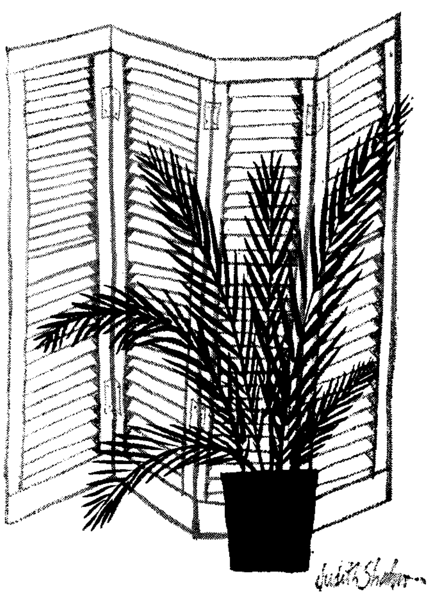
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND of ours who was in Washington not long ago phoned a number at the Department of Transportation and was interested to be answered by a recording on which a woman declared that the SST—the proposed American supersonic transport—wasn't going to be as noisy as a lot of people were making out. The recorded lady said that the noise problems would be minimized by the time the SST went into commercial service, in 1978, and that, furthermore, the SST would make jobs and assist the balance of payments. This was two days before the House of Representatives voted on the transportation budget for fiscal 1971—a budget that included two hundred and ninety million dollars for the super-jet. Calling back two evenings later, our friend heard a recorded man express Transportation Secretary John Volpe's pleasure that the House had approved funds for the SST (the man neglected to mention that the vote was a close shave, 176 for, 163 against), and add that Mr. Volpe intended to make sure the SST was "environmentally acceptable." Our friend says he is now working on a recording that interested parties will be able to hear by dialling his number. First of all, there will be three minutes of Muzak interspersed with snatches of Hollywood recommended-for-general-audiences dialogue, to give some idea of what the two hundred or so SST passengers will be hearing as they flash across the Atlantic at 1,800 m.p.h. After this will come a five-minute medley: first, the sounds (recorded within five inches of the mike) of forty-three Waring Blendors working at maximum revs, to approximate the lift-off noise of the SST within five hundred feet of the runway; next, the splintering of wood, the tearing of canvas, the rupturing of aluminum, and the rending of wire, to suggest the effect of the SST's sonic boom on a yacht engaged in an arduous solo crossing of the Atlantic; then a wild 145-dbA scream, which can be taken for the shriek of a demented single-handed yachtsman jumping overboard, or for the wail of a school of Icelandic cod driven berserk by the fifty-mile-wide boom. There will follow the shattering of a giant panel of glass, representing the windows on the promenade deck of the Queen Elizabeth 2; a downpour of rain, symbolizing the continuous monsoon that will probably affect the belt of earth bounded by Washington, Boston, London, and Rome as soon as its ordinary cloud cover is sufficiently intensified by SST vapor trails; the shredding of a quarto of onionskin stationery, to simulate the tearing up of a billion dollars, figured to be the taxpayers' contribution to the design of the SST so far; the honking of several thousand car horns, to give some idea of the three-hour trip into town from the special, "compatible" airport that the Federal Aviation Administration says the SST will use, far away from residential communities; and, finally, a weird, apocalyptic note, reminiscent of the last trump, which our friend says he has contrived by recording the phrase "environmentally acceptable" a hundred and seventy-six times and playing it back at 1,800 r.p.m.



Meeting

IT is ironic that Central Park—the greatest landscaped public park in this country—is likely to fall under the unyielding advance of bulldozers at the very time that an unprecedented wave of interest in the natural environment is sweeping the United States. There are five—*five*—pending construction projects that would uproot the Park's grass and trees, and diminish its green space over the next decade. They are a pair of subway tunnels, a water-supply shaft, a Fire Department communications center, a stable for police horses, and an expansion of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. And they are all being promoted by governmental and private interests as essential to the public's welfare.

But what does the public think? Wondering ourself, we checked a daily paper for a list of meetings at which the public would speak, and we found that the first one we could attend was on the subject of the Metropolitan's expansion plan. That plan would provide a third again as much space as the Museum already has for its collections, and, also, would tear out the main interior staircase, which was designed by Richard Morris Hunt in 1902, and replace it with escalators. Three new wings—the equivalent of three medium-sized museums for medium-sized cities—would be built to house three new acquisitions: the Egyptian Temple of Dendur, the Rockefeller collection of primitive art, and the Lehman collection of European art.

We arrived at six in the evening at the meeting place, the auditorium of the American Museum of Natural History, and found that we could reach the auditorium only by walking through halls of primitive artifacts. As we circled

"I never can remember whether it's my nadir or my zenith that I'm at."

around an enormous war canoe, filled with seventeen Indians, and proceeded down an *allée* of eighteen-foot-high totem poles, it occurred to us that the biggest and best collection of authentic primitive art in New York was right here. Why have a competing one, on a lesser scale, in Central Park?

At the entrance to the auditorium, we found registration tables, where people were being asked to sign up if they wanted to speak and to indicate whether they were for or against the expansion plan. A bulletin board nearby bore a typewritten list of about sixty persons who had registered in advance as pro or con with the Administration of Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs, which was sponsoring the meeting. (Later, we learned that the meeting was being held as a courtesy to the public, not as an official hearing before a body with the power to nullify the plan. Ultimately, according to the Administration of P.R.C.A., the decision rests with the Mayor.)

The meeting was opened at six-thirty by August Heckscher, the administrator of P.R.C.A., and his Commissioner of Cultural Affairs, Dore Schary, neither of whom took a stand on the plan. The first speaker was the Metropolitan's director, Thomas Hoving, who outlined the plan and then dropped a bomb calculated to blow the opposition into oblivion. He said he had received a "communication" from the Lehman Foundation saying that if the great collection of the late Robert Lehman is not put into the new wing envisioned for it in the plan, the collection will go to another city. Three television-network cameras, with their lights shining on Mr. Hoving, recorded his words. (Later, we phoned a trustee of the Foundation, Joseph A. Thomas, who is also chairman of the Senior Policy Committee of Lehman Brothers, the investment-banking firm. "We didn't make that statement," he told us. "The facts are simple. We have a contract with the Metropolitan that obligates the Museum to build the wing. The contract doesn't contain any threats or say anything about what would happen if the wing is not provided. We have made no threats one way or another. If the plan is not approved, we'll be presented with another set of facts. We have nothing to say until we have a new set of facts.")

Mr. Hoving also asserted that the expansion would actually result in more Park land—some 53,700 square feet—rather than less; he arrived at this conclusion by including the square footage of two proposed courtyards, within the confines of the Museum but with access to the Park, as new land for Central Park. Mr. Hoving also created the impression that the Museum's site in the Park belongs to the Museum, and that there is no question of the Museum's legal right to expand. (The right was later disputed by opponents, who demanded to see documents of ownership, and who contended that the city has a right to revoke any lease it may have signed with the Museum in the past.)

There was no question period after Mr. Hoving finished, and as he left the stage he received heavy applause from some members of the audience, which had grown to about three hundred and fifty people. (We later learned that he had sent special notices to Museum members urging them to attend the meeting and to write to Mr. Heckscher in support of the plan. Total membership is approximately twenty-five thousand. We also learned, from the Museum's Public Relations Department, that Mr. Hoving had given numerous lectures to "interested parties," using a fully completed scale model of the expanded Museum—a model that is not on display to the public. Only certain portions of the plan are shown in model form, along with a hodgepodge of photographs, in a public display in the Metropolitan's Blumenthal Patio.)

At seven, Mr. Schary rose to introduce the other speakers, explaining first that six opponents had sent word that they couldn't get to the meeting. "About the same number" of proponents couldn't make it either, he said. As the evening rolled on, it became clear that the two forces were unusually well balanced. We counted forty-five speakers, with twenty-three in favor, twenty-one opposed, and one neutral. Each was allowed to speak for five minutes. One opponent, Jerrold Ross, representing Community Board No. 2, questioned the extraordinary balance and complained of the pre-registration procedure in which speakers had been asked to define their position before speaking. "I've never seen such a canvass at a public meeting before," he said angrily. "Did they try to match our speakers?"

"Yes," said Mr. Schary after Mr.

Ross sat down. "We did try for balance. In fact, we took out a large number of people favoring the plan, so that the meeting wouldn't be out of balance." Mr. Ross looked unconvinced.

Everything ran smoothly, with the audience's response almost evenly divided between applause and hisses. There was even a kind of balance to the types of speakers on each side. Those supporting the Metropolitan were largely people in positions of established prestige, including curators on the Metropolitan's payroll and directors of museums that have benefited—or stand to benefit—from the Met's treasury of lendable objects. The opponents were a loose conglomeration of citizens' groups, conservationists, artists, art-history students, and politicians (Councilwoman Carol Greitzer, New York County Liberal Party Chairman Arthur Brook, and Antonio Olivieri, a Democratic-Liberal candidate for the State Assembly). There were blacks on both sides, espousing minority rights. In general, the opponents of the plan argued against further encroachment on Central Park's already dwindling greensward and urged that the Museum, instead of expanding on its site, provide other boroughs with some of its many treasures. The supporters argued that the Museum is like a great encyclopedia (a recurrent phrase), whose volumes shouldn't be dispersed. Beyond the substance of the plan, the Metropolitan was attacked for its tactics—charged with using a massive public-relations campaign, being deceptive about the extent of its plan, and, in general, acting like a great culture monster determined to have its way. In response, the Museum's supporters spoke on almost an ethereally high level about the importance of permitting a great treasure house to serve the public as well as possible.

Mrs. Greitzer, the Councilwoman in opposition to the plan, apparently touched a nerve when she remarked, "The great European-painting collection has been removed from the place of honor at the top of the stairs and put into a remote corner. . . . Furthermore, about two-thirds of the paintings have been removed. One curator resigned in protest and an unusually large number of resignations have taken place." (Five days after the hearing, Mr. Hoving personally delivered to her a letter signed by three of his staff stating that only four curators had left, and that they had left for better positions or for travel abroad. "They must have had somebody making a transcript of the meeting," Mrs. Greitzer told us, "because their letter repeated my exact words." She added, "They didn't refute my complaint about the paintings.")

As the meeting neared its end, shortly before ten, we began thinking about the four other construction projects planned for Central Park—the least disruptive one being the water-supply shaft, which will go seven hundred and forty feet vertically into the ground—and we wondered what Mr. Heckscher would ultimately do about them. His face as he sat on the stage listening to the speeches gave no indication of what his recommendation to the Mayor would be on the Metropolitan. When the meeting finally ended, we saw Mr. Hoving leaving with some of his staff. He looked cheerful.

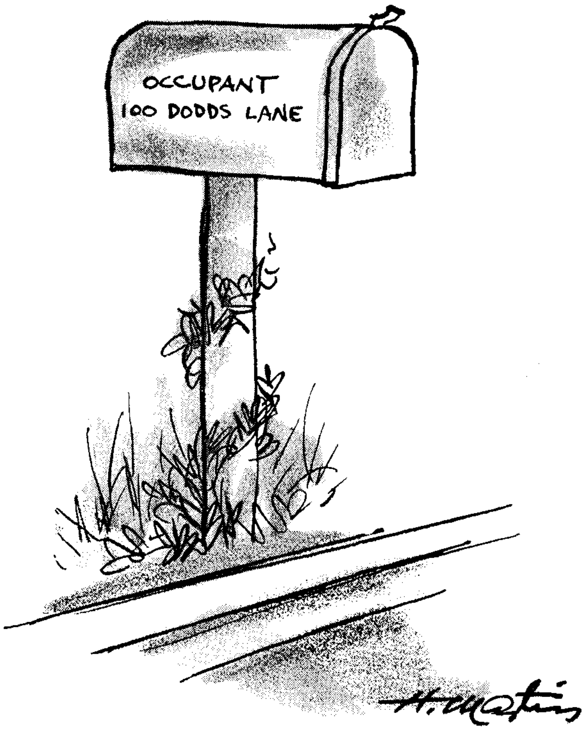
Candidates

LAST Monday night, Theodore Sorensen and Paul O'Dwyer, two of the four candidates for the Democratic nomination to the Senate, appeared before the executive council of a progressive and integrated union, District 65, Distributive Workers of America, to seek the union's endorsement. The two other candidates, Representatives Richard L. Ottinger and Richard Max McCarthy, were also invited but did not attend. The president of District 65, David Livingston, presided in a fatherly way, and there was little doubt from the outset that Mr. O'Dwyer would get the endorsement.

The candidates were allotted five minutes each, and Mr. O'Dwyer spoke first. Mr. Livingston, in introducing him, said he was "of the labor movement," and added, "I am your impartial chairman, but I must say he is a man whom I personally admire very much." Mr. O'Dwyer said, "In my five minutes, I will present the solution for the national and international problems we face." This got a good laugh. A little later on, he said, "The people who are running this country have moved away from the original documents of this country. If they read them, and lived by them, they would hear the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence telling them, 'You may not commit your young people to this war.' That is a direction to us from those who founded this republic. It is a pleasure to look at the faces of people with whom I have worked for many years—people who have not forgotten that labor and the progressive forces in this country once marched hand in hand."

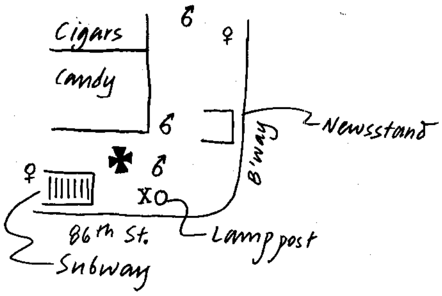
When Mr. Livingston asked for questions, one of the executive-council members called out, "We don't have any questions. We agree with him."

Mr. Sorensen came in as Mr. O'Dwyer was leaving, and the two met and shook hands by the elevator. Mr. Livingston introduced Mr. Sorensen, saying that he had "impeccable" liberal credentials, and then Mr. Sorensen spoke. While he did so, aides handed out a leaflet that showed him walking with President John F. Kennedy. "John Kennedy Trusted Him" was the head on the leaflet. Mr. Sorensen did not seem completely at ease, but he spoke vigorously. He said that "the seat of Robert Kennedy ought to be filled by someone whose voice will be heard," and that the Democrats had an obligation to "nominate a winner" to keep President Nixon from "organizing the Senate." "When I was a kid growing up, my parents subscribed to the *New Republic*, and the men the *New Republic* said had voted right in Congress were my heroes," he said. "When I went to Washington with John Kennedy, I saw that voting right wasn't enough. I'd like to have a man in that Senate seat who's going to get that job done. It may



be immodest of me, but I think that I'm *that* candidate." Mr. Sorensen spoke less as a Kennedy would speak than as a man would speak who was introducing a Kennedy who had yet to arrive. He delivered a "Man Who" speech, and it was surprising at times to realize that he was describing himself. "I want a man whose judgment I can trust," he said. "I want a man with experience, judgment, and stature."

EARLIER on Monday, Mr. Sorensen spent an hour, starting at seven-forty-five in the morning, in front of the I.R.T. station at Broadway and Eighty-sixth Street, accompanied by six aides. The aides were Peter Smith, the director of field operations for the campaign; three young men who handed out cards and funnelled passers-by toward the candidate; and two girls who handed out flyers. They were deployed in the following fashion:



Key to the above:
✠ = The candidate.
X = The director of field operations.
♂ = The three young funnellers
with cards.
♀ = The two girls with flyers.

We stood next to the lamppost and talked with Mr. Smith while the funnellers were saying "Say hello to Ted Sorensen" and Mr. Sorensen was waiting for people to say hello to him. Mr. Smith said, "Ted is basically a private person. You don't see him running out and grabbing people, although he likes them. He is very aware of the dichotomy between what a man has to do to be elected and what he has to do in the Senate. This dichotomy constantly amazes him. We have to talk about it almost every day."

LATER that morning, in a conference room at the offices of Paul, Weiss, Goldberg, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison, in which he is a partner, Mr. Sorensen held a press conference, which was being taped for presentation on N.B.C.-TV. Mr. Sorensen is bringing a suit in Federal Court on behalf of Pfc. Malcolm A. Berk, of Queens, who has been ordered to Indo-China. Mr. Sorensen has brought suit under the provisions of an old New York State law that, he says, prohibits a citizen of New York from arming himself or going out of the state to serve in a war unless the procedures outlined in the Constitution have been followed or assent has been given by the New York State Assembly and Senate. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Berk, the parents of Pfc. Berk, were present at the taping.

Both Mr. Sorensen and the N.B.C. reporter, Lew Wood, wore gray suits. Mr. Sorensen wore a blue-gray shirt. Mr. Wood wore a bright-blue shirt. Mr. Sorensen and Mr. Wood were very much at ease with each other, and talked, before the taping started, about how the interview should go. The N.B.C. sound man was smoking a cigar, and Mr. Sorensen made a pointed remark about "smoke-filled rooms."

"Is that my cigar?" the sound man asked.

"Probably, Eddie," said Mr. Wood.

"We wouldn't want a haze on camera," Mr. Sorensen said lightly.

Eddie kept on smoking. "It's not a very quiet air-conditioning you got in this fabulous office," he said.

During the taping, Mr. Wood questioned Mr. and Mrs. Berk about their son. "Does he want to evade? He *enlisted*. Has he changed his mind, or not? Is he against the war?"

Mr. Berk, a husky man of considerable dignity, answered simply. Yes, he said, his son was now against the war.

"How about yourself?" asked the reporter.

Mr. Berk said that he was now against the war. "I realized that we could be there ten, fifteen years and not accomplish anything," he said.

"Now, Mr. Berk," said the reporter. "You're in the construction business. Isn't it unusual for a construction worker to feel this way?"

"Some hardhats feel this way and some don't," said Mr. Berk.

At the end of this sequence, it was discovered that the sound level had been low, so the whole thing would have to be repeated.

Before beginning the next sequence, Mr. Sorensen and Mr. Wood conferred again. "Anything else I should bring up?" Mr. Wood asked. Mr. Sorensen framed a question for Mr. Wood. Mr. Wood said, "Well, we'll have to make it short. We have only a hundred feet of film left."

On camera, Mr. Wood asked Mr. Sorensen what sort of response he had had to his filing of the suit, and Mr. Sorensen said that he had had an enthusiastic response. "That's why I'm surprised that a politician in this morning's paper called that a gimmick," he added.

When the taping was finished, we asked Mr. Berk if he was pleased to be a part of Mr. Sorensen's campaign. Mr. Berk said that he was, but Mr. Sorensen, overhearing the question, quickly said, "This isn't part of the campaign." On being questioned further, Mr. Sorensen said, "Of course, it is a part of the campaign in a way, but I will carry this suit forward even if I lose."

Mr. Sorensen showed Mr. and Mrs. Berk to the door. "Aren't they wonderful?" he said when he returned.

A young woman reporter answered. "My God, *they're* the silent majority!" she said. "If you fed parents into a computer, you couldn't get any better."

"Oh, do you think we got them from Casting?" Mr. Sorensen asked.

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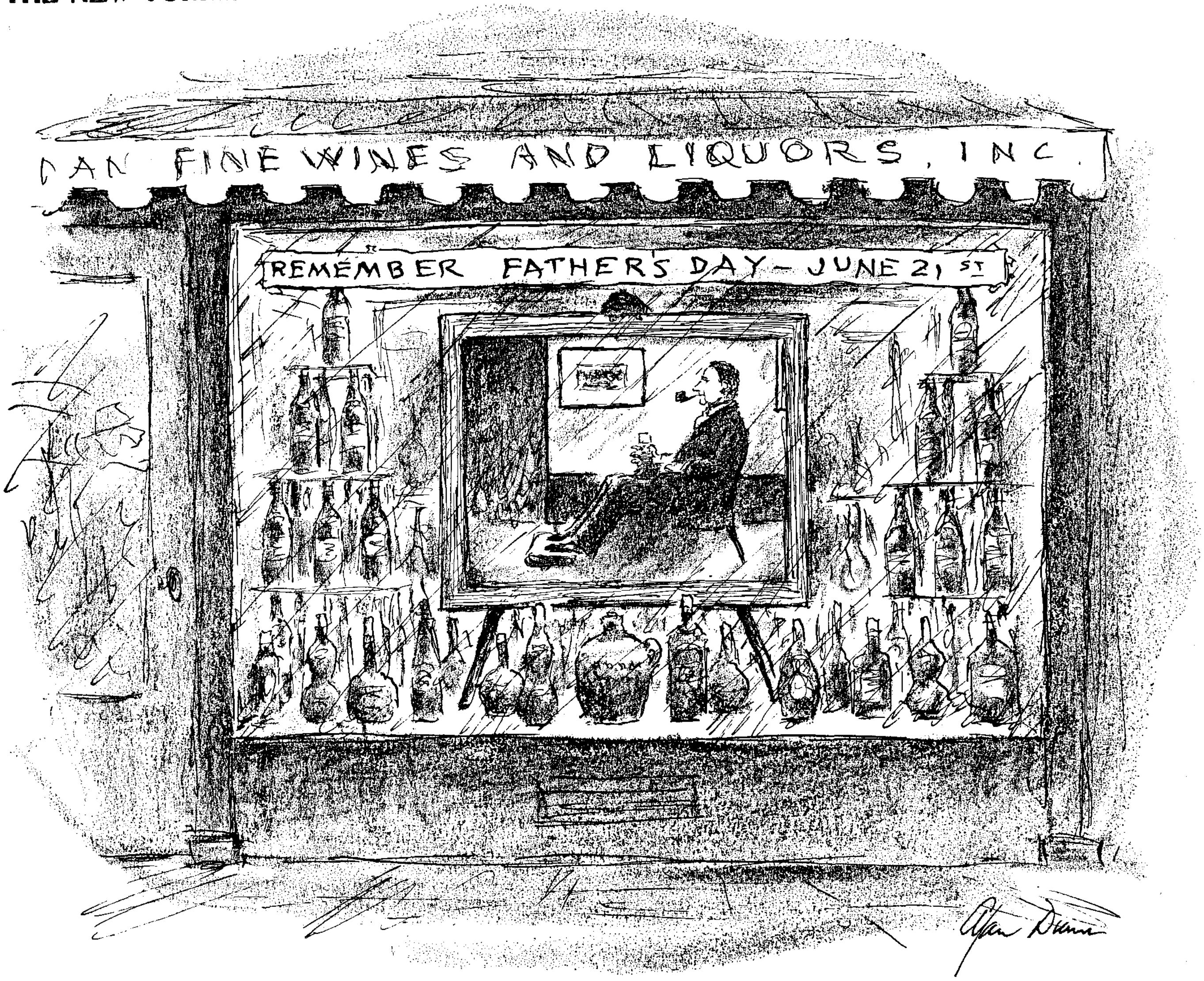
WE spent most of last Tuesday with Howard Samuels, who thinks nothing of getting up at five-thirty one morning and campaigning into the wee hours of the next. Mr. Samuels has been running for governor of New York for eight years, off and on. His opponent in next week's Democratic primary, Arthur J. Goldberg, former Secretary of Labor, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and Ambassador to the United Nations, is the favorite. Mr. Goldberg has the support of the official Democratic organization; of Stephen Smith, Edward Kennedy's brother-in-law; of some reform leaders, such as Representative Edward I. Koch, of Manhattan; and of "the bosses," such as they are. Mr. Samuels has the support of the New Democratic Coalition, which is made up mostly of veterans of the McCarthy and Kennedy Presidential campaigns, and of various political mavericks, such as Representative Shirley Chisholm, of Brooklyn.

In newspaper stories, Mr. Samuels is often called "upstate industrialist Howard Samuels," possibly because his more recent titles—former administrator of the Federal Small Business Administration, former Under Secretary of Commerce, former candidate for Lieutenant Governor—are too unwieldy for journalistic shorthand. Anyway, he *was* an upstate industrialist; when he was twenty-six, in Macedon, New York, he and his brother Richard founded the


AN FINE WINES AND LIQUORS, INC.
REMEMBER FATHER'S DAY — JUNE 21st

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Kordite Corporation, which developed into the nation's largest producer of plastic packaging. Now, at fifty, Mr. Samuels is a dramatic-looking man, with longish gray-white hair that sweeps back over the tops of his ears, the profile of a Roman senator, and the politician's perpetual tan. His eyes, which are green flecked with brown, are surrounded by plenty of laugh lines and extraordinarily long, thick lashes.

We met Mr. Samuels at ten in the morning in front of his headquarters, on West Forty-fifth Street, and got into the back seat of a station wagon with him. On the sidewalk, an aide was negotiating with a policeman about parking spaces. When their gestures indicated that an agreement had been reached, Mr. Samuels rolled down the window and called, "Thanks, Sergeant!" The policeman regarded him blankly. Mr. Samuels rolled up the window. " 'Who the hell's *he*?' That's what the sergeant's thinking," he said.

Our first stop was the Navy Yard, in Brooklyn, and on the way Mr. Samuels told us that soon after he became Under Secretary of Commerce he had hammered out what he thought was a settlement of the long-standing disagreements between the city and federal governments over the sale of the Yard to the city. "I felt pretty good about it," he said. "New on the job, and already I'd solved this terrific problem that was plaguing everybody. But months went by and there was no announcement from the White House. Finally, I got hold of somebody over there, and he told me that L.B.J. was damned if he was going to do anything for John Lindsay. It gave me some insight into the President's deep emotional commitment to social change."

At the Navy Yard, outside Building 283, a company called the Technautics Corporation was holding a press conference to introduce a kind of underwater cocktail lounge that it is manufacturing for expensive hotels in tropical climates. Mr. Samuels stopped at it, and he said a few words in praise of the job-training programs that are going on at the Yard. Afterward, while he mingled with the guests, we fell into conversation with his driver, a beefy man named Arthur Kirshner.

"What did you do before this?" we asked.

"I drove for a guy named Francis Albert Sinatra," he said.

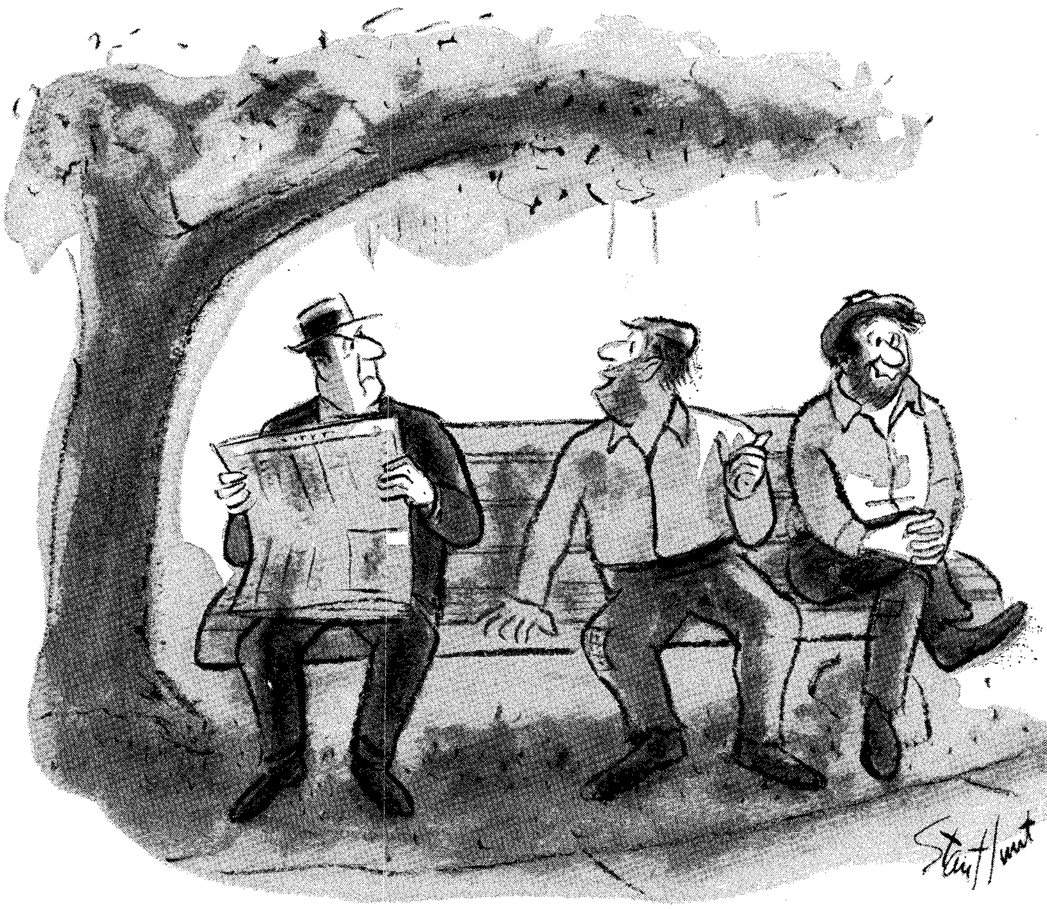
We tried to look impressed.

"You know, this Samuels is a down-to-earth guy," Mr. Kirshner said. "I asked him once why he didn't get a suit at this tailor Sinatra uses. Sinatra gets his suits there for two hundred and a quarter. Samuels says, 'Hell, I can get three suits for that at Robert Hall—maybe four.' "

We grunted.

"I'm not in this for any mercenary reasons, or anything like that," Mr. Kirshner said. "I like this guy. I mean, what do I get out of this? If he wins, maybe I get to be the governor's driver. But I was the *king's* driver."

On the way back to Manhattan, Mr. Samuels talked about the opposition. "One difference between Arthur Goldberg and me is that his approach is one of mediation and mine is one of change," he said. "I think we've had mediation too goddam long. What we need is some strong goddam leadership. The institutions of government in this



"Cheer up, sir. My friend here thinks we've bottomed out."

country are sick, and they've got to be changed. American businessmen who don't think about changes go bankrupt."

At the Subtreasury Building, Mr. Samuels got out and walked up Nassau Street, shaking hands with noontime strollers. An aide preceded him, saying through an electric megaphone, "Howard Samuels. Won't you say hello to Howard Samuels, the people's choice for governor. Howard Samuels." Some did say hello, or good luck; others stared curiously; and others walked rigidly past, their eyes on the sidewalk. "You put back the electric chair and you're all right with me," one man said. After he passed, Mr. Samuels shook his head in astonishment.

At lunch in the Tic-Toc Coffee Shop, at the corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets, Mr. Samuels read Pete Hamill's column in the *Post*. The column was an endorsement of his candidacy. "Listen to this," he said. " 'Steingut and Crangle wanted a Democratic winner, after years in the desert, and nobody could blame them for that. But they tried to do it the way Hollywood producers tried to do it for years: they picked an aging star, slapped together a moldy script, and sent the result out to the nabes.' " He looked up from the paper. "I know I shouldn't get such a kick out of this, but I do."

In front of City Hall, where the Samuels cars were waiting, a couple of politicos came alongside and started buttering up the candidate. Carter Burden, a young City Councilman who has endorsed Mr. Goldberg, watched from across the way. One of the pols was telling Mr. Samuels about Meade Esposito's clubhouse in Brooklyn. "Meade is upstairs yelling 'Goldberg, Goldberg!' and the kids are downstairs yelling 'Howard, Howard!' " the pol said.

The afternoon's schedule consisted of walking tours in three neighborhoods in Queens. On the way, we asked Mr. Samuels about a charge printed in that week's *Village Voice* that he had voted against the minority peace plank at the Democratic National Convention in 1968.

"No, that isn't true," he said. "I abstained. I'm not very pleased with my actions in Chicago. I was wrong. I was late in seeing the problems of the war, but since I did I've been an active opponent. I supported the October Moratorium, like everybody else. I also supported the November Mobilization and addressed the rally in Washington, *not* like everybody else. Ken Auletta, my young campaign manager, and my own kids helped convince me."

In Astoria, Mr. Samuels was joined by his wife, Bobbie, and two of his daughters—Carrie, twenty-four, and Barbara, fifteen. (He has four other daughters and two sons.) Barbara was just home from boarding school, and it was her first day of campaigning. She has wavy hair down to her waist, and her father's eyelashes. She handed out throwaways, saying, "Mr. Samuels is just ahead. Shake hands with Mr. Samuels."

"Why don't you tell them he's your father, Barbara?" we asked.

"I don't know—I think it's better not to," she said. "People might think the only campaign workers he can get are his relatives."

At nightfall, the station wagon headed for Lawrence, in Nassau County, for a cocktail reception in a house whose shelves were lined with expensively bound editions of the classics, and then for a Candidates' Night meeting of the Five Towns Democratic Club at the Lawrence Village Park House, a sprawling public country club. Mr. Goldberg had sent Albert Blumenthal, a reform Assemblyman from Manhattan, to represent him. Three of the senatorial candidates—Mr. Sorensen, Mr. McCarthy, and Mr. Ottinger—were there, and Mr. O'Dwyer was said to be on his way.

Mr. Samuels' speech started slowly, but when he said, "Forty-five of the sixty-two counties in this state will not see Arthur Goldberg and me debate the issues on television, and I think that's scandalous," the audience applauded, and he seemed to take heart. "I'm convinced that America is worth saving," he said. "The system! When are we going to make the system respond to us? That's the great challenge to democracy. I can win that primary, I can beat Nelson Rockefeller, and together we can make a better state and a better country."

Mr. Samuels was going on to another reception, but we asked him to drop us at a subway station. "Don't you get *tired*?" we asked.

"Sure, a little," he said. "When I get a little impatient, I know I'm getting tired. But I'm used to it. You learn to pace yourself. Anyway, it's a healthy life. Plenty of exercise."

HASSIDIC TALES, WITH A GUIDE TO THEIR INTERPRETATION BY THE NOTED SCHOLAR

A MAN journeyed to Chelm in order to seek the advice of Rabbi Ben Kaddish, the holiest of all ninth-century rabbis and perhaps the greatest *noodge* of the medieval era.

"Rabbi," the man asked, "where can I find peace?"

The Hassid surveyed him and said, "Quick, look behind you!"

The man turned around, and Rabbi Ben Kaddish smashed him in the back of the head with a candlestick. "Is that peaceful enough for you?" he chuckled, adjusting his *yarmulke*.

In this tale, a meaningless question is asked. Not only is the question meaningless but so is the man who journeys to Chelm to ask it. Not that he was so far away from Chelm to begin with, but why shouldn't he stay where he is? Why is he bothering Rabbi Ben Kaddish—the Rabbi doesn't have enough trouble? The truth is, the Rabbi's in over his head with gamblers, and he has also been named in a paternity case by a Mrs. Hecht. No, the point of this tale is that this man has nothing better to do with his time than journey around and get on people's nerves. For this, the Rabbi bashes his head in, which, according to the Torah, is one of the most subtle methods of showing concern. In a similar version of this tale, the Rabbi leaps on top of the man in a frenzy and carves the story of Ruth on his nose with a stylus.

RABBI RADITZ of Poland was a very short rabbi with a long beard, who was said to have inspired many pogroms with his sense of humor. One of his disciples asked, "Who did God like better—Moses or Abraham?"

"Abraham," the Zaddik said.

"But Moses led the Israelites to the Promised Land," said the disciple.

"All right, so Moses," the Zaddik answered.

"I understand, Rabbi. It was a stupid question."

"Not only that, but you're stupid, your wife's a *meeskeit*, and if you don't get off my foot you're excommunicated."

Here the Rabbi is asked to make a value judgment between Moses and Abraham. This is not an easy matter, particularly for a man who has never read the Bible and has been faking it. And what is meant by the hopelessly relative term "better"? What is "better" to the Rabbi is not necessarily "better" to his disciple. For instance, the Rabbi likes to sleep on his stomach. The disciple also likes to sleep on the Rabbi's stomach. The problem here is obvious. It should also be noted that to step on a rabbi's foot (as the disciple does in the tale) is a sin, according to the Torah, comparable to the fondling of matzos with any intent other than eating them.

A MAN who could not marry off his ugly daughter visited Rabbi Shimmel of Cracow. "My heart is heavy," he told the Rev, "because God has given me an ugly daughter."

"How ugly?" the Seer asked.

"If she were lying on a plate with a herring, you wouldn't be able to tell the difference."

The Seer of Cracow thought for a long time and finally asked, "What kind of herring?"

The man, taken aback by the query, thought quickly and said, "Er—Bismarck."

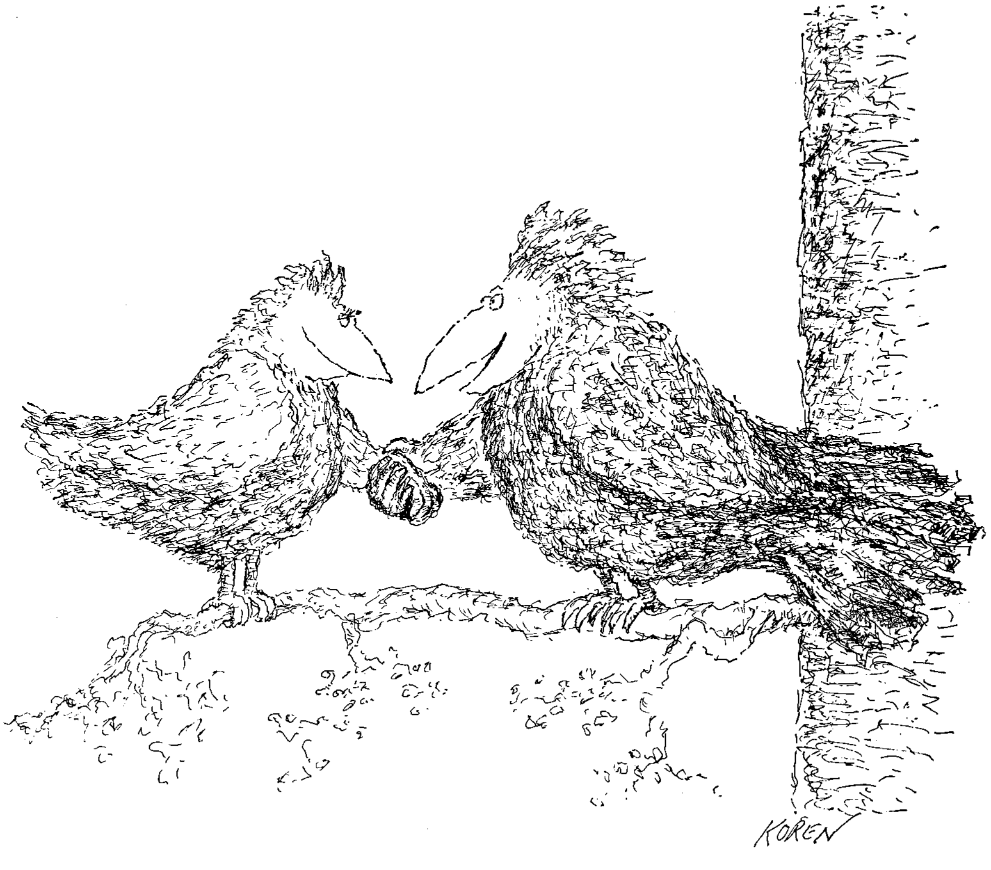
"Too bad," the Rabbi said. "If it was Maatjes, she'd have a better chance."

Here is a tale that illustrates the tragedy of transient qualities such as beauty. Does the girl actually resemble a herring? Why not? Have you seen some of the things walking around these days, particularly at resort areas? And even if she does, are not all creatures beautiful in God's eyes? Perhaps, but if a girl looks more at home in a jar of wine sauce than in an evening gown she's got big problems. Oddly enough, Rabbi Shimmel's own wife was said to resemble a squid, but this was only in the face, and she more than made up for it by her hacking cough—the point of which escapes me.

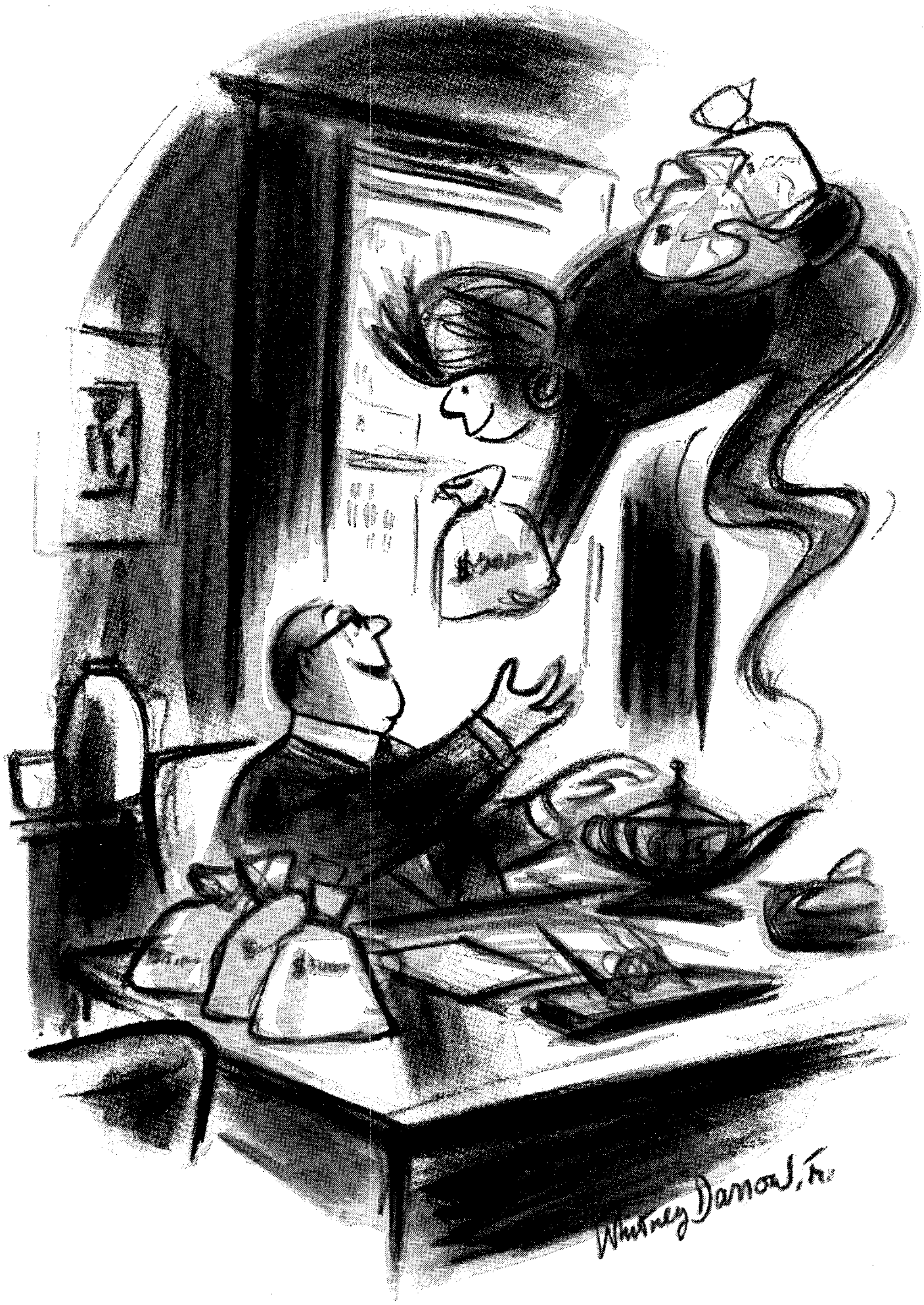
RABBI ZWI CHAIM YISROEL, an Orthodox scholar of the Torah and a man who developed whining to an art unheard of in the West, was unanimously hailed as the wisest man of the Renaissance by his fellow-Hebrews, who totalled a sixteenth of one per cent of the population. Once, while he was on his way to synagogue to celebrate the sacred Jewish holiday commemorating God's reneging on every promise, a woman stopped him and asked the following question: "Rabbi, why are we not allowed to eat pork?"

"We're *not*?" the Rev said incredulously. "Uh-oh."

This is one of the few stories in all Hassidic literature that deals with Hebrew law. The Rabbi knows he shouldn't eat pork; he doesn't care,



"I love to hold your wing in mine, to touch your beak, to ruffle your plumes . . ."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I'd like you to know what a help you've been to us in the tight-money situation."

• •

though, because he *likes* pork. Not only does he like pork; he gets a kick out of rolling Easter eggs. In short, he cares very little about traditional Orthodoxy and regards God's covenant with Abraham as "just so much chin music." Why pork was proscribed by Hebraic law is still unclear, and some scholars believe that the Torah merely suggested not eating pork at certain restaurants.

RABBI BAUMEL, the scholar of Vitebsk, decided to embark on a fast to protest the unfair law prohibiting Russian Jews from wearing loafers outside the ghetto. For sixteen weeks, the holy man lay on a crude pallet, staring at the ceiling and refusing nourishment of any kind. His pupils feared for his life, and then one day a woman came to his bedside and, leaning down to the learned scholar, asked, "Rabbi, what color hair did Esther have?" The Rev turned weakly on his side and faced her. "Look what she picks to ask me!" he said. "You know what kind of a headache I got from sixteen weeks without a bite!" With that, the Rabbi's disciples escorted her personally into the *sukkah*, where she ate bounteously from the horn of plenty until she got the tab.

This is a subtle treatment of the problem of pride and vanity, and seems to imply that fasting is a big mistake. Particularly on an empty stomach. Man does not bring on his own unhappiness, and suffering is really God's will, although why He gets such a kick out of it is beyond me. Certain Orthodox tribes believe suffering is the only way to redeem oneself, and scholars write of a cult called the Essenes, who deliberately went around bumping into walls. God, according to the later books of Moses, is benevolent, although there are still a great many subjects he'd rather not go into.

RABBI YEKEL of Zans, who had the best diction in the world until a Gentile stole his resonant underwear, dreamed three nights running that if he would only journey to Vorki he would find a great treasure there. Bidding his wife and children goodbye, he set out on a trip, saying he would return in ten days. Two years later, he was found wandering the Urals and emotionally involved with a panda. Cold and starving, the Rev was taken back to his home, where he was revived with steaming soup and flanken. Following that, he was given something to eat. After dinner, he told this story: Three days out of Zans, he was set upon by wild nomads. When they learned he was a Jew, they forced him to alter all their sports jackets and take in their trousers. As if this were not humiliation enough, they put sour cream in his ears and sealed them with wax. Finally, the Rabbi escaped and headed for the nearest town, winding up in the Urals instead, because he was ashamed to ask directions.

After telling the story, the Rabbi rose and went into his bedroom to sleep, and, behold, under his pillow was the treasure that he originally sought. Ecstatic, he got down and thanked God. Three days later, he was back wandering in the Urals again, this time in a rabbit suit.

The above small masterpiece amply illustrates the absurdity of mysticism. The Rabbi dreams *three* straight nights. The Five Books of Moses subtracted from the Ten Commandments leaves five. Minus the brothers Jacob and Esau leaves *three*. It was reasoning like this that led Rabbi Yitzhok Ben Levi, the great Jewish mystic, to hit the double at Aqueduct *fifty-two* days running and still wind up on relief.

—WOODY ALLEN

METAMORPHOSIS

But why precisely now, when I say
for once what I mean
(considering where we are and what we've, after all, been)
do you change so abruptly,
your eyes taking on that . . . go gray, turn in, assume
an interior lustre that eludes me;
lead, like a dream, only in?
We were so . . . not so much easy . . . but open before.
Our eyes clear windows. The view, frankly sensuous—no more.
And now, inside your windows—this room.
This room with curtains, with curtains blowing and an open door.

I'm a plain blunt man.
Really I am. I simply said. . . . And now you're off somewhere.
I'm aware of that. But why this peculiar retreat into . . . hell,
once out *this* door there isn't even a street.
More like an alley . . . a back-alley at that that,
once past the sharp-glass-sharded wall,
turns its back on the city and into a path
nobody's, obviously, walked for a long time.
You can tell by the grass,
tell by the moss
scraped off by our feet
on our way in, on our way up,
like the short green hair over the lip
of the giant in the old tall tale so beautifully told,
in passing, had he shaved,
into these woods.

And now that we're this far—
well, what can I say?
At least I recognized that quick coiled way
out of the city—
but this?
Glum. Grim. Green.
And by the way
hoo-hoo
where the devil are you
in this underwater scene
where the only little lights run
overhead like specious river laughter
or trickle down in splotches, in a long lean stain,
and there's no single sun
to say everything's simple . . . imperfectly plain?

Where
    hoo
        are
            you?

Christ! Out and down in this ribald dark
all talk turns into owl-talk.
In another world, God knows, daylight stands corrected, saving time,
while you . . . you must be gathering darkness like mushrooms.
I can't see hide nor hair.
For the life of me, I'm not sure where
you are or I am either except,
possibly,
lost, or found too often to be strictly true.

I call. I call.
My voice turns into echoes of my voice
and when you answer, everything replies.
The stalking hemlocks talk in rows
and the sleek beeches splashed with shadows speak
more softly, softly, until your call has shrunk into a shrub
or the slow stones only murmur.
Then call again,
and for a time my voices chase each other only
until your answer meets them
and all around the sounds of recognition ring,
the long woods echoing,
as if, if we are lost, we are together lost and one,
before the linked sounds dim and sink
to lie at last as grave as shadows on this silent ground.

Then, ironically,
there you are . . . were all the time, I suppose,
while I stood rooted in that bark-dark subaqueous criss-cross
of leaves and limbs rather pleased, I admit,
to meet you completely if only figuratively
(the way the shade of a man will be)—
there you are . . . were all the time, I suppose,
having gathered sufficient darkness unto at least yourself
to stand quite alone in that slight clearing ahead
with only an oaktree for company.
Odd, how in that otherwise sun-stuck patch
the light still refuses to touch you;
stretches but doesn't quite manage to reach you.
Odd. A man could lose his head,
I suppose, searching out the undoubtedly subtle whys and the wherefores.
And yet—as far as I can see—
it's only you, waiting for me
—with a somewhat sombre smile, I might add—
in that clearing just ahead,
as dark as dark as you are naked,
waiting for me
by an oaktree.

After the windows,
after the door,
after the shadows,
after the echoes
rising and sinking on the forest floor—
at last to arrive,
at last to enter,
at last to come in.

Ah, sweet sister, it's no wicker cage you're burning me up in now.
Sheer skin! Skin!
What have I done?
Christ! You wouldn't treat a dog this way
unless you were as you damn well may be
pagan,
heathen,
Indian.
Squaw. Squaw.
Look at my ashes!
They're flapping up black now.
The wind stings. All wings.
Wings for a cinder. Thin air for a home.
Come. Come.
By my last burst lights, I see
you glow, glow, glow.
When I said what I did
how could I know . . .?

O
caw caw
Love a crow

—Jon Swan

THE FALL

IN a side street on the Right Bank of the Seine where the river divides at the Île de la Cité there is a yellow-and-red brick building occupied by a firm of leather merchants. When I was twenty, I worked there. The hours were long, the pay was low, and the place smelled of cigarettes and boots. I hated it. I had come to Paris to be a writer but my money had run out, and in this office I had to stick. How often I looked across the river, envying the free lives of the artists and writers on the other bank. Being English, I was the joke of the office. The sight of my fat, pink, innocent face and my fair hair made everyone laugh; my accent was bad, for I could not pronounce a full "O." Worst of all, like a fool, I not only admitted I didn't have a mistress but boasted about it. To the office boys, this news was extravagant. It doubled them up. It was a favorite trick of theirs, and even of the salesman—a man called Claudel, with whom I had to work—to call me to the street door at lunchtime and then, if any girl or woman passed, give me a punch and shout, "How much to sleep with this one? Twenty francs? Forty? A hundred?"

I put on a grin, but, to tell the truth, a sheet of glass seemed to come down between me and any female I saw.

About one woman the lads did not play this game. She was a woman between thirty and forty, I suppose—Mme. Chamson, who kept the mender's and cleaner's down the street. You could hear her heels as she came, half running, to see Claudel, with jackets and trousers of his on her arm. He had some arrangement with her for getting his suits cleaned and repaired on the cheap. In return—well, there was a lot of talk. She had sinfully tinted hair, as hard as varnish, built up high over arching, exclaiming eyebrows, and when she got near our door there was always a joke coming out of the side of her mouth. She would bounce into the office in her tight navy-blue skirt, call the boys and Claudel together, shake hands with them all, and tell them some tale which always ended with a dirty glance around and in whispering. Then she stood back and shouted with laughter. I was never in this secret circle, and if I happened to grin she gave me a severe and offended look and marched out scowling. One day, when one of her tales was over, she called back from the door, "Standing all day in that gallery with all those naked women, he comes home done for, finished."

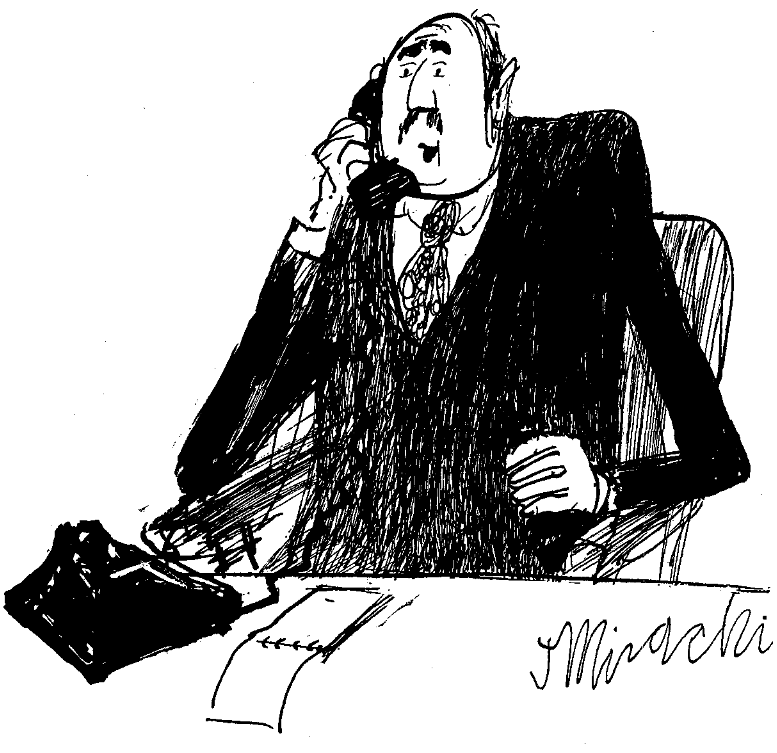
The office boys squeezed each other with pleasure. She was talking about her husband, who was an attendant at the Louvre—a small, moist-looking fellow whom we sometimes saw with her, a man fond of fishing, whose breath smelled of white wine. Because of her arrangement with Claudel and her stories, she was a very respected woman.

I did not like Mme. Chamson; she looked to me like some predatory bird, but I could not take my eyes off her pushing bosom and her crooked mouth. I was afraid of her tongue. She caught on quickly to the fact that I was the office joke, but when they told her that on top of this I wanted to be a writer, any curiosity she had about me was finished. "I could tell him a tale," she said. For her I didn't exist. She didn't even bother to shake hands with me.

Streets and avenues in Paris are named after writers. There are statues of poets, novelists, and dramatists making gestures to the birds, nursemaids, and children in the gardens. How was it these men had become famous? How had they begun? For myself, it was impossible to begin. I walked about packed with stories, but when I sat in cafés or in my room with a pen in my hand and a bare sheet of paper before me, I could not touch it. I seemed to swell in the head, the chest, the arms and legs, as if I were trying to heave an enormous load onto the page and could not move. The portentous moment had not yet come. And there was another reason. The longer I worked in the leather trade and talked to the office boys, the typists there, and Claudel, the more I acquired a double personality; when I left the office and walked to the Métro, I practiced French to myself. In this bizarre language, the stories inside me flared up; I was acting and speaking them as I walked, often in the subjunctive, but when I sat before my paper the English language closed its sullen mouth.

And what were these stories? Impossible to say. I would set off in the morning and see the gray, ill-painted buildings of the older quarters leaning together like people, their shutters thrown back, so that the open windows looked like black and empty eyes. In the mornings, the bedding was thrown over the sills to air, and hung out, wagging like tongues about what goes on in the night between men and women. The houses looked sunken-shouldered and exhausted by what they told, and crowning the city was the church of Sacré-Cœur, very white, standing, to my mind, like some dry Byzantine bird, hollow-eyed and without conscience, presiding over the habits of the flesh and—to judge by what I read in newspapers—its murders, rapes, and shootings for jealousy and robbery. As my French improved, the secrets of Paris grew worse. It amazed me that the crowds I saw on the street had survived the night, and many indeed looked as sleepless as the houses.

AFTER I had been a little more than a year in Paris—fourteen months, in fact—a dra-



"Oh, I really am sorry about my language, Miss. I assumed this was a recording."

CINEMA FIVE
WILD BLUEBERRIES FROM SWEDEN ... RATED X
THIS SWEDISH FILM RATED X
THE VIKING RESTAURANT
OUR SWEDISH SMORGASBORD IS RATED G

• •

ma broke the monotonous life of our office. A consignment of dressed skins had been sent to us from Rouen. It had been sent by barge—not the usual method in our business. The barge was an old one and was carrying a mixed cargo, and, within a few hundred yards of our warehouse, it was rammed and sunk one misty morning by a Dutch boat taking the wrong channel. The whole office—but especially Claudel, who saw his commission gone to the bottom—was outraged. Fortunately, the barge had gone down slowly and near the bank, close to us; the water was not too deep. A crane was brought down on another barge to the water's edge, and soon, in an exciting week, a diver was let down to salvage what he could. Claudel and I had to go to the quay, and whenever a bale of our stuff came up we had to get it into the warehouse and see what the damage was.

Anything to get out of the office. For me the diver was the hero of the week. He stood in his round helmet and suit on a wide tray of wood hanging from four chains; then the motor spat, the chains rattled, and down he went with great dignity under the water. While the diver was underwater, Claudel would be reckoning his commission over again—would it be calculated on the sale price or only on what was saved? "Five bales so far," he would mutter fanatically. "One and a half per cent." His teeth and his eyes were agitated with changing figures. I, in imagination, was groping in the gloom of the riverbed with the hero. Then we would step forward; the diver was coming up. Claudel would hold my arm as the man appeared with a tray of sodden bales, the brown water streaming off them. The diver, looking like a swollen frog, would step off the plank onto the barge, where the crane was installed. A workman unscrewed his helmet, the visor was raised, and then we saw the young man's rosy, cheerful face. A workman lit a cigarette and gave it to him, and out of the helmet came a long, surprising jet of smoke. There was always a crowd watching from the quay wall, and when he did this they all smiled and many laughed. "See that?" they would say. "He's having a puff," and the diver grinned and waved to the crowd.

Our job was to grab our stuff. Claudel would check the numbers of the bales on his list, and have them loaded onto barrows. Then we saw them wheeled to our warehouse, dripping all the way, and there I had to hang up the skins on poles. It was like hanging up drowned animals or even, I thought, human beings.

On the Friday afternoon of that week, when everyone was tired and the crowd looking down from the street wall had thinned to next to nothing, Claudel and I were still down on the quay. The diver had come up, and the crane was just hoisting the last dripping bale clear of the water. We were seeing him for the last time before the weekend. I was waiting to watch what I had not yet seen: how he got out of his suit. I walked down nearer to the quay's edge to get a good view. Claudel shouted to me to get on with the job, and as he shouted I heard a whizzing noise above my head and then felt a large, heavy, slopping lump hit me on the shoulders. Even as I turned round I was flying in the air, arms outspread with wonder. Paris turned upside down. A second later, I crashed into cold darkness and water was running up my legs, swallowing me. I had fallen into the river.

The wall of the quay was not high. I came up spitting mud and in a couple of strokes caught an iron ring on the wall. Two men pulled my hands. Everyone was laughing as I climbed out.

I stood there drenched and mud-smeared, with straw in my hair, and water pouring off me into a puddle that got larger and larger.

"Didn't you hear me shout?" said Claudel.

Laughing and arguing, two or three men led me to the shelter of the wall, where I began to wring out my jacket and shirt and squeeze the water out of my trousers. It was a warm day, and

I stood in the sun and saw my trousers steam and heard my shoes squelch.

"Give him a hot rum," someone said.

Claudel was torn between looking after our few bales left on the quay and taking me across the street to a bar. But after checking the numbers and muttering a few more figures to himself, he decided to enjoy the drama and go with me. He called out that we'd be back in a minute.

We got to the bar, and Claudel saw to it that my arrival was a sensation. Always nagging at me in the office, he was now proud of me. "He fell into the river," he announced. "He nearly drowned. I warned him. I shouted. Didn't I?"

The one or two customers admired me. The barman brought me the rum. I could not get my hand into my pocket, because it was wet.

"You pay me tomorrow," said Claudel, putting a coin on the counter.

"Drink it quickly," said the barman.

I was laughing and explaining now, but Claudel kept interrupting. "One moment he was on dry land, the next he was flying in the air, then plonk in the water. Three elements," he said.

"Only fire is missing," said the barman.

They argued about how many elements there were. A whole history of swimming feats, drowning stories, bodies found, murders in the Seine sprang up. Someone said the morgue used to be full of drowned corpses. And then an argument started, as it sometimes did in this part of Paris, about the exact date at which the morgue had been moved from the island. I joined in, but my teeth had begun to chatter.

"Another rum," the barman said.

And then I felt a hand fingering my jacket and my trousers. It was the hand of Mme. Chamson. She had been down at the quay once or twice during the week to have a word with Claudel. She had seen what had happened.

"He ought to go home and change into dry things at once," she said in a firm voice. "You ought to take him home."

"I can't do that. We've left five bales on the quay," said Claudel.

"He can't go back," said Mme. Chamson. "He's shivering."

I sneezed.

"You'll catch pneumonia," she said. And to Claudel, "You ought to have kept an eye on him. He might have drowned." She was very stern with him.

"Where do you live?" she said to me.

I told her.

"It will take you an hour to get there," she said.

Everyone was silent before the decisive voice of Mme. Chamson.

"Come with me to the shop," she ordered, and pulled me brusquely by the arm.

She led me out of the bar and said as we walked away, my boots squeaking and squelching, "That man thinks of nothing but money. Who'd pay for your funeral? Not he!"

Twice, as she led me, her prisoner, past the shops, she called out to people at their doors, "They nearly let him drown!"

Three girls used to sit mending in the window of her shop, and behind them there was usually a man pressing clothes. But it was half past six now and the shop was closed. Everyone was gone. I was relieved. This place had disturbed me. When I first went to work for our firm, Claudel had told me he could fix me up with one of the mending girls; sharing a room would halve our expenses and she could cook and look after my clothes. That was what started the office joke about my not having a mistress.

Now, when we got to the shop, Mme. Chamson led me down a passage inside, which was muggy with the smell of dozens of dresses and suits hanging there, and into a dim parlor beyond. It looked out on the smeared gray wall of the courtyard.

"Stay here," said Mme. Chamson, planting me by a sofa. "Don't sit on it in those wet things. Take them off."

I took off my jacket.

"No. Don't wring it. Give it to me. I'll get a towel."

I started drying my hair.

"All of them," she said.

Mme. Chamson looked shorter in her room, her hair looked duller, her eyebrows less dramatic. I had never really seen her close up. She had become a plain, domestic woman; her mouth had straightened. There was not a joke in her. Her bosom swelled with management. The rumor that she was Claudel's mistress was obviously an office tale.

"I'll see what I can find for you. You can't wear these."

I waited for her to leave the room, and then I took off my shirt and dried my chest, picking off the bits of straw from the river that had stuck to my skin.

She came back. "Off with your trousers, I said. Give them to me. What size are they?"

My head went into the towel. I pretended not to hear. I could not bring myself to undress before Mme. Chamson. But while I hesitated she bent down and her sharp fingernails were at my belt.

"I'll do it," I said anxiously.

Our hands touched and our fingers mixed as I unhitched my belt. Impatiently she began on my buttons, but I pushed her hands away. She stood back, blank-faced and peremptory in her stare. It was the blankness of her face, her indifference to me, her ordinary womanliness, and the touch of her practical fingers that left me without defense. She was not the ribald, coquettish, dangerous woman who came wagging her hips to our office, not one of my Paris fantasies of sex and danger. She was simply a woman. The realization of this was disastrous to me. My eyes angrily, helplessly asked her to go away. She stood there implacably. I half turned, bending to conceal myself as I lowered my trousers. I got my foot out of one leg, but my shoe caught in the other. On one leg, I tried to dance my other trouser leg off. The towel slipped and I glanced at her in red-faced, angry appeal. I was almost in tears.

The change in Mme. Chamson was quick. From busy indifference, she went to startled anger. "Young man," she said. "Cover yourself. How dare you? What indecency! How dare you insult me?"

"I'm sorry. I couldn't help . . ." I said.

Mme. Chamson's bosom became a bellows puffing outrage. "What manners!" she said. "I am not one of your tarts. I am a respectable woman. This is what I get for helping you. What would your parents say? If my husband were here!"

She had got my trousers in her hand. The shoe that had betrayed me fell now out of the leg to the floor. She bent down coolly and picked it up.

"In any case . . ." she said haughtily, and I saw for the first time that day the crooked twist of her mouth return to her as she nodded at my now concealing towel.

My blush had gone. I was nearly fainting. I felt only a curious, brainless stupidity. Suddenly I sneezed and then sneezed again.

"What did I tell you!" said Mme. Chamson, passing now to angry self-congratulation. She flounced out to the passage that led to the shop. Then, coming back with a pair of trousers, she threw them at me and, red in the face, said, "Try those. I'll get a shirt." She went past me to the door of the room beyond, saying, "You can thank your stars my husband has gone fishing." I heard her muttering as she opened drawers. She did not return. There was silence.

IN the airless little salon that looked out (as if it were a cell in which I was caught) on the stained, smeared gray wall of the courtyard, the silence lengthened. It began to seem that Mme. Chamson had shut herself away in her disgust and was going to have no more to do with me. I saw a chance of getting out, but she had taken away my wet clothes. I pulled on the pair of trousers she had thrown; they were too long, but I could roll them up. I should look an even bigger fool if I went out in the street dressed only in these. What was Mme. Chamson doing? Was she torturing me? I stood listening. I studied the mantelpiece, where I saw what I supposed was a photograph of Mme. Chamson as a girl in the veil of her First Communion. Presently I heard her voice.

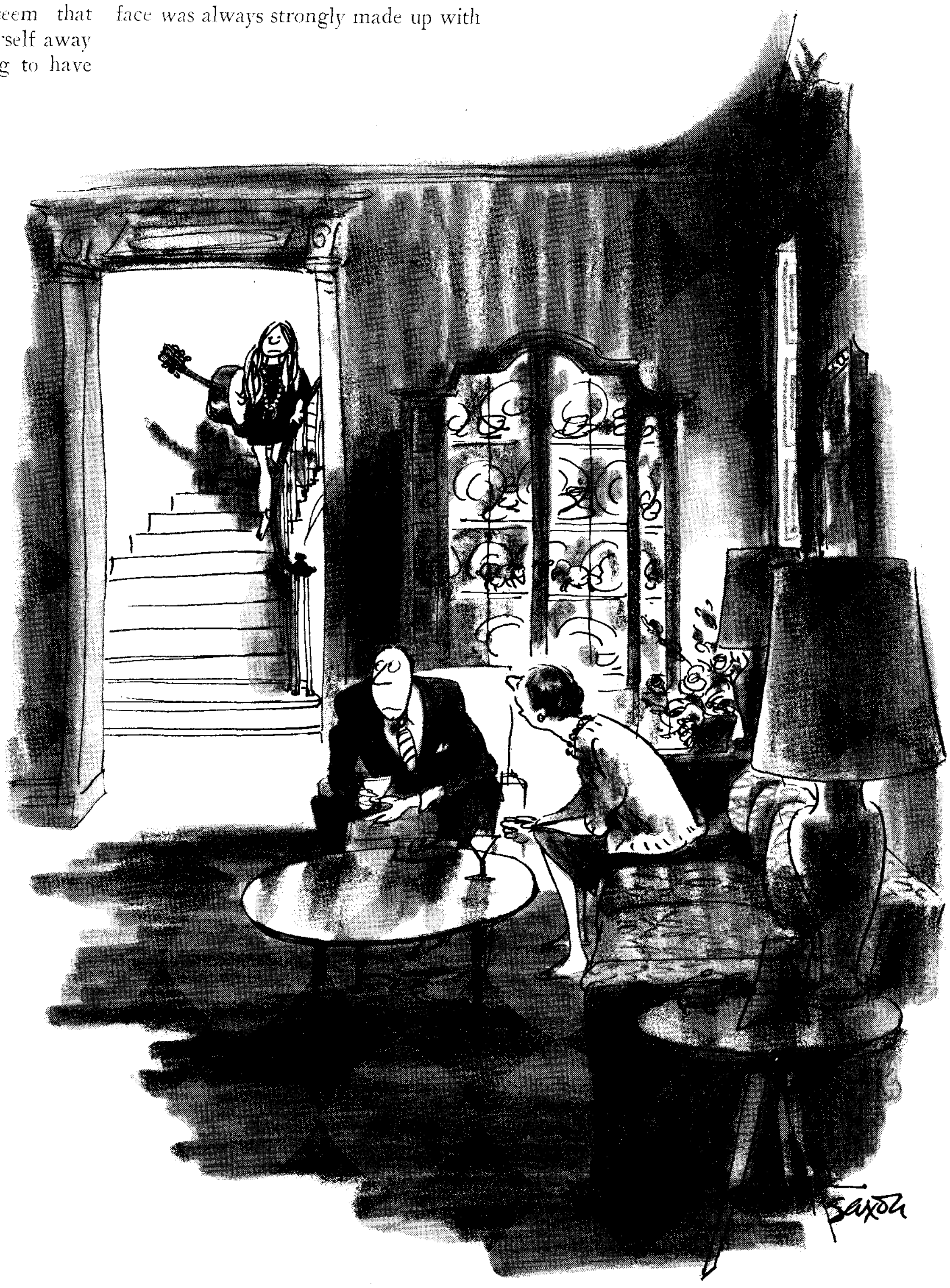
"Young man," she called harshly, "do you expect me to wait on you? Come and fetch your things!"

Putting on a polite and apologetic look, I went to the inner door, which led into a short passage. She was not there.

"In here," she said curtly.

I pushed the next door open. This room was dim also, and I saw the end of a bed, and in the corner a chair with a dark skirt on it and a stocking hanging from the arm, and on the floor a pair of shoes, one of them on its side. Then, suddenly, I saw at the end of the bed a pair of bare feet. I looked at the toes. *How had they got there?* And then I saw: Without a stitch of clothing on her, Mme. Chamson—but could this naked body be she?—was lying on the bed, her chin propped on her hand, her lips parted as they always were when she came in, on the point of laughing, to the office, but now with no sound coming from them. Her eyes, generally wide open, were half closed, watching me with the stillness of some large white cat. I looked away and then I saw two other large brown eyes gazing at me, two other faces—her breasts. It was the first time in my life I had ever seen a naked woman, and it astonished me to see the rise of a haunch, the slope of her belly, and the black hair beneath it. Mme. Chamson's face was always strongly made up with some almost orange color, and I was supposed to see how white her body was from the neck down; it was not the white of statues but some sallow color of white and shadow, marked at the waist by the tightness of the clothes she had taken off. I had thought of her as old, but she was not; her body was young and idle.

The sight of her transfixed me. It did not stir me. I simply stood there gaping. My heart seemed to have



"Maybe it would be better if you didn't come right out and tell her you've been made a vice-president. You could sort of let it drop some moment that seemed propitious."

stopped. I wanted to rush from the room, but I could not. She was so very near. My horror must have been on my face, but she seemed not to notice that, but simply stared at me. There was a small movement of her lips, and I dreaded that she was going to laugh. She did not, but slowly she closed her lips and said at last between her teeth, in a voice low and mocking, "Is this the first time you have seen a woman?" And after she said this, a sad look came into her face.

I could not answer.

She lay on her back and put out her hand and smiled fully. "Well?" she said.

"I—" I began, but I could not go on. All the fantasies of my walks about Paris as I practiced French rushed into my head. This was the secret of all those open windows of Paris, of the vulturelike head of Sacré-Cœur looking down on it. In a room like this, with a wardrobe in the corner and with clothes thrown on a chair, was enacted—what? Everything—but, above all, to my panicking mind, the crimes I read about in the newspapers. I was desperate as her hand went out.

"You have never seen a woman before?" she said again.

I moved a little, and, out of reach of her hand, I said, fiercely, "Yes, I have." I was amazed at myself.

"Ah!" she said, and when I did not answer she laughed. "Where was that? Who was she?"

It was her laughter, so dreaded by me, that released something in me. I said something terrible. The talk of the morgue, at the bar, jumped into my head. I said coldly, "She was dead. In London."

"Oh, my God," said Mme Chamson, sitting up and pulling at the coverlet. But it was caught, and she could only cover her feet.

It was her turn to be frightened. Across my brain, newspaper headlines were tapping out. "She was murdered," I said. I hesitated. I was playing for time. Then it came out. "She was strangled."

"Oh, no!" she said, and she pulled the coverlet violently up with both hands, until she had got some of it to her breast.

"I saw her," I said. "On her bed."

"You *saw* her? How did you see her?" she said. "Where was this?"

Suddenly the story sprang out of me; it unrolled as I spoke. It was in London, I said. In our street. The woman was a neighbor of ours; we knew her very well. She used to pass our window every morning on her way up from the bank.

"She was robbed!" said Mme. Chamson. Her mouth buckled with horror.

I saw I had caught her. "Yes," I said. "She kept a shop."

"Oh, my God, my God!" said Mme. Chamson, looking at the door behind me, then anxiously round the room.

It was a sweetshop, I said, where we bought our papers, too.

"Killed in her shop," groaned Mme. Chamson. "Where was her husband?"

"No," I said. "In her bedroom at the back. Her husband was out at work all day, and this man must have been watching for him to go. He was the laundryman. He used to go there twice a week. She'd been carrying on with him. She was lying there with her head on one side, and a scarf twisted round her neck."

Mme. Chamson dropped the coverlet and hid her face in her hands. Then she lowered them and said suspiciously, "But how did *you* see her like this?"

"Well," I said, "it happened like this. My little sister had been whining after breakfast and wouldn't eat anything, and Mother said, 'That kid will drive me out of my mind. Go up to Mrs. Blake's'—that was her name—'and get her a bar of chocolate, milk chocolate, no nuts, she only spits them out.' And Mother said, 'You may as well tell her we don't want any papers after Friday, because we're going to Brighton. Wait, I haven't finished yet—here, take this money and pay the bill. Don't forget that; you forgot last year, and the papers were littering up my hall. We owe for a month.' "

Mme. Chamson nodded at this detail. She had forgotten she was naked. She was the shopkeeper, and she glanced again at the door as if listening for some customer to come in.

"I went up to the shop, and there was no one there when I got in—"

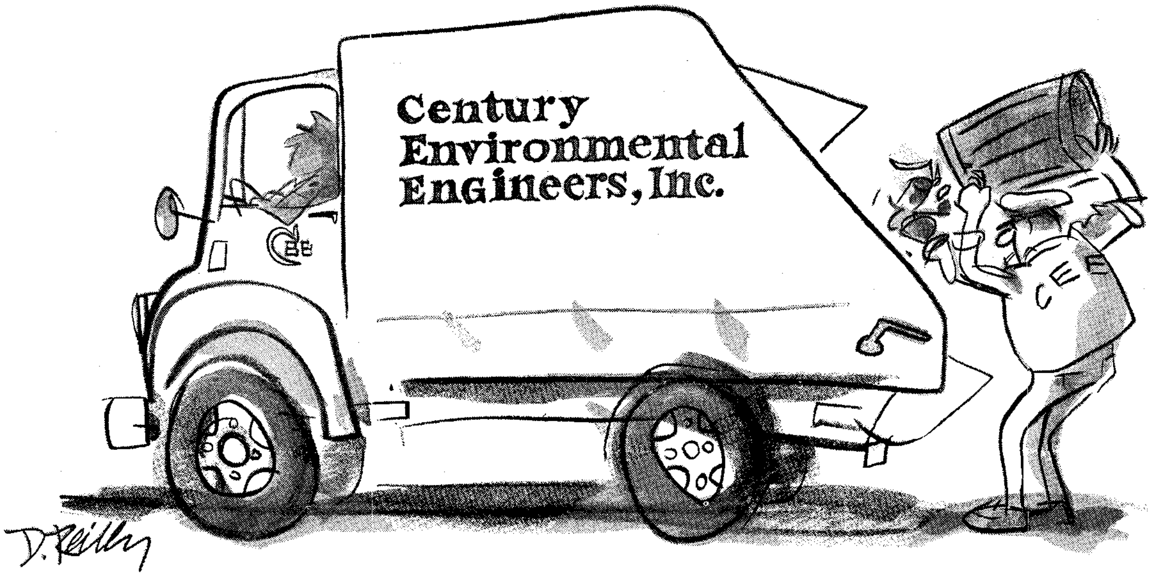
"A woman alone!" said Mme. Chamson.

"So I called, 'Mrs. Blake!,' but there was no answer. I went to the inner door and called up a small flight of stairs, 'Mrs. Blake!'—Mother had been on at me, as I said, about paying the bill. So I went up."

"You went up?" said Mme. Chamson, shocked.

"I'd been up there with Mother, once when Mrs. Blake was ill. We knew the family. Well—there she was. As I said, lying on the bed, naked, strangled, dead."

Mme. Chamson gazed at me. She looked me slowly up and down from my hair, then studied my face, and then down my body to my feet. I had come barefoot into the room. And then she looked at my bare arms, until she came to my hands. She gazed at these as if she had never seen hands before.



I rubbed them on my trousers, for she confused me.

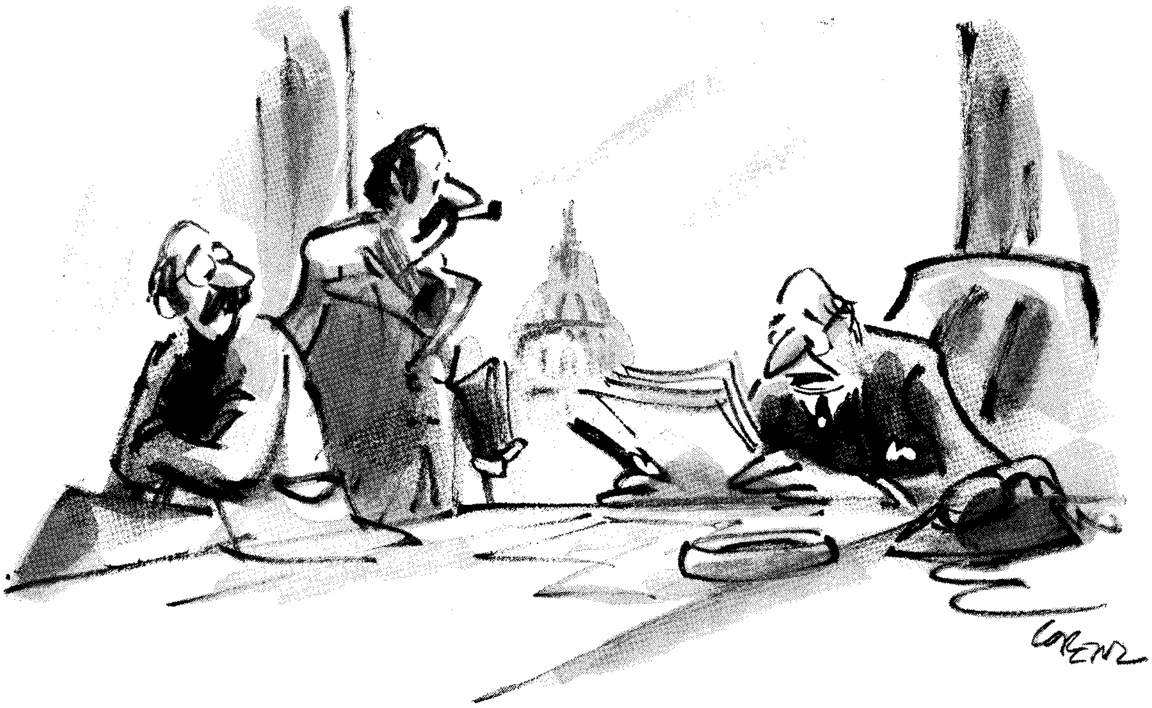
"Is this true?" she accused.

"Yes," I said, "I opened the door and there—"

"How old were you?"

I hadn't thought of that but I quickly decided. "Twelve," I said.

Mme. Chamson gave a deep sigh. She had been sitting taut, holding her breath. It was a sigh in which I could detect just a



"But where's my little joke, boys? I always like to start with my little joke."

• •

twinge of disappointment. I felt my story had lost its hold.

"I ran home," I said quickly, "and said to my mother, 'Someone has killed Mrs. Blake.' Mother did not believe me. She couldn't realize it. I had to tell her again and again. 'Go and see for yourself,' I said."

"Naturally," said Mme. Chamson. "You were only a child."

"We rang up the police," I said.

At the word "police," Mme. Chamson groaned peacefully. "There is a woman at the laundry," she said, "who was in the hospital with eight stitches in her head. She had been struck with an iron. But that was her husband. The police did nothing. But what does my husband do? He stands in the Louvre all day. Then he goes fishing, like this evening. Anyone could break in here."

She said this vehemently, looking through me into some imagined scene, and it was a long time before she came out of it. Then she saw her own bare shoulder and pouting she said slowly, "Is it true you were only twelve?"

"Yes."

She studied me for a long time. "You poor boy," she said. "Your poor mother." And she put her hand to my arm and let her hand slide down it gently to my wrist. Then she put out her other hand to my other arm and took that hand, too, as the coverlet slipped a little from her. She looked at my hands and lowered her head. Then she looked up at me slyly. "*You* didn't do it, did you?" she said.

"No!" I said indignantly, pulling back my hands, but she held on to them. My story vanished from my head.

"It is a bad memory," she said.

To me, she looked once more as she had looked when, soaking wet, I had first come with her into her salon—a soft, ordinary, decent woman. My blood began to throb.

"You must forget about it," she said. And then, after a long pause, she pulled me to her. I was done for, lying on the bed.

"Ah," she laughed, pulling at my trousers. "Forget. Forget."

And then there was no more laughter. Once, in the height of our struggle, I caught sight of her eyes; the pupils had disappeared and there were only the blind whites, and she cried out, "Kill me! Kill me!" from her twisted mouth.

AFTERWARD, we lay talking. She asked if it was true I was going to be a writer, and when I said yes she said, "You want talent for that. Stay where you are. It's a good firm. Claudel has been there for twelve years. And now, get up. My little husband will be back."

She got off the bed. Quickly, she gave me a complete suit belonging to one of her customers—a gray one, the jacket rather tight.

"It suits you," she said. "Get a gray one next time."

I was looking at myself in a mirror when her husband came in, carrying his fishing rod and basket. He did not seem surprised. She picked up my sodden clothes and rushed angrily at him. "Look at these! Soaked. That fool Claudel let this boy fall in the river. He brought him here."

Her husband simply stared.

"And where have you been?" she went on. "Leaving me alone like this. Anyone could break in. This boy saw a woman strangled in her bed in London. She had a shop. A man came in and murdered her. What d'you say to that?"

Her husband stepped back and looked with appeal at me.

"Did you catch anything?" she said to him, still accusing.

"No," said her husband.

"Well, not like me," she said, mocking me. "I caught this one."

"Will you have a drop of something?" said her husband.

"No, he won't," said Mme. Chamson. "He'd better go straight home to bed."

We shook hands. M. Chamson let me out through the shop door while Mme. Chamson called down the passage to me, "Bring the suit back tomorrow. It belongs to a customer."

EVERYTHING was changed for me after that. At the office I was a hero.

"Is it true that you saw a murder?" the office boys said.

And when Mme. Chamson came along and I gave her back the suit she said, "Ah, here he is—my fish." And then boldly, "When are you coming to collect your things?" And then she went over to whisper to Claudel and ran out.

"You know what she said just now?" said Claudel to me, looking very shrewdly. "She said, 'I am afraid of that young Englishman. Have you seen his hands?' " —V. S. PRITCHETT

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The distinct, rugged personality which marked the egregious American surgeon is fading.—*Modern Medicine.*

Let 'er fade!

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

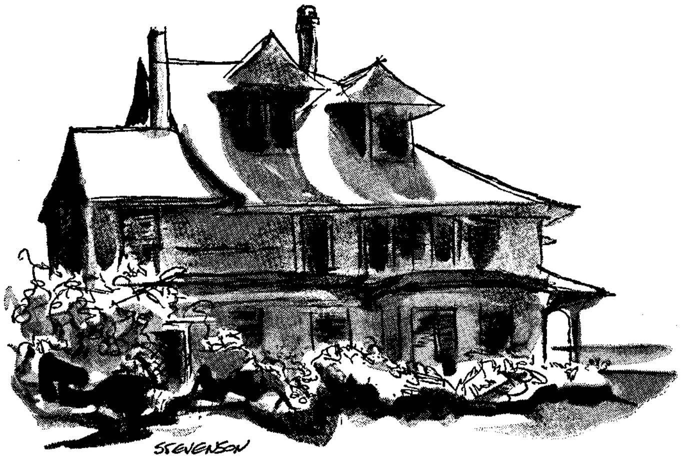
WE LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU NEXT YEAR

DETROIT

MACOMB COUNTY, which takes in part of this city, is known as, among other things, the Hothouse Rhubarb Capital of the World, but when I got here on the afternoon of May 21st, the day before the annual stockholders' meeting of the General Motors Corporation, and went around to the G.M. headquarters building to look in on management, tranquillity prevailed; the most exciting visible development was a new space-saving Frigidaire washer-dryer in a ground-floor showroom, which somebody, presumably after thorough meditation, had dubbed the Skinny Mini. The outward calm notwithstanding, many G.M. executives were apprehensive. This is the year, after all, when youthful activists are looking hard at big corporations; a month earlier, the annual meeting of the Honeywell corporation, in Minneapolis, had had to be cancelled after fourteen raucous minutes. Not that the G.M. management really had to worry about its shareholders' voting down any of its recommendations. In the narrowest squeak management had ever encountered (last year, on a perennial proposal to limit executive compensation, no doubt inspired by the fact that G.M. currently has six officers who, in salary and bonus, get over half a million dollars a year each), 92.8 per cent of the vote backed company policy (no limit). Two hundred and eighty-six million-odd shares of General Motors common stock are outstanding, the majority owned by institutions that can regularly be counted on to vote with management. Among these are several foundations established by former G.M. panjandrums—the Charles F. Kettering Foundation, for instance, with 850,000 shares; the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, with 1,540,000; and the Charles Stewart Mott Foundation, with 2,700,000. The Mott Foundation and the Mott family and Mr. Mott personally—at ninety-five, he is the senior General Motors director, having been on the board since 1917—own a total of four million shares, which even at today's low market price are worth a quarter of a billion dollars.

Still, this year's meeting came at a time when General Motors was beset by all sorts of problems. Business was off; first-quarter per-share earnings had dropped from $1.82 to $1.21. On the stock market, G.M. shares were at their lowest point since early 1963. Walter Reuther had died. Negotiations for a new contract with the United Auto Workers, covering most of the company's four hundred and forty-two thousand hourly-rate employees, were soon to start, and even under the existing contract, because of a rise in the cost of living, the corporation would shortly be obliged to pay out an additional twenty-six cents an hour. President Nixon had asked Congress to impose a new tax on leaded gasoline. Secretary of the Interior Hickel had just suggested that the motor industry was too fecund. "What this country needs is a Pill for the automobile," he said.

And, to cap it all, there was Ralph Nader. The author of "Unsafe at Any Speed," whose impact on General Motors' equanimity had already been as jarring as a pothole, had in February spoken out in favor of a consumer group called the Project on Corporate Responsibility, and had predicted that at this year's annual meeting "General Motors may be the host to a great public debate on the giant corporation rather than a wooden recital of aggregate financial data." He had also said, "And verily, a tiger is General Motors." Nader was not technically a member of the Project, but he was acknowledged as its guru. He was also the guiding light of a Project enterprise called the Campaign to Make General Motors Responsible—Campaign GM, for short. Four young Washington lawyers were the Campaign's official organizers, and to qualify for admittance to the May meeting they had jointly bought twelve shares of G.M. common. They thought that General Motors should engage in open debate with them on the environment (one-third of the nation's air pollution, they asserted, was attributable to G.M. cars), on safety (many of the country's fifty thousand annual automobile fatalities, they contended, could be blamed on car manufacturers), and on discrimination against minorities (of General Motors' thirteen thousand franchised dealers, they said, only seven were non-white, and on the huge G.M. payroll there were precious few white-collar employees whose collars were not surmounted by white faces). When General Motors refused to voluntarily incorporate nine Campaign GM proposals in its pre-meeting proxy statement—among the nine were proposals dealing with pollution, safety, consumer warranties, and mass transit—the young lawyers appealed to the Securities and Exchange Commission, which ruled that two of the proposals would have to be presented to the stockholders. One advocated the establishment of a Shareholders' Committee for Corporate Responsibility—a consumer watchdog body operating within the framework of the corporation. The other advocated that the General Motors board, which has twenty-three members, be augmented by three directors representing the public at large. Campaign GM even had a slate ready: an environmentalist, Professor René Dubos, of the Rockefeller University; a black man, the Reverend Mr. Channing Phillips, whose name was put in nomination for the Presidency at the 1968 Democratic National Convention; and a woman, Betty Furness, who during the Johnson Administration had represented consumers at the White House.



Last year, only seven hundred and twenty-four of General Motors' one million three hundred and sixty-eight thousand stockholders attended the annual meeting in Cobo Hall, Detroit's counterpart of the Coliseum. Anticipating a larger turnout this time, even though there were twenty thousand fewer shareholders, the company had arranged to transmit the proceedings by closed-circuit television to an overflow room. I went over to Cobo

"Oh-oh! Here comes the Establishment!"

• •

Hall the day before the meeting. On display in the lobby was a Car of the Year—a 1970 Ford Torino. Impressed by Detroit's independence, I moved along upstairs to a room where some of the Campaign GM people—many of them wearing red-and-white buttons that said "Tame G.M."—had set up shop. The majority of them were Harvard men; a notable exception was a young graduate of Whittier, in California. Working as a group, they had been trying to round up the votes of colleges and universities that own General Motors stock, and they had succeeded in corralling Tufts' ninety-three hundred, Brown's forty-seven hundred, and Amherst's thirty-seven thousand (for at least one of the proposals). Yale, with eighty-six thousand; Williams, with twenty-one thousand; Stanford, with twenty-four thousand; Swarthmore, with twenty-two hundred; and the Rockefeller University, with sixty-three thousand, were abstaining, which in Campaign GM eyes was a moral victory, but Harvard had decided to vote its two hundred and eighty-seven thousand shares for management despite pressure from students, faculty, and alumni. The Campaign GM people were very disappointed over Harvard, but their spirits were lifted by the arrival in Cobo Hall of a distinguished Harvard professor—George Wald, the Nobel Prize-winning biologist. Professor Wald not long before had bought ten shares of G.M. stock, so that he could participate in the meeting. "Ralph Nader called me and asked if I would consider becoming one of the three public nominees for the board," he told me. "But I just don't have it in my image to be a director of General Motors. I was in Cleveland not long ago and heard about a G.M. plant that makes Sheridan tanks, and after I bought my ten shares I got a letter from the chairman welcoming me to the family and mentioning a long list of G.M. products but nowhere alluding to the tanks. Are they *ashamed* of producing the Sheridan tank?"

THE stockholders' meeting was scheduled for 2 P.M., but five hours before that Cobo Hall was astir with dozens of trim-haired, dark-suited, white-shirted General Motors men, who nervously hovered about, all looking like the sort of person one might meet at a dinner and not recognize the next day. At the curb outside, a solitary Detroit police car was parked. Another Ford. Guards were everywhere, some in plainclothes, some wearing "Peerless Security" shoulder patches. As the morning went on, more and more of the actors who would be playing leading roles in the afternoon's pageant materialized. Here, chatting together in a corridor, were two celebrated *enfants terribles* of the annual-meeting circuit—Lewis Gilbert and Wilma Soss. Mrs. Soss had a broken foot and was in a wheelchair; she was wearing a headpiece fashioned of paper play money and a large brooch topped by a gilded gadfly. Gilbert remarked to her that in his opinion Betty Furness should stick to opening refrigerator doors. Mrs. Soss characterized Ralph Nader as "the architect of unemployment" and said he was afraid to come to Detroit. (He didn't come to the meeting; he has a seventeen-million-dollar invasion-of-privacy suit pending against General Motors, and no doubt his attorneys had urged him to stay away lest he do or say something that could jeopardize his case.) Not far away, perhaps the most *terrible* of the annual-meeting *enfants* was warming up. This was Evelyn Y. Davis, in white tights and a black bathing suit, with a sash reading "Miss Air Pollution" across her chest. Mrs. Davis was carrying a gilded gas mask and an American flag, and was distributing press releases about having divorced her husband. Beyond her were young people selling copies of the *Militant.* Here, too, suitcase in hand, just off a plane, was Stewart Rawlings Mott, the thirty-two-year-old son of G.M.'s ninety-five-year-old patriarch. The younger Mott owns two thousand shares of G.M. outright and is one of the beneficiaries of trust funds containing some seven hundred thousand shares. These provide him with a million dollars in dividends annually, and he passes much of this along to liberal politicians and proponents of population control. Stewart Mott said he was not affiliated with Campaign GM and disagreed with some of its tactics, but he intended to vote his two thousand shares for its two proposals. Here, furthermore, standing on line to get a ticket to the meeting, was a bushy-bearded Michigan State student wearing a sweatshirt, khakis, moccasins, and a rumpled Army field jacket with a red-fist strike symbol stencilled on the back. "I like this kind of involvement," he said. "I got here early this morning and took a little rest in the basement, and when I walked upstairs it just blew General Motors' minds. This one G.M. guy came up as if he was my best buddy and put his arm around my shoulder and asked could he help me, and I got the feeling he wanted to help me out the front door."

"We demand a guaranteed yearly minimum income—and circuses."

At eleven-thirty, the Campaign GM operatives, who throughout the morning had been registering people who wanted to vote anti-management proxies, held a final pep rally upstairs in Cobo Hall. The principal speaker was Robert Townsend, the author of "Up the Organization," who was wearing one of those waistline-reducing, or down-the-corporation, belts. Mr. Townsend said that when he was running the Avis rent-a-car company he had found General Motors to be far and away the most arrogant automobile manufacturer. "If I were making a profit of five million dollars a day, I'd probably be arrogant, too," he said. "The only way you can have any effect on General Motors is not to buy any of their cars until they produce a clean one—and they could do it in three years. Their chairman, Jim Roche, has the power to call in his people right now and tell them that he's going to cut his annual advertising budget from two hundred and forty million to forty million—our opening campaign at Avis cost only six million a year, but I'm allowing them forty, because they're more inept—and earmark it all for just one advertising message: 'General Motors is going to spend four hundred million dollars in two years to wipe out air pollution.' His people would fall in a heap

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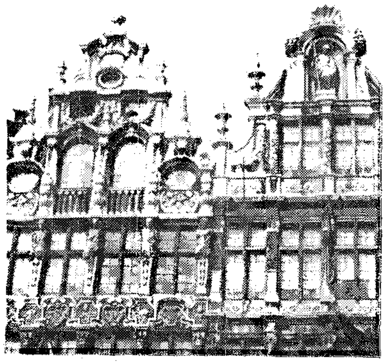
on the floor, and then they would say they couldn't possibly do it in two years. Then he could compromise and give them three years."

THE doors to the meeting room were opened at twelve-thirty, and by two there wasn't an empty seat. The total attendance, including those in the overflow room, was over three thousand. The nineteen attending members of the G.M. board of directors were seated in the front of the audience, facing a dais for the G.M. chairman and several subsidiary officers, including the president of the company—but not all the way up front; the first row was occupied by a shoulder-to-shoulder phalanx of younger executives, possibly an animated bumper to cushion their elders against accidents. A few minutes before two, a very old man with a white mustache and marvellous white eyebrows moved slowly and erectly to the directors' section. It was Charles S. Mott, and the shareholders nearby gave him a standing ovation. But the indisputable star of the drama was James M. Roche, the chairman of the board, who, precisely at two, gavelled the meeting to order. It was six hours and twenty-five minutes later—the longest of any General Motors stockholders' meeting by nearly two hours—that he had his first chance to sit down. Patient and all but unflappable, as well as durable, the sixty-three-year-old white-haired Mr. Roche looked as though he would make a superb grandfather.

The first, and tamest, part of the meeting was devoted chiefly to a routine management report from Mr. Roche—with occasional impromptu footnotes from Mrs. Soss and Mrs. Davis. The chairman also presented his fellow-directors to the stockholders; though the audience was enjoined to refrain from applause until all had bowed, Mr. Mott evoked another spontaneous accolade. General Motors stockholders love to be reminded of the good old days. Then—to the groans of some of the Campaign GM contingent—came a twenty-five-minute General Motors propaganda film; most of it, interestingly, dwelt on G.M.'s noble deeds in precisely those environmental and racial areas that Campaign GM had wanted to talk about but that the corporation had said were irrelevant to the occasion. After requesting that nobody bring up a personal matter (e.g., a car that didn't work), Mr. Roche asked for approval of the minutes of the previous annual meeting. He got it, and after some discussion about wheth-



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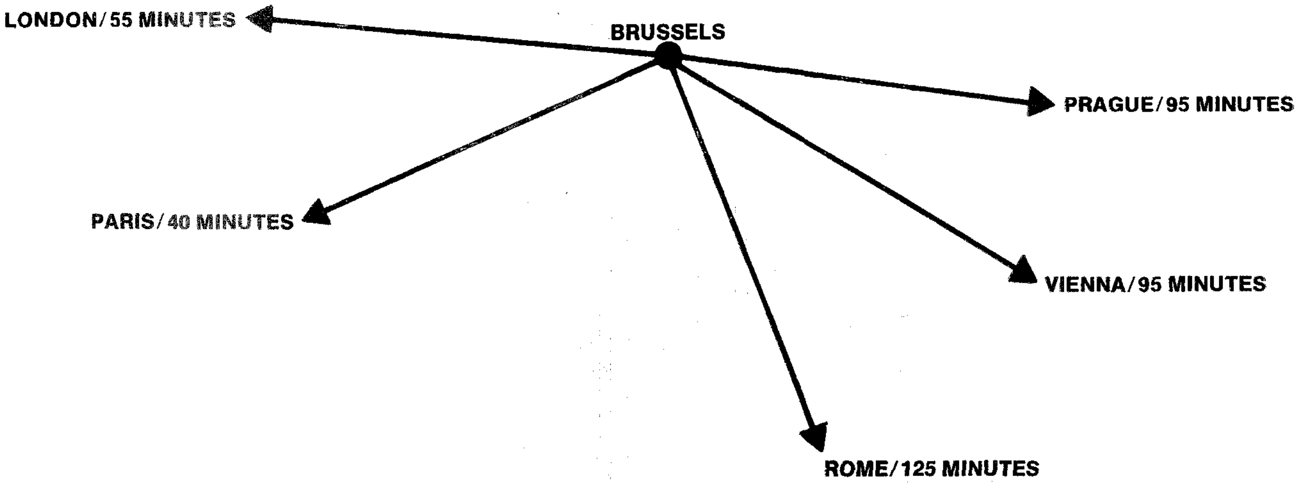
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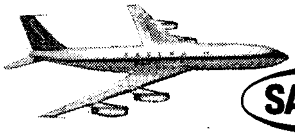

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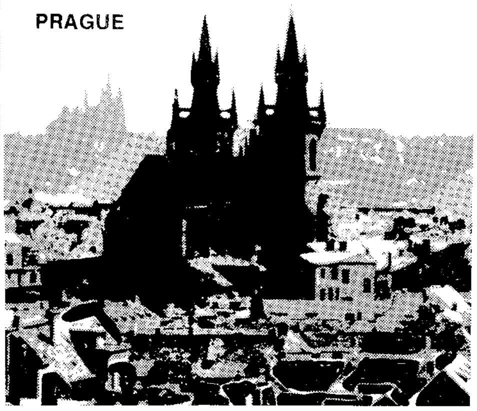

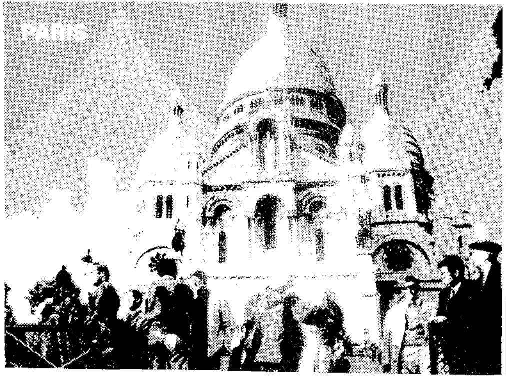

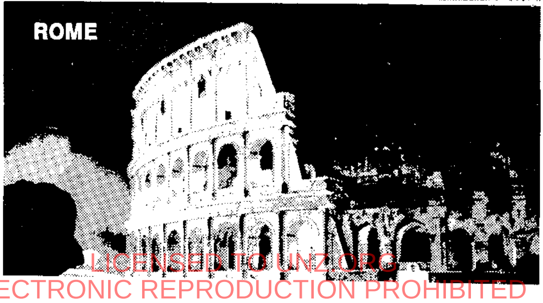

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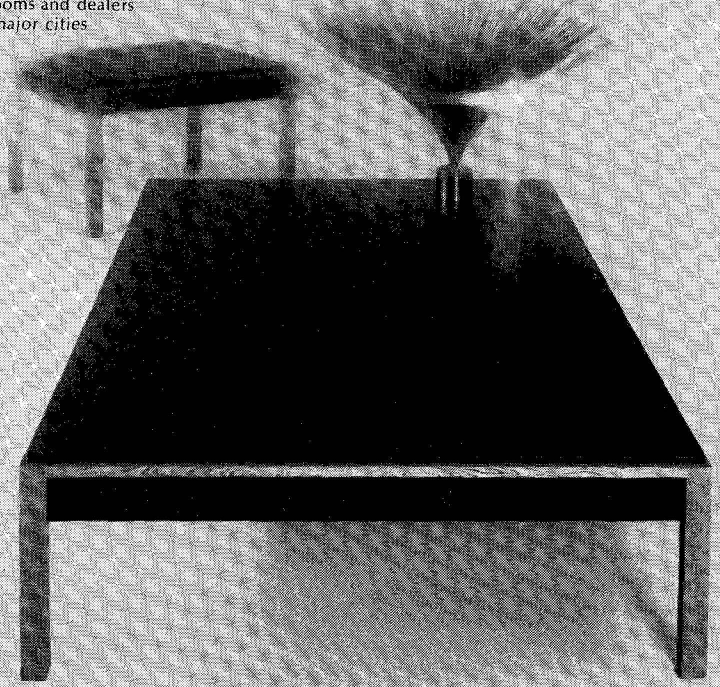

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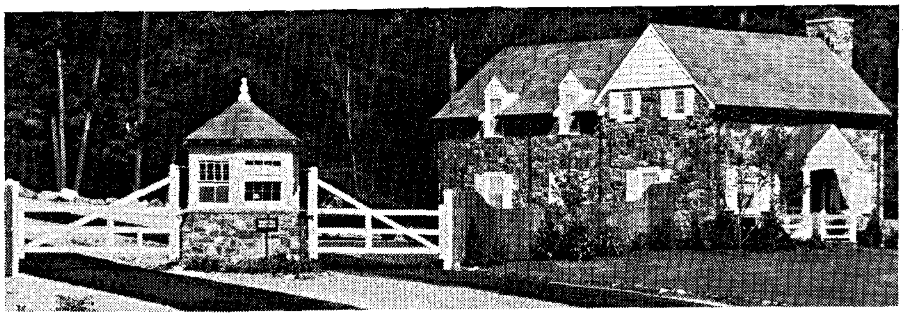

er two former directors had quit the board voluntarily or because the antitrust division of the Justice Department had forced them to, Mrs. Davis seized a microphone near her and accused Roche of being responsible for the bear market. Scattered boos, but whether the audience was booing the market or booing her for blaming its decline on General Motors was impossible to tell. In any event, when she went on to describe Mr. Roche as "stupid," he cut off her amplification, and when she continued to shriek imprecations into the dead mike, a man moved that she be thrown out. Roche said evenly that General Motors had never done that, and invited the maker of the motion to reconsider. There was no second, and Mrs. Davis remained free to wave her flag and her voice.

Mr. Roche then asked for nominations to the board of directors, and a young man arose, friendly as a puppy. "Hello, Mr. Roche," he began. "How are you today? The movie was too long. Hello, stockholders, too." He said that he had seen a lot of minority-group faces on the movie screen but few in the room; that he walked around Detroit a lot and had got carbon monoxide hooked up to his hemoglobin in a very tight bind; and that he wanted to nominate for the board of directors an immigrant Armenian named Martin Jankowski, who had been adopted by some Polish folks, and who worked for General Motors and played baseball, too. Roche broke in to ask for the nominee's name. "His Polish name?" asked the nominator. The chairman ruled him out of order.

Somebody else moved that the nominations be closed, but before that could be voted on a man named Albert R. Appleby, chairman of the Los Angeles chapter of Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace, sneaked in a nomination for Stewart Mott. The Campaign GM crowd cheered; the aficionados of the senior Mott sat on their hands. To second the nomination, Appleby brought on George Wald. It probably didn't matter much that Appleby identified him as an M.I.T. professor rather than a Harvard one; Mr. Roche seemed not to have heard of the Nobel laureate in any context, and although Professor Wald's remarks were no more discursive and a good deal more rational than most of the other words that had been uttered from the floor up to then, the chairman almost at once started to rein him in. Unflustered, Professor Wald promised to be brief and went on to remark how he had been in Cleveland not long be-

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It's how the English keep their gin up!

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DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

"By Jove, Gordon's® *is* the dry one, wouldn't you say?" said the man in the bowler.

"Gin-uinely dry, my good man," answered the Cricketer.

"Matter of fact...every bottle of Gordon's is *still* based on that original formula!" said the Admiral.

"Of course!" replied the Barrister. "Would you re-paint a Gainsborough?"

(All of England, America, the rest of the world has agreed for over 200 years that Mr. Gordon's wonderful discovery in 1769 is responsible for more Gin-uinely delicious drinks than any other.)

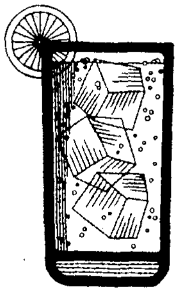
Gordon's Sour

1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin.
Juice of ½ lemon.
½ teaspoon powdered sugar. Shake well in shaker half filled with cracked ice.
Strain into Sour glass.
Add dash of soda water.
Decorate with orange slice and cherry.

GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

Gordon's Collins

1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin.
Juice of ½ lemon.
Pour into highball glass with ice cubes.
Fill with soda water.
Add a little powdered sugar.
Stir, decorate with orange slice.



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THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

Gordon's Dry Martini

4 or more parts Gordon's Dry Gin.
1 part Dry Vermouth.
Stir well in pitcher half filled with ice.
Strain into cocktail glass or serve on rocks.
Optional: add olive or twist of lemon peel.

GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

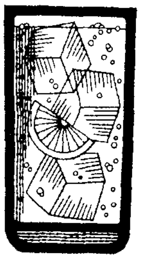
Gordon's Old Fashioned

Muddle ½ lump sugar in dash of bitters.
Add 1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin over ice cubes.
Add splash of soda water.
Serve in Old Fashioned glass.
Decorate with orange slice.

GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

Gordon's & Tonic

1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin.
Pour into highball glass with ice cubes and fill with tonic water.
Add slice of lemon or lime.



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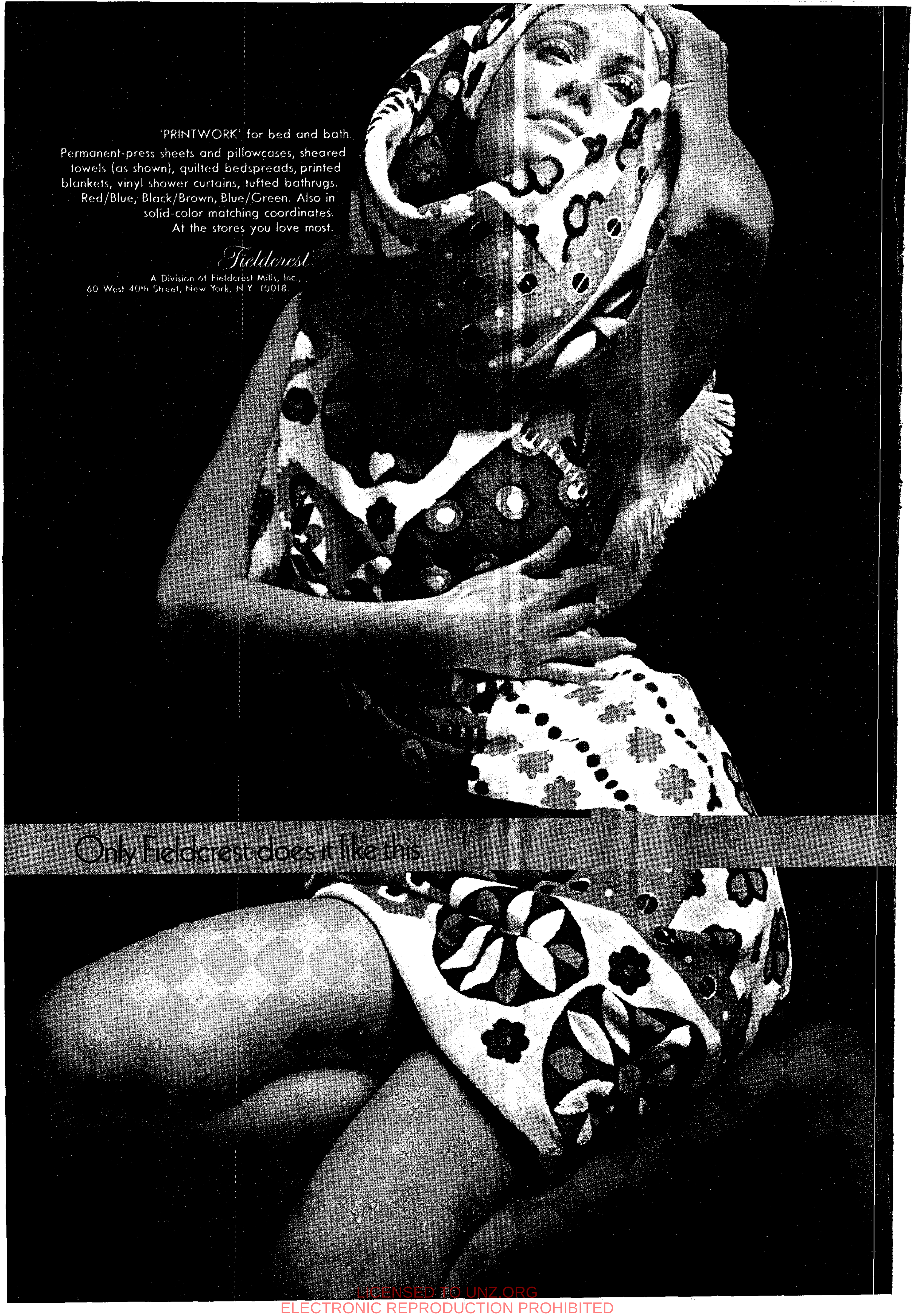
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fore and had heard about a factory that made Sheridan tanks, and . . . Mr. Roche cut off his microphone. Mrs. Soss—calling Stewart Mott "Stephen," and wrongly identifying him as his father's grandson—presently broke in to say that the nominee drove a Volkswagen and was "wet behind the ears." Mr. Roche, who had earlier said that he would tolerate no personal remarks, did not cut her off, but he did remonstrate mildly with Mrs. Davis when, brandishing her flag, she demanded to know why the thirty-two-year-old Mott wasn't in the Army. As for Mott himself, he declined to run, gave an abbreviated version of some remarks he had prepared, and then asked the chair for a summary of General Motors' attitude toward the war. Mr. Roche replied that as long as the war continued, G.M. would provide the country with whatever its elected representatives said they needed. "I think we all deplore the war," he said. "I think we would all like to see the hostilities in Indo-China brought to a successful conclusion at the earliest possible time." The nominations for the board were then closed, and those present who had not already voted by proxy filled out ballots.

Then came a surprise. The chair recognized a man who said that he had to leave early and wanted to read a seconding speech he had prepared on behalf of Campaign GM's proposal for a Shareholders' Committee, even though the proposal itself hadn't yet come up. The man was Leonard Woodcock, the brand-new chief of the United Auto Workers. He was indulging in what, under parliamentary procedure, might have been called a Point of I'll-See-You-Later-at-the-Bargaining-Table. It was the first time a president of the U.A.W. had ever attended—let alone spoken at—a G.M. annual meeting, and Mr. Roche gave Mr. Woodcock free rein. "I must confess I never knew your meetings were so much fun," the labor leader said, and went on to make his seconding speech. Then the meeting turned to a discussion in which much—probably too much—was made of the fact that Mr. Roche had earned six hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars from General Motors in 1969. Lewis Gilbert did unbend long enough to say, evoking a fleeting smile from the chairman, "There's one day in the year when you earn the money, and that's when you preside at this annual meeting." Curiously, although everyone in the hall had access to the G.M. proxy statement, nobody inquired why

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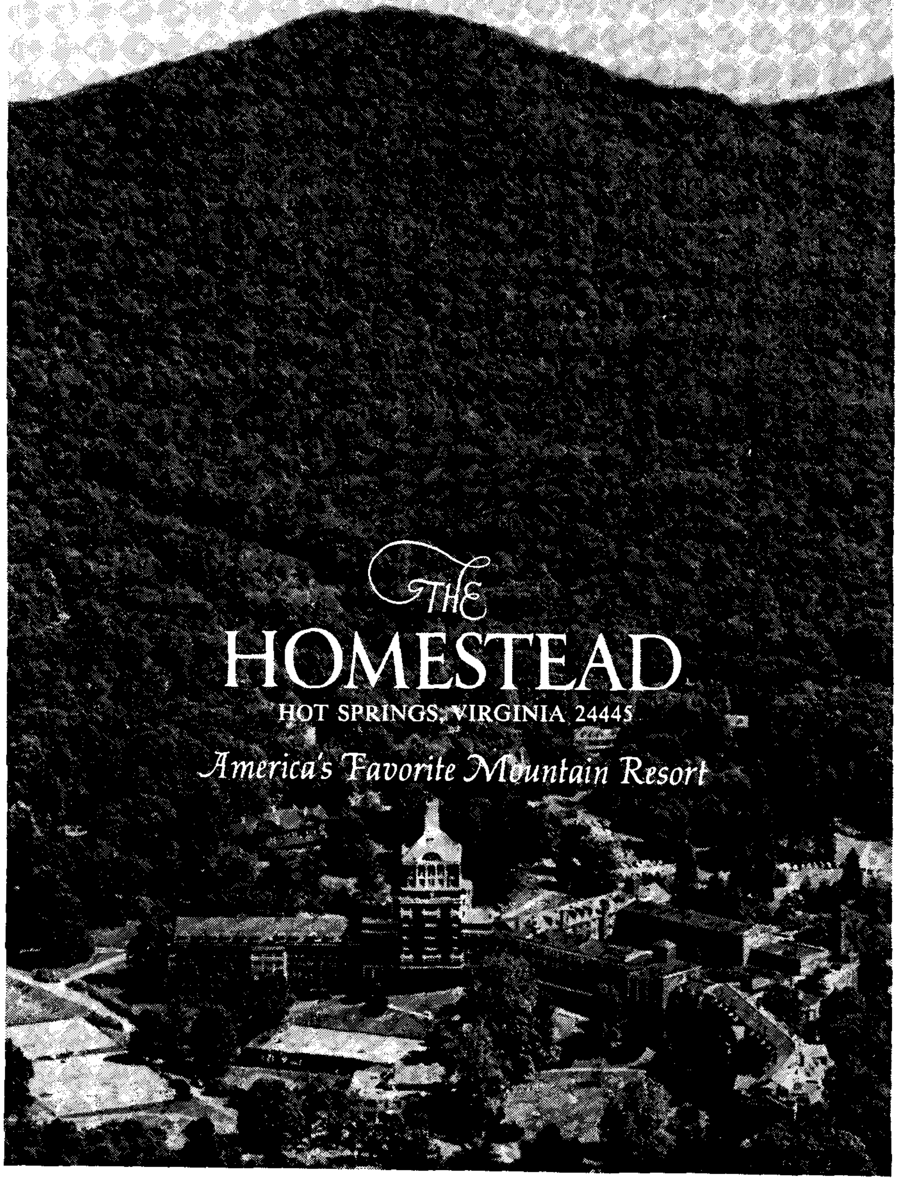
Write for color folder or call (703) 839-5500.



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No threading. No winding. Your hands never touch the film.

This Kodak Instamatic M9 movie camera has power zoom, reflex viewing, extra-fast *f*/1.8 lens, automatic electric eye. Four shooting speeds. Less than $200. At your photo dealer's.

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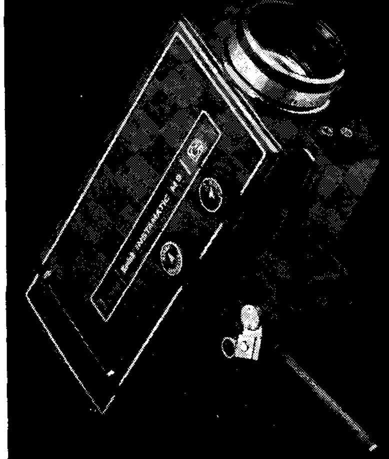

Kodak Instamatic® M9 movie camera.

Kodak

George Russell, whose only present title is Member of the Finance Committee of the Board, was paid even more than Roche in 1969—a total of seven hundred and fifteen thousand dollars.

It was 5:06 P.M. before the proposal on the Shareholders' Committee came up formally. Whether by calculation or not, the chairman had managed things so adroitly that much of the audience was by then impatient to go home. Betty Furness got the floor, and had barely opened her mouth when she yielded graciously to a challenge from Mrs. Soss. Then Mrs. Davis—without anybody's yielding to her—broke in. Soon another lady shareholder was recognized and was allowed to deliver a rambling tirade against Ralph Nader, and even to suggest, if I understood her correctly, that if Nader's youthful followers would stop drinking and taking drugs there would be fewer splendid General Motors cars involved in accidents. Not long after she finally braked herself, a male stockholder told Mr. Roche that by repeatedly calling upon certain predictable filibusterers in the room he was in effect conducting a filibuster himself. At 6:33 P.M., Mrs. Soss announced that she had to go home to her husband. This was widely greeted as just about the best news of the day. Shortly thereafter, discussion was closed and a vote on the Shareholders' Committee was taken.

Then began a debate on Campaign GM's proposal to add an environmentalist, a black, and a woman consumer to the board. The chairman came the closest he did all day to losing his cool when Campaign GM put on Miss Barbara Williams, a young black woman studying law at U.C.L.A. "Why are there no blacks on the board?" she asked. "Because none of them have been elected," Roche replied. "I expected better of you," Miss Williams said. She repeated the question, and this time he said, "No black has been nominated, and no black has been elected." Her voice trembling, she asked it a third time. "I have answered the question," said Roche. "You have failed not only the shareholders but the country," said Miss Williams. She changed her tack: Why were there no women on the board? "Our directors are selected on the basis of their ability to make a contribution to the success of General Motors," said Roche. Miss Williams said, "You have not adequately answered those questions," and sat down, to cheers, whistles, and a cry of "Right on!"—conceivably the first time the chairman had ever heard the phrase live.

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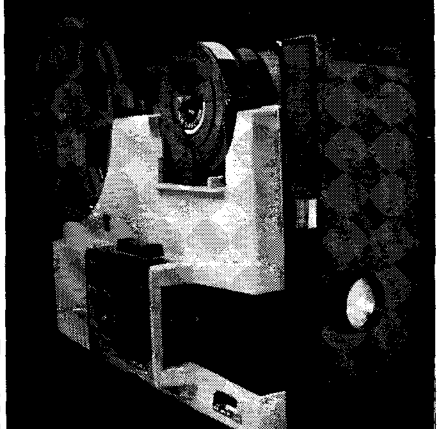

Kodak Instamatic® M109 movie projector.

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The discussion of that proposal sputtered to a halt at seven-thirty, and was followed by numerous random questions about General Motors' involvement in South Africa and the alleged exploitation of women in Oldsmobile ads, and then by some thoughts on front-end styling by a shareholder who said, "The purpose of the front end of a car is to run into other cars, people, air, and bugs." In due course, the results of the balloting were announced. Management had won handily on every proposal. The highest number of votes received by any of the directors nominated by the board was 237,575,150, and the lowest number 237,568,381—a discrepancy that may remain forever unexplained. On the proposal for a Shareholders' Committee, 61,794 stockholders gave 6,361,299 votes to Campaign GM—a whopping total in most leagues, but in General Motors' ballpark a mere 2.73 per cent of the actual total. On the proposal to add the three directors, it was 53,495 stockholders, 5,691,130 votes, and 2.44 per cent. A law professor made a few brief closing remarks on behalf of Campaign GM, complimenting Mr. Roche on his courtesy and stamina, adding a special tribute to the undauntable Miss Williams, and winding up, "Mr. Roche, we look forward to seeing you next year." Whatever Mr. Roche, who has less than two years to go before retirement, may have felt about that, he, too, was gallantry personified. He thanked the shareholders—in remarks that had been prepared before the session began—for "a most gratifying expression of confidence," and added, "We leave this meeting more determined than ever to fulfill our responsibilities. . . . There is much more that pulls us together than pushes us apart. . . . Join us, help us, so that we may work constructively together." It was 8:25 P.M., the single word "Adjournment" was flashed onto the movie screen, and the longest stockholders' meeting in General Motors' history was over. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

MADRID (AP)—Manuel Santana of Spain won the Puerta de Hierro International Tennis Tourney singles title Sunday by beating Lew Hoad of Australia 6-3, 8-10, 6-3, 6-0. with a .125 batting average, hammered a three-run homer in the sixth inning Sunday, enabling the Cleveland Indians to defeat Kansas City 6-3.

—*Portland Oregonian.*

Everyone has a real big day once in a while.

Tribal Dancing

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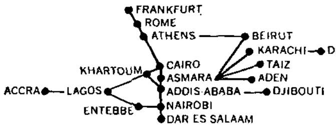
IT SWINGS!

The action in East Africa is fast, exciting, different. In Entebbe, for example, you'll thrill to a boat trip along the upper Nile, and to the thunder of Murchison Falls, and to herds of big game. You'll stay at a modern hotel, shop for bargains, visit the up-to-date city of Kampala. You'll want to see all of East Africa...Tanzania, Kenya, and the fascinating Historic Tour of Ethiopia. On the way, or on the way home, you can swing through Europe, too, at no extra air fare, through the *courtesy* of Ethiopian Airlines, and you'll fly in luxury all the way. *Mail the coupon, now! Or see your Travel Agent, or* TWA.



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COMING SOON: A TELEPHONE A DEAF PERSON CAN 'HEAR' OVER.

It will be called the Code-Com™ set, and Western Electric people in Indianapolis will be making it so that the deaf, too, will be able to take full advantage of the world's greatest communications network.

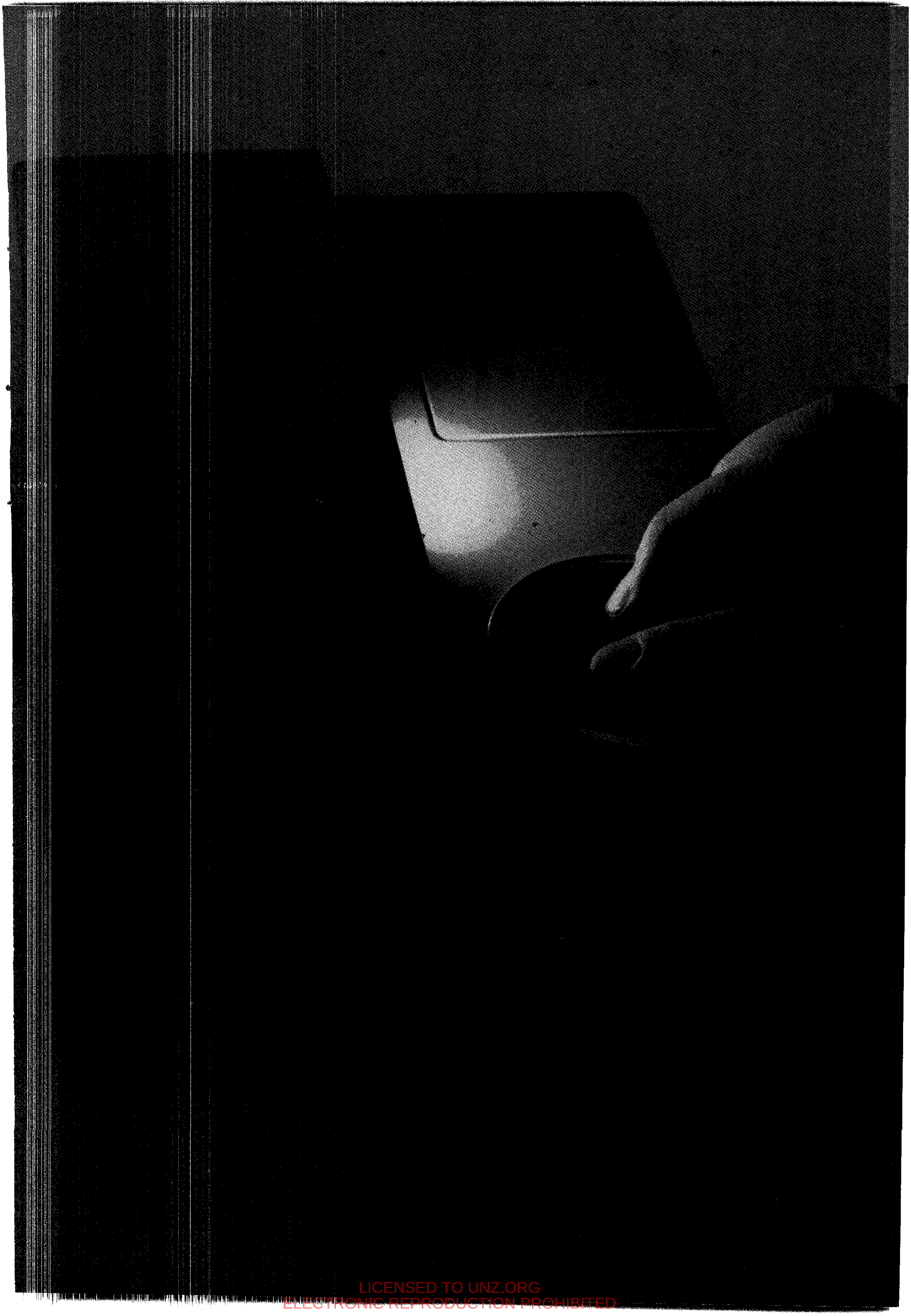
Deaf and deaf-blind people will be able to "talk" by tapping out a code on a small plate built into the phone. Each time the plate is tapped, the phone sends out a tone that travels over the regular telephone lines. And at the other end, the Code-Com phone translates this tone into a blinking light for the deaf who can see, or a vibrating plate that the deaf-blind can feel with their fingers.

A blinking light also tells sighted people they have a phone call; air current from a small electric fan signals a deaf-blind person.

We will be manufacturing the Code-Com set because, as part of the Bell System, we are particularly aware of the profound importance of the need to communicate. It was, in fact, Alexander Graham Bell's early work with the deaf that started him on the road to the invention of the telephone.

Western Electric. We make Bell telephones. And we'll soon be making them for those people who have never been able to use them before.

Western Electric



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The Austin America saves your right arm and your left leg.

It has no clutch. And you can simply put it in "D" and go.

Which, at $1,949*, makes it one of the lowest priced cars with a fully automatic transmission.

But our car is not only easy on your muscles and your wallet. It's also easy on itself.

Because built into the automatic transmission are four forward speeds. One more than any other car in its class.

So when you speed up or slow down, there's one more gear that can kick in.

So the engine is more often running at peak efficiency. So it lasts longer. And gets more miles out of every gallon of gas.

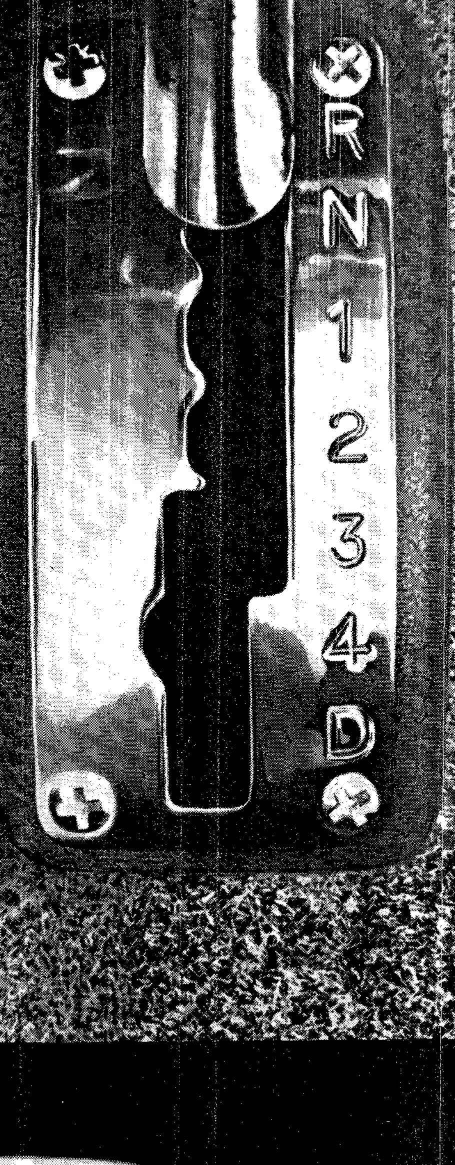
The Austin America also has front wheel drive and liquid suspension (no springs, no shock absorbers).

And the engine is set in crooked so it takes up less room and gives more room to the passengers.

They can appreciate it more.

Made by the people who make the Jaguar, Rover, Triumph and MG.

At Austin-MG dealers.



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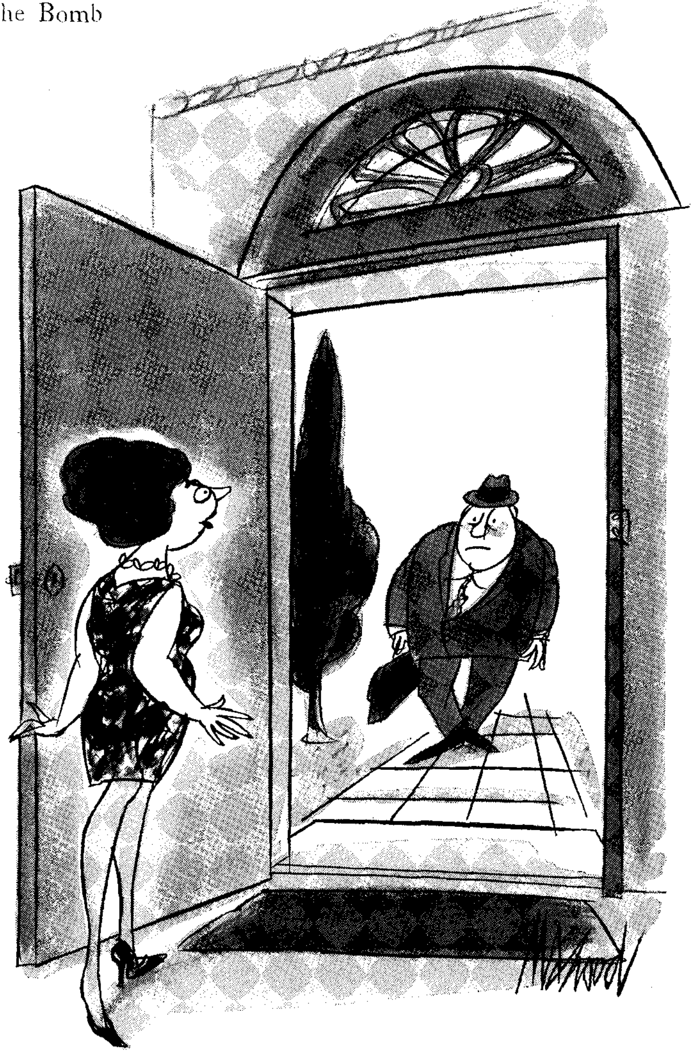
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sermons in Chimps

“BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES” is—er, the most left-wing ape picture I have ever seen. Most ape pictures tend to be about apes, but this is about *everything*. It is up to here with themes. I can think of no large subject on which it hasn’t got an upright, worried, thunderingly platitudinous opinion to drop on your toes. The style of the direction and of the script is a far cry from any radical style for ages. It is what is called “literate,” and rather heavy-breathing, with flashes of the sort of humorousness that doesn’t actually make you laugh, like a curate’s. In the early fifties in England, when the theatre was crowded out with comedies about people tootling off to Deauville or buzzing up to Loamshire, there were a lot of corrective plays around that had the same style. They were generally about the Bomb and were often performed in churches.

You may or may not remember that the previous picture, “Planet of the Apes,” left Charlton Heston gazing in horror at the ruins of the Statue of Liberty on the beach of an unidentified planet. In the sequel, we are again on this planet, which the quick-witted will have guessed to be Earth. Heston, playing his original part of an astronaut called Taylor, here has a refresher glimpse of the Statue of Liberty and then disturbingly vanishes into thin air. It is the year 3955. We have gone through a bend in time. Another astronaut, called Brent and played by James Franciscus, who is as handsome as Heston, sets out to look for him. He is much hampered by Heston’s mute girl friend, Nova (Linda Harrison), who is dressed in a bikini that seems to be made of overcooked spinach. He finds himself in a simian society. The society is Bible-bashing and man-fearing: Man is the beast, we learn as we listen to Scriptural-sounding texts about human nature. (“Yea, he will murder his brother to possess his brother’s lamb.”) The apes and the chimpanzees sit together in concert at political sessions, wearing grape-purple or khaki fatigues and a lot of leather, like actors at Brecht’s theatre in East Berlin. The apes are militarist bigots. “The only good human is a dead human,” they say, planning to invade the Forbidden Zone, which is still human territory. The chimpanzees are intellectuals, speaking up for reason and demonstrating with placards—“Wage Peace Not War”—but they are hauled off by the National Guard. The elders in the society seem to have titian hair. Perhaps apes naturally go auburn with age. Anyway, they are the voice of conservatism. To preside over this mirror image of ourselves there is a huge statue of someone called the Lawgiver, a noble ape who looks like Abe Lincoln and who later leaks real blood out of his stone image in sorrow at the ills of violence that his society has fallen into. By this time, Brent has met a charming chimp married couple, both scientists, who wear long green homespun tunics and talk to each other rather as Beatrice and Sidney Webb seem to have done. They are very intelligent, spry, acid, and anxious. The Fabian she-chimp is an absentminded cook who gets incensed about the adventurism of modern science while she stirs things. Her husband agrees. When Brent turns up, they think he is Taylor, who is the only other talking human being of all the human specimens they have studied. The she-chimp briskly injects him in the upper arm, dismissing his mild objection by saying testily that she is a trained vet.

Halfway through the film, Brent discovers a buried city—the remnants of New York City after an atomic-bomb explosion. One sees hallowed-looking mockups, by Twentieth Century-Fox, of the New York Stock Exchange and the Public Library as two-thousand-year-old ruins. The effort is terrifically industrious, but I think the studio was rather overawed and mistaken about the antique possibilities of Manhattan. It doesn’t quite work to hope to make these things look like the Elgin Marbles. There is a really heroic try at giving a touch of Stonehenge to the ruins of the Queensboro Plaza subway station. We see a druidical-looking service going on there, conducted by humanoids who worship the Bomb and revere fallout as the Holy Ghost. This is one of several scenes not to watch; the humanoids’ impassive faces turn out to be rubber masks that are taken off to show unspeakable results of radioactivity. The film is very strangely conceived. It talks to us as though we were small children, yet there is also something oversophisticated about it, and children themselves don’t like it. The whole movie is often frightening in the wrong way—not by force of satire but by weight of attitudinizing. One fears that sort of maladroitness. I’m not sure that the story



“Good heavens, Harvey! What’s happened to your panache?”

There, all is order and beauty, luxury, calm and voluptuousness.

Baudelaire

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TOILET LOTION
A delightful essence scented with native limes, to be used by gentlewomen as a cologne, and by gentlemen as an after shave lotion.

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The fabled silver piece awarded to the winner in the Newport-Bermuda sailing race is a great cup. But it's empty. Losers have often consoled themselves with flasks of Bermuda Royall Lyme. *Full.* No mere proud display, Royall Lyme refreshes face, body and spirit. Now available, duty paid, in the shops you'd expect. Next race: 1970. Don't wait for it.

is really the right receptacle for big notions about imperialism, racism, militarism, the balance of power, religiosity, the end of reason; it is a bit like loading the history of philosophy into an egg-and-spoon race.

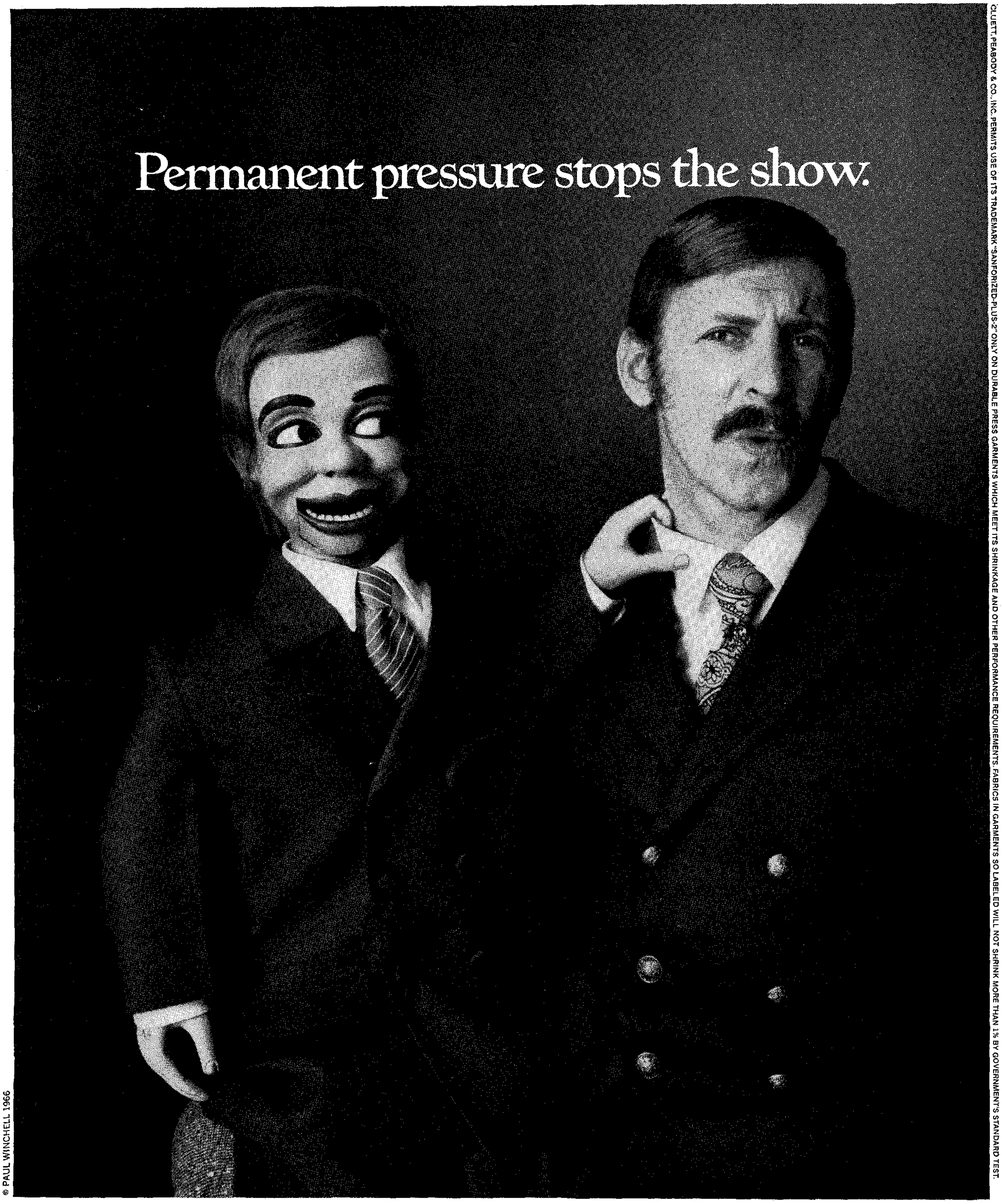
René Clément has made a thriller called "Rider on the Rain," written by Sebastien Japrisot. One wants to see it because Clément is the director he is, and some of it works very well, but it is a long way down from the wonderful beauty of "Forbidden Games." The heroine, called Mellie (Marlene Jobert), is a girl who dresses always in white. Her husband is an Air France navigator; her mother, who runs a bowling alley and looks much like her, is the only person she trusts. The girl was christened Mélancolie, because of some slip of the clerk's pen that her parents idly compounded. It seems that she is doomed to live out her life in the name's grip. She bites her nails. She is terrified of nearly everyone. When a horrifying stranger rapes her, she ends up by murdering him in a panic. She daren't even tell her husband, for fear of his jealousy. Some of the character details about the girl are gentle, and Clément's old twinging irony is also often there. The plot and what he wants of it are fertile. He sees a scared girl falling down a mineshaft—falling from a calm enough but not quite good enough life into chaos, and doing it always with plenty of time to wonder what is going to happen next, like Alice. But there are mechanical stretches in the picture that strike you as decked out with conventional thriller ploys, inexpressive and thin-spirited. "Rider on the Rain" seems made meagre by some obscured alarm, perhaps to do with the difficulties Clément has had with his films in the last few years. It is as though the director were in much the same confines as his heroine.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks returned to her London residence for a rest after almost a year spent in other parts of the world. Well, my dear, she arrived to find her lovely house burglarized and left in a shambles. Luckily nothing of value was taken. After catching up with two of her daughters, her grandchildren and her pals in London, Mrs. Fairbanks went on to Italy to look for a house near Porto Ercole in which to spend the summer. What else can I tell you?—*Suzy Says in the News.*

Tell us how to get that kind of money, Suzy.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The little feller is due to give the punch line, but the big feller has a problem. His permanent press shirt has shrunk somewhat. That's show biz.

So, what do you do?

Well, first of all, you swear off ever again buying a permanent press garment unless it carries the "Sanforized-Plus-2" trademark. Maybe you think if a garment is wrinkleproof, it's also shrinkproof.

Wooly thinking.

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"Sanforized-Plus-2" gives you assurance that a permanent press garment will not shrink out of shape or fit, no matter how laundered.

Remember that.

That's the first thing you do. Then, if your pants haven't shrunk, you break into a tap dance.

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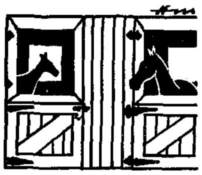
THE RACE TRACK

Fast on the Grass

At Belmont Park last Saturday afternoon, Paul Mellon's Fort Marcy gave an example of that combination of speed, stamina, and courage which is the hallmark of excellence in a thoroughbred. Conceding weight to the six other runners, the old fellow—he's six—won the Bowling Green Handicap, at a mile and a half over the turf course, in 2:26⅗, setting a new track record for the distance. Drumtop was second, half a length behind, and Hitchcock was third, a length and a half farther back. The race was run on perfect going and in bright sunshine before a crowd of more than forty-two thousand that for enthusiasm was hard to beat. Semillant, a French horse making his first start in this country, left the gate like a greyhound out of the box, and at one stage he was at least ten lengths in front, passing the mile mark in 1:35⅗. It would be interesting to know what Belmonte, who rode him, had in mind when he sent his mount at such a pace. Meanwhile, Fort Marcy had been going along smoothly in second place, and when Semillant tired he took command, standing off the challenge of Drumtop with something to spare.



If Arts and Letters hadn't injured a tendon when he ran in the Californian Stakes last month, the Bowling Green Handicap would have been his windup preparatory to a trip to France for the Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud. Too bad the best horses are so brittle.

Right now, Process Shot takes the place of Silent Screen in my book as the top horse in Sonny Werblin's stable. As you may remember, she polished off Ta Wee in the Distaff Handicap at Aqueduct in April, and the other afternoon in the Vagrancy Handicap at Belmont she was asked to give four pounds to Shuvee and chunks more to four others of her sex, and did it easily, winning by a couple of lengths from Powder Mountain, to whom she gave twenty-three pounds. Shuvee, who wasn't in the mood, finished fifth.

Last week, I had a day of racing at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell track—my first down there, by the way—and it was the most enjoyable afternoon I've had this season. There's a charm and a relaxing atmosphere about the place that are of the same sort you find at Fort Erie, in Canada, and at Keeneland, in Kentucky. The plant, built for light harness racing a few years ago, has a mile track that horses run kindly over and a grandstand that is as well arranged as any you'll see anywhere. It's easy to get about in, with escalators and an elevator to its three floors; the seats are comfortable; the clubhouse section is air-conditioned (not hard to take the day I was there); and the view it offers of horses running against a green background of trees is a pleasant one. The paddock is too far from the grandstand, but I daresay something will be done about that. Altogether, John J. Finley, Jr., and his associates, who are conducting the meeting, are putting on a good show. Although Liberty Bell is running concurrently with Delaware Park, which is thirty miles from Philadelphia, and Monmouth Park, which is seventy, it is more than holding its own in attendance and in the mutuel handle. The present meeting ends on August 22nd.

The Coaching Club American Oaks, the classic for three-year-old fillies, comes up at Belmont this weekend with another meeting between Cathy Honey, winner of her division of the Acorn Stakes, and Office Queen, who beat her in the Mother Goose. My fancy is Cathy Honey; the Oaks is a furlong longer than the Acorn, and that's in her favor.

Since the coming of the mutuels, you don't get many laughs at the race track. I caught up a bit over the weekend, however, reading "Aqueduct and Santa Anita on $105 a Day," by Howard A. Rowe (Trident Press). It won't give you a new and amazingly effective method of picking the daily double, but it's a fine collection of amusing picaresque anecdotes, mostly of the bad old days when going racing was fun. Don't miss it.

—Audax Minor

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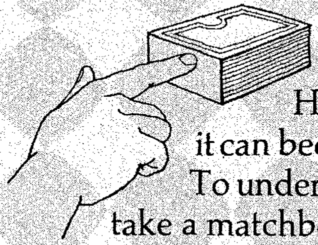
What makes a car move.

Just about every car in the world moves by means of the rear wheels pushing it.



Which is alright under normal driving conditions. However, in certain situations, it can become quite a problem.

To understand why, we'd like you to take a matchbox, place it on a flat surface and push it along with your finger in the back. (This simulates rear-wheel drive.)

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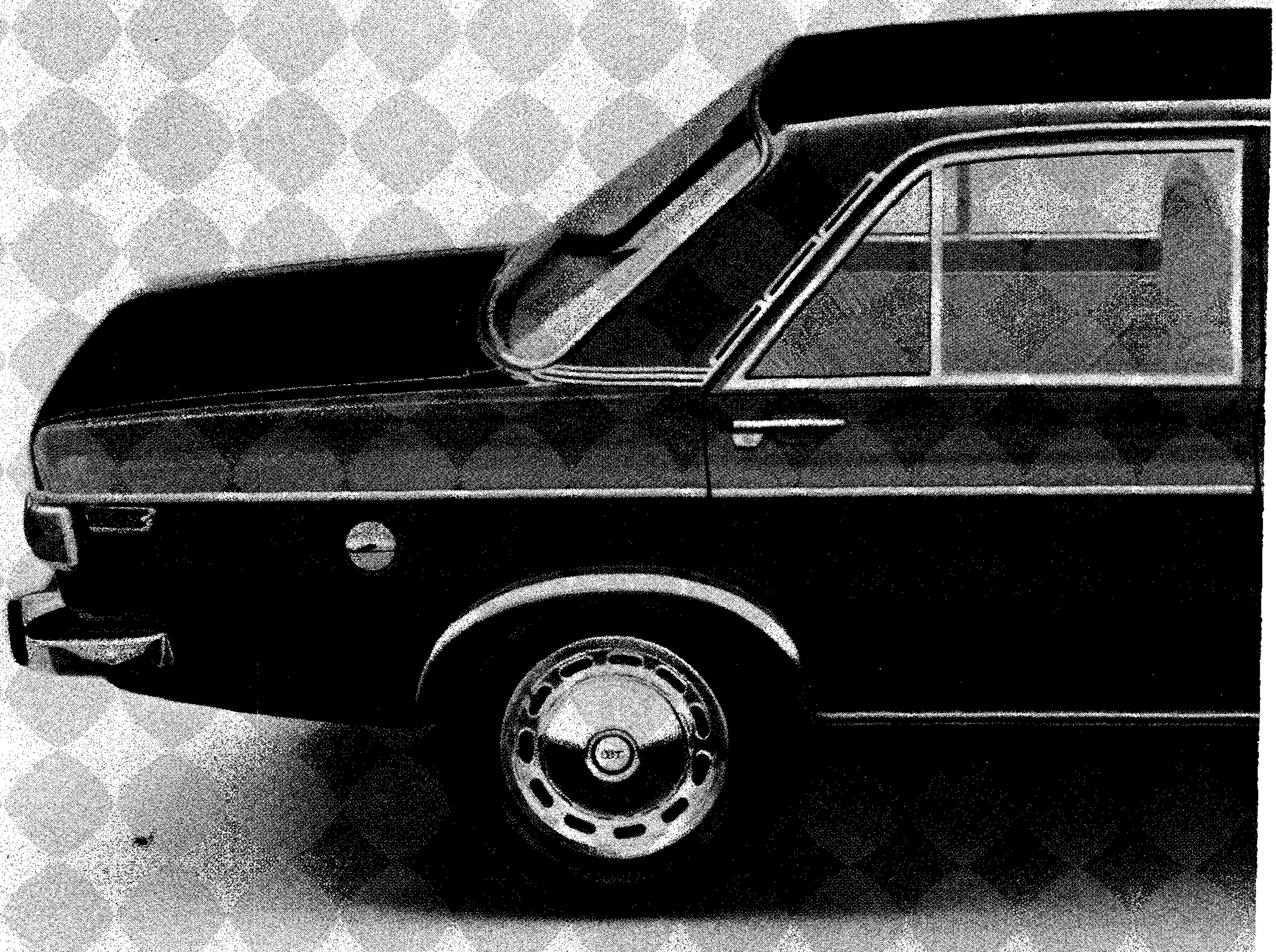
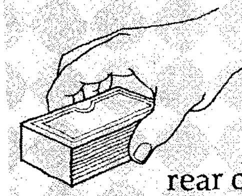


What makes the Audi move.

The Audi moves by means of the front wheels pulling it.



If you take the matchbox and this time pull it round a curve (simulating front-wheel drive), you'll notice that the rear doesn't swing out but obediently follows the rest of the matchbox.

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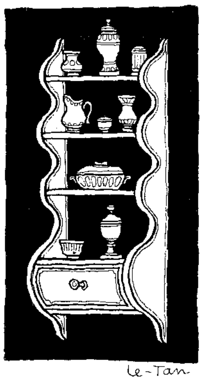
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

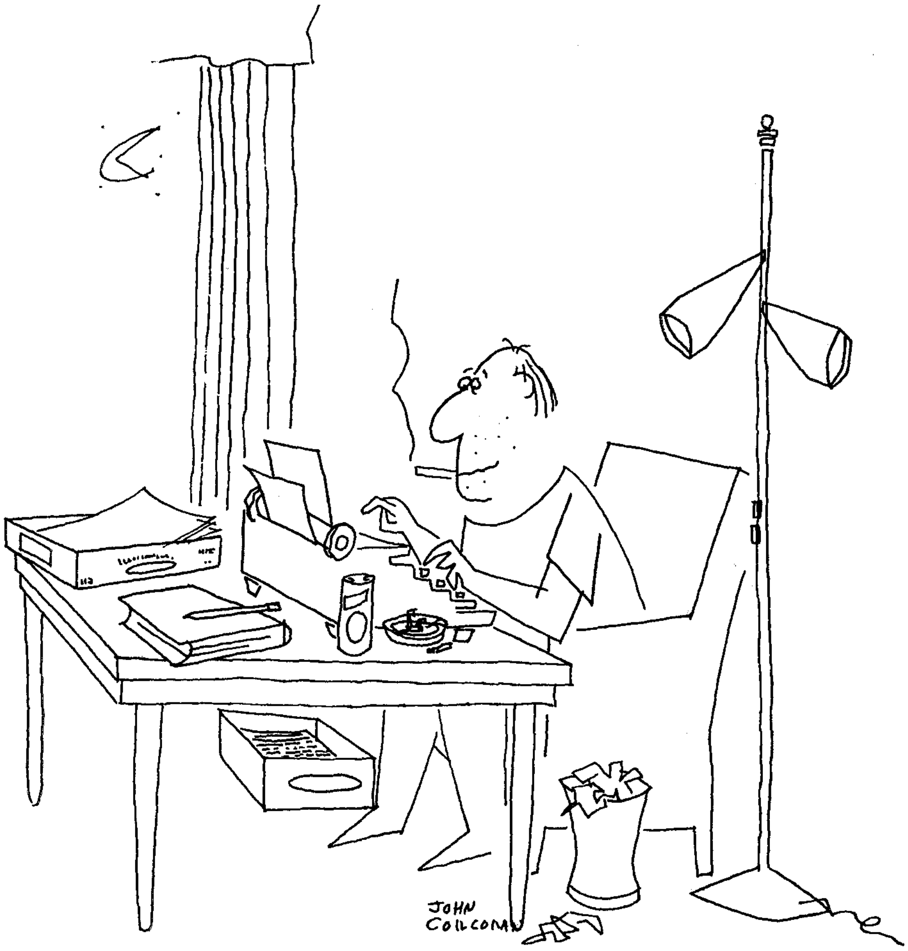
ABOUT THE HOUSE



THE buyer of pictures, unlike the buyer of appliances or furniture, is fortunately not limited to a few choices, often all unsatisfactory, but has literally thousands of first-rate things to choose from. I recently made a tour of local art galleries in search of reasonably priced prints and drawings, and I scarcely know where to begin describing what I've seen, or how to compress it into a column. There is more graphic art in Manhattan than garbage. For under $200—and often far under—one can find prints and drawings from just about every period of art, by good and sometimes by great artists. At even the most forbiddingly grand galleries on Fifty-seventh Street and along Madison Avenue, where Dürers and Schongauers and Rembrandts hang on the walls, lesser and less expensive works are tucked away in drawers, which one has only to get up one's nerve to ask to rummage.

There were a few places I visited where my request for moderate-priced graphics was received with the unbelieving stare of a Rolls-Royce salesman asked to show the economy models, but most places deal in the Volkswagens of graphic art as well as in the Rolls-Royces, and are usually glad to show what they have. For example, at the Kennedy Galleries, 20 East 56th Street, where Dürers and Schongauers and Rembrandts hang on the walls, there is a drawerful of etchings and lithographs by Whistler, many of which cost not much over $100, and another drawer filled with small etchings of city scenes by John Sloan, which begin at $60. Lucien Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Avenue (83rd), another exalted establishment, provides several boxes filled with miscellaneous prints, all under $20, for the "young collector" to peruse. (The term "young collector" is in current use among art dealers as a kind of euphemism for "non-millionaire.") I found wonderful things in Mr. Goldschmidt's boxes: a tiny, lovely etching of a child in a long gown dragging a kite behind her, done in 1839 by the Belgian artist F.-D. Hillemacher, and priced at $17.50; a serene landscape with a woman and a tree and a church, done in 1841 by an etcher who signed his work JB, which seems to me worth more than the $12.50 it costs (since JB hasn't been identified, the print isn't considered worth much); a set of illustrations ($20) for de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif," done in 1897, that are examples of conventional nineteenth-century book illustration but come in a folder printed with Lautrec-like calligraphy and a strong, bold portrait of the unfortunate fat lady. Mr. Goldschmidt says that quiet subjects and styles are cheaper today than dramatic ones. In time, taste will undoubtedly change, and the owners of dreamy Whistler cityscapes may be in the enviable position of today's owners of Rouaults and Picassos. Among the more costly prints hanging on Mr. Goldschmidt's walls, I was struck by a lovely sepia etching by Manet of a girl with long light hair and wearing a long-sleeved gown. It costs only $150. The reason for this low price (as Manets go) is that the print is a restrike. This means that it was made after the artist's death from the original plate. Restrikes are inexpensive because so many of them are run off; their quality can be excellent if the plate isn't worn, and they are acknowledged as "original prints." This contradictory term is used today to distinguish between prints made directly from plates, or from wood blocks or stones, and photo-engraved reproductions. "Original prints" are prized for something that is hard to express—a sharpness, a freshness, the sense of a third dimension, a quality of having been "pulled." None of these amount to the disparity between a painting and a reproduction, and yet there is a real difference between an original print and a photographic reproduction, and it is usually immediately discernible to everyone who sees the two side by side.

The importance of this difference, however, and the claims being made for printmaking as a major art may be open to debate. Printmaking arose as an inexpensive means of making art generally available, and prints used to serve the function that reproductions serve today. In a thoughtful essay on the history of prints that appears in a



(The italics are mine.)

booklet published by an educational group called the Print Council, Carl Zigrosser, Curator Emeritus of Prints and Drawings at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, observes, "There is among certain printmakers, as among certain Abstract Expressionist painters, an uncompromising, almost religious fervor which exalts their self-expression as a law unto itself. It is possible that too great a value can be placed on originality and absolute participation. One wonders if these printmakers, in their eagerness to establish graphic art as a major creative medium of equal rank with painting and the plastic arts, are negating the very idea of the print as a moderately priced multi-original." The artist Leonard Baskin writes crossly in one of the bulletins of the International Graphic Arts Society, "It is corrupt that plates and blocks which can give tens of hundreds are restrained to tens or a bit more. It is not only corrupt, it is stupid. The various print media were developed just because they yielded larger and larger editions. To exploit these very qualities for the perverse conceit of a minuscule edition is a function of an even more spurious species of conspicuous waste, i.e., ersatz rarity." Mr. Baskin's view is sensible and admirable, but it leaves something out of account. This is the (no doubt) perverse but irrepressible leaning toward the rare and the unique which figures in the modern sensibility, if not in human nature itself, and which causes people to feel almost hostile toward things that exist in quantity and are ubiquitous. I had occasion to observe this unfair response as it arose in me in regard to the work of a contemporary printmaker named Harold Altman. When I first came across Mr. Altman's serene, small-lined etchings of park scenes and figure compositions, I was staggered by their quiet beauty and their individuality, and I was also favorably impressed by their low prices (some prints cost as little as $20), which were made possible by the artist's decision to print relatively large editions. But when I came across Mr. Altman's prints for the fourth time (the same prints seem to be everywhere that contemporary prints are sold), I am sorry to say I could scarcely bring myself to look at them, and they seemed somehow less good. I'm not criticizing Mr. Altman and the other printmakers who make large editions, but I've come to think that *overexposure is something to reckon* with and that there may be more to small editions than the artist's conceit.

Associated American Artists, 663

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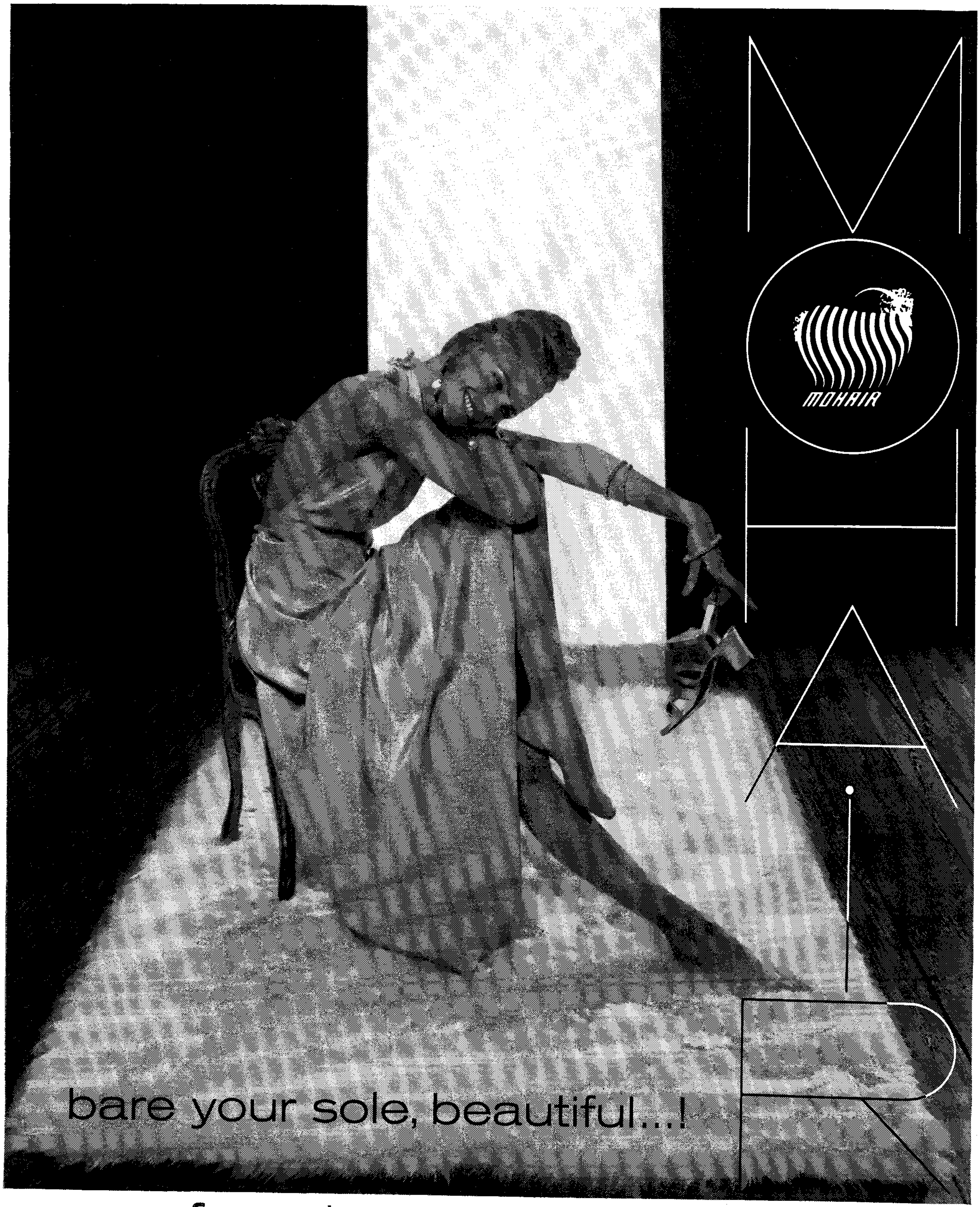

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Fifth Avenue (52nd), is the largest source of original prints in the country—they have more than seven thousand in stock—and is especially well known for its huge collection of prints by contemporary artists, many of which were directly commissioned by the organization. Some prints cost as little as $15, and most of the contemporary works are under $100. Just about every American and European printmaker of any note seems to be represented here, and every conceivable style—from realism to Pop and Abstract Expressionism—is evidently being practiced by today's printmakers. One of the extra pleasures of collecting contemporary art is the challenge it presents to one's prescience. Of the hundreds of printmakers working today, obviously only a few are going to enter art history, and the trick is to find the winners—the fifteen-dollar works that are going to be worth thousands in the future. My list of possible greats would include Michael Biddle, Peter Milton, Haim Mendelsohn, Gladys Mock, S. Patricia Benson, Jacques Hnizdovsky, Ed Hill, Frederick Meckseper, and maybe even Harold Altman; your list may have none of these names on it. The artists I have cited are all realists to some extent. The abstract printmakers seem to me stale and tired and derivative of established abstract painting styles, although their work is technically impressive in most cases. The Associated American Artists also deal in prints by old and modern masters, but unlike the contemporary work, which one is free to handle, these prints are kept in a locked cabinet and one has to ask to see them. A framing service is offered and is commendably low in price.

The Gallery of Graphic Arts, 1603 York Avenue (85th), is a much smaller but also excellent source of contemporary graphics. The emphasis here is on abstract art, though some representational artists are kept around as a kind of bait for squares, who it is hoped will move on to better things as they become serious collectors of graphics. The young woman who owns the gallery is passionately devoted to printmaking and to the abstract schools of art; when I lingered over the Harold Altmans and hurried past something large and covered with little bumps, she looked sad. The prices here are reasonable, and the atmosphere is easy—more like that of galleries in the country or in college towns than of those on Madison Avenue.

The FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Avenue (64th), looks off-puttingly elegant but is actually an approachable and very agreeable place. Visitors are welcome to look through the drawers of prints—both contemporaries and nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters are offered—and the young people who work there have evidently been instructed by Herman Wechsler, the knowledgeable and affable director, in how to be knowledgeable and affable themselves, instead of rude and superior. Anyone who makes a tour of print galleries is bound to encounter here and there salespeople who enjoy intimidating visitors unfamiliar with the ten or twelve technical facts one needs to know about printmaking in order to know more than the salespeople do. Mr. Wechsler has written an excellent little paperback entitled "An Introduction to Prints and Printmaking," and a half hour spent in reading its twenty-five-page text (most of the book is illustrations) will turn the graphics ignoramus into an informed layman. The book, which is available at the gallery for $2.95, describes the different methods of making prints, reveals what terms like "second state" and "artist's proof" mean, gives advice on the care and framing of prints, and warns of unscrupulous practices to watch out for. It also conveys the author's enthusiasm and makes one want to go to museums and see the originals of the reproductions in the book.

At the Margo Feiden Gallery, 51 East 10th Street, I had the interesting experience of examining, side by side, a restrike and the first impression ever made of the same print—Käthe Kollwitz's etching entitled "In a Hamburg Tavern." The restrike sells for $40, and the first impression is $750. The two prints were different, but I couldn't say that one was worse than the other, or that one was worth $710 more than the other. The first impression has a blacker, inkier look, while the restrike has a mellowness, caused by the wear on the plate, that to my eye isn't undesirable. The restrike happened to be in a frame that suited it admirably, and the first impression was framed wrong, which must have affected my judgment. Even so, I think it's fair to say that the person who buys the restrike is getting what the picture has to give in all the important particulars; the minute differences between the prints that would mean a lot to an expert just don't loom large to a lay-

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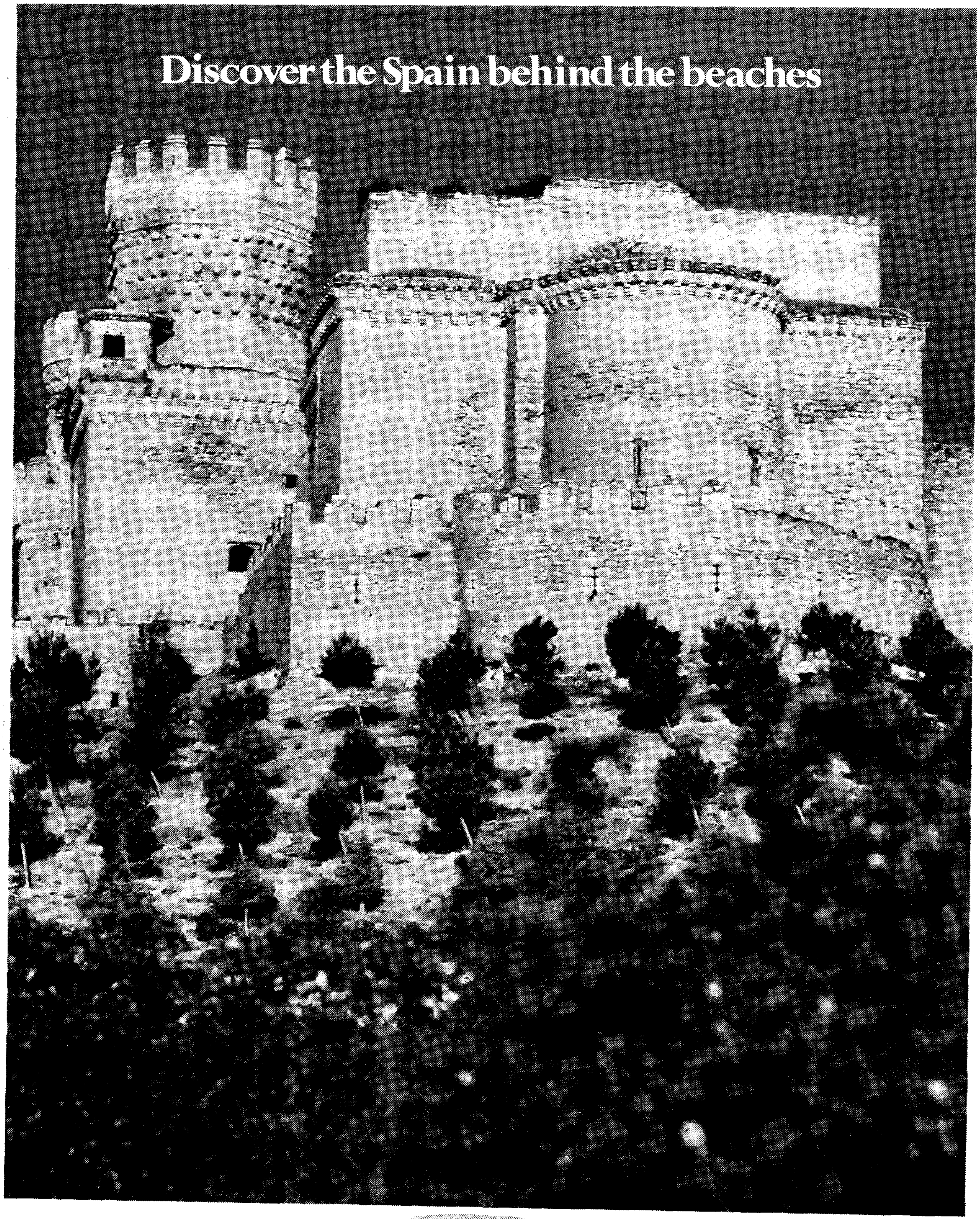
man. Miss Feiden has a restrike of a lovely Renoir etching entitled "La Petite Bagneuse," which also looked very good to me, and seemed a bargain at $75—a price that includes a fittingly ornate frame. Miss Feiden does the framing for the prints she sells (she didn't frame the seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar Kollwitz; it had been borrowed for my instruction), and she does an admirable job of finding the right frame for each picture. Her gallery offers expensive prints by Picasso, Matisse, Chagall, and Rouault as well as less costly items. The gallery doesn't open until 3 P.M., because Miss Feiden spends her mornings flying over Manhattan in a small plane, just for the incomprehensible pleasure of it, the way other young women spend their mornings cantering around Central Park. Her gallery offers an art-finding service; she says she can find practically any print you ask for, and I don't doubt that she can.

The International Graphic Arts Society is a non-profit organization that is sort of like a book club. Members pay $10 to join, and commit themselves to buying three prints every two years from the organization. The Society commissions artists, and offers prints at prices ranging from $12.50 to $27.50. Catalogues with illustrations of current selections are sent out five times a year, and members who want to see the originals can examine them at IGAS's gallery, at 410 East 62nd Street. The Society offers, in the words of its catalogue, "balanced selections ranging from realistic and traditional to abstract, expressionist, and experimental forms—a fair presentation of all styles current in the U.S. and abroad," and it would be a good organization for someone to join who tends to be overwhelmed by unlimited possibilities, or is lazy.

THE owner of a gallery that sells master drawings and also does beautiful custom framing told me about a crazy rich lady who comes in all the time to order hundred-dollar frames for ten-dollar reproductions that she collects to the exclusion of anything else. My response wasn't all it should have been, because, except for her riches, that lady might have been me. I love reproductions, and I would rather see them on my walls than anything else I could afford to hang. I love the freedom of choice that the reproduction processes have opened up; I delight in the feeling that any period of art and any painter that interests me is available. To me, the shadow of a master-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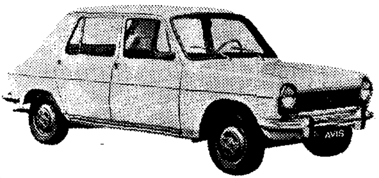

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piece seems infinitely preferable to the original of a daub, and many of today's color reproductions are more than shadows. While some painters (Rembrandt is one) resist reproduction, others (van Gogh, for example) fairly cry out for it. The Metropolitan Museum's reproduction of van Gogh's "Irises" is so close to the original that it is almost uncanny. Overexposure is an even greater problem with reproductions than with original prints; there are some things that have been reproduced so much that they've been all but destroyed, in the way that the phonograph has made certain pieces of music (Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, say) impossible to really hear anymore—but, fortunately, enough reproductions exist that haven't met the fate of the "Sunflowers" and whose originals are in European museums that one doesn't get to every day. The largest purveyor of art reproductions in the country is Oestreicher's Prints, Inc., 43 West 46th Street, and the shop is full of wonderful things. (It's also full of awful things—pictures that already look like the motels they are destined to hang in—but never mind.) I examined a number of superb reproductions of van Goghs I had never seen before, and I actually found tears welling in my eyes as I looked at one glorious landscape. Oestreicher's collection of reproductions of etchings by Dürer and Rembrandt is very distinguished. The reproductions are printed on old-looking paper, which gives the prints a persuasive quality of antiquity, and the impressions are sharp and lucid. They run from $5 to $10; the originals would have price tags with five numerals.

Brentano has some reproductions of Impressionist paintings in the collection of the Art Institute of Chicago that are made by "a revolutionary electronic and photographic technique" and cost around $200 each. Van Gogh, Cassatt, Monet, Manet, Gauguin, Cézanne, Degas, and Renoir are the artists represented, and, according to an advertisement distributed by Brentano, "the result is a likeness so true to the master-painting that the Art Institute of Chicago, in endorsing the reproduction of oil paintings and pastels from its collection, insisted that the replicas vary slightly in size from the original, to prevent confusion." This precautionary measure seems absurd, for no one could possibly mistake these reproductions for original paintings, though they do differ from conventional reproductions. These pictures put me in mind of fake-fur coats. They have an air of something synthetic and tawdry that frank flat

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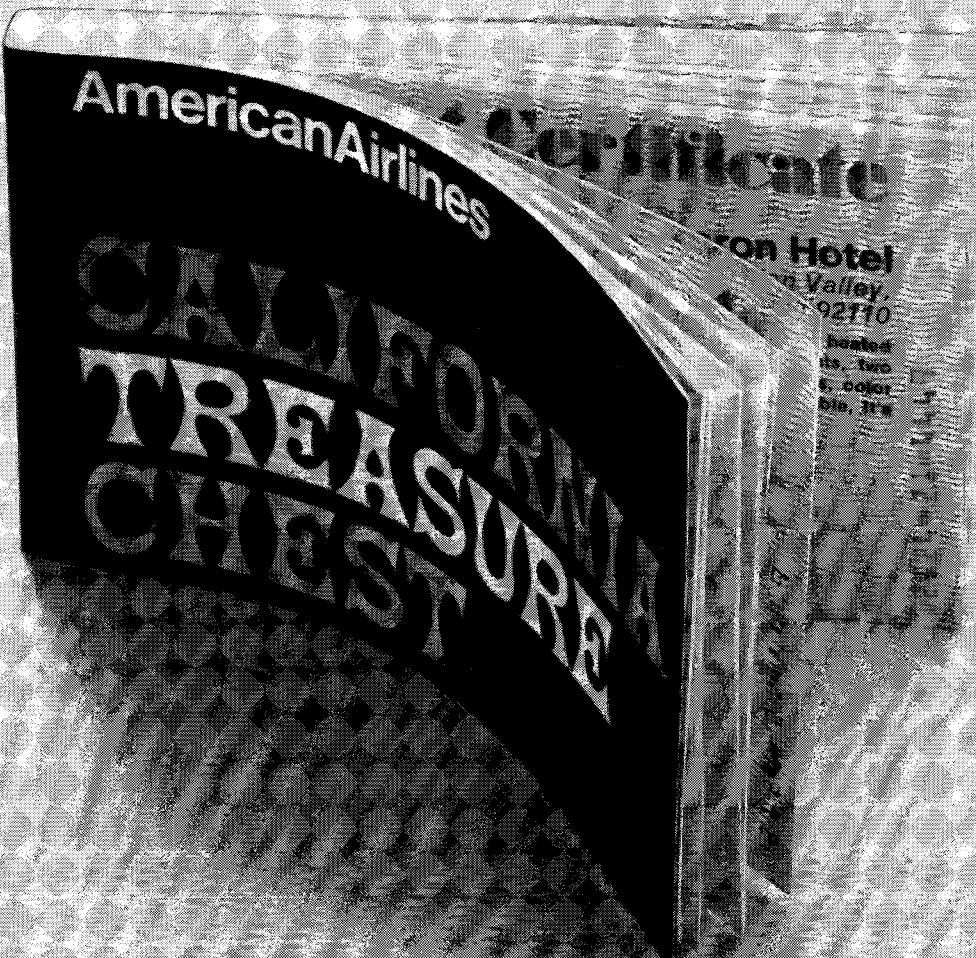
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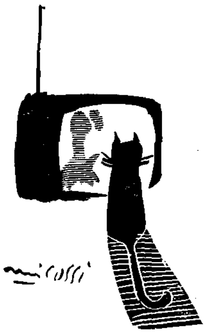
reproductions escape. "Only 500 of each of these Hament Chromographic Art Editions have been produced for the world," the Brentano leaflet says, and one can only hope that no more will be forthcoming.

ORIGINAL drawings by the great masters are practically as inaccessible to the "young collector" as master paintings are, but there are a lot of drawings by lesser or obscure yet good artists that are available for not very much more—and sometimes for less—than prints by contemporaries. At Walter Schatzki, 153 East 57th Street, I came across a pile of drawings by a nineteenth-century artist named Moritz Oppenheim that are priced between $50 and $200 and are superb. Oppenheim (1799-1882) was the first German-Jewish painter of any note, and he was for some time associated with the Nazarenes, a kind of pre-Pre-Raphaelite sect of German painters who worked in Rome and tried to bring sincerity and piety back into painting. The curious thing about the work of both the German and the English Pre-Raphaelites is how much it resembles the work of Raphael. Raphael is hard to like today; his paintings seem too bland and sweet for our grittier taste, but his drawings are unexceptionable, and, similarly, Oppenheim's strong, sinewy figure drawings and expressive studies of faces present a striking contrast to the flabby, pretty paintings they were made in preparation for. (Mr. Schatzki has a few of the paintings on hand, and it is hard to believe that they were done by the same artist.) Also noteworthy is Mr. Schatzki's collection of anonymous drawings from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, which cost from $30 to $500 and include many distinguished items. As you may know, Mr. Schatzki has the largest collection of Daumier lithographs in the city. He has over two thousand of them, and the prices range from $5 to $75. The prices of Daumiers are dictated largely by their subject matter: the prints dealing with the legal profession have become expensive rarities simply because lawyers have a penchant for them; the demand is larger than the supply, and Mr. Schatzki has only three or four left. Prints pertaining to the theatre, music, and art are also in demand, and are more expensive than prints of comparable quality on less popular subjects. Some of Mr. Schatzki's prints were cut from the daily newspaper *Charivari*, in which they first appeared, and some are on white paper, from editions run off from 1833 to 1870. The white-paper prints are more expensive than the newspaper ones, but often the impressions of the newspaper prints are better. A cream-colored mat is provided for an extra $2.50. Mr. Schatzki told me that a few years ago the prices for Daumier prints started at seventy-five cents, with the average price being around three dollars, and he is certain that prices will continue to rise. The prints that he now sells for five dollars either are in poor condition or are poor Daumiers.



Considering the number of lithographs that Daumier executed (over four thousand), the wonder is not that there are lapses here and there but that so many of them are great. The Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lexington Avenue (61st), possesses a large collection of Daumier lithographs, too, both newspaper and white-paper prints, for prices similar to those at Walter Schatzki. The Weyhe Gallery also has an incomplete copy of the Nuremberg Chronicle of 1493, one of the first books set with movable type, from which it offers single pages for anywhere from $15 to $85. The sheets are illustrated with woodcuts depicting views of cities and portraits of historical personages, and they would make wonderful framed pictures. The woodcuts have a bold, vigorous, medieval look, and the Gothic type is beautiful. The book is a kind of encyclopedia of the then known world, and the editor, Hartmann Schedel, was evidently a thrifty fellow. He used the same woodcuts over and over for people and cities that they might conceivably fit, so that, for example, the cities of Verona, Mantua, and Jena all turn out to be identical. The paper is in unbelievably good condition for its age.

At the Shepherd Gallery, 21 East 84th Street, a light pencil drawing by Queen Victoria is offered for $150. It is exactly what you'd expect a drawing by Queen Victoria to look like: a well-fed, garlanded nymph presses a posy to her breast with one hand and coyly tugs at the hem of her tunic with the other. A watercolor of a slender lady in black done by Princess Alice, Victoria's daughter, is $85, and it's not bad. The Shepherd Gallery specializes in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English drawings and watercolors, and occupies several floors of a large old

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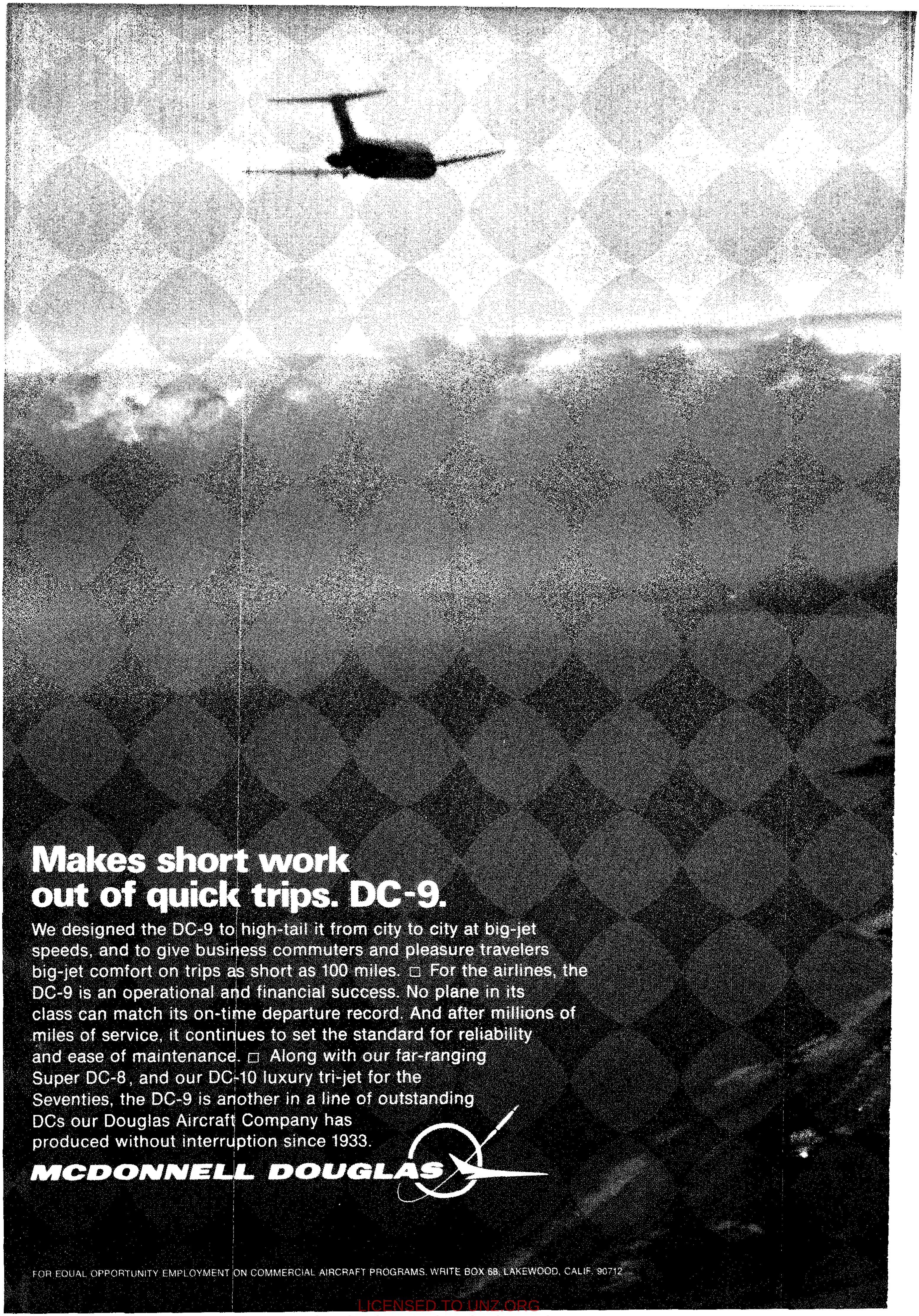

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FOR EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYMENT ON COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT PROGRAMS. WRITE BOX 68, LAKEWOOD, CALIF. 90712 town house on the corner of Madison Avenue and 84th Street. The exhibition rooms are furnished with fine old pieces, and the place has the atmosphere of another age and a vague air of decadence.

YOU might think that it would have occurred to someone before now to make reproductions of medieval stained glass, but until a few months ago, when an enterprise named Glass Masters came into being, no such things existed. The Glass Masters are two men, Bruce Berkman and John Nussbaum, only one of whom—Mr. Nussbaum—is actually a glass craftsman; Mr. Berkman is the entrepreneur who runs the business. The reproductions are faithful and beautiful. They really look like old stained glass. They are copies of details from medieval windows, and they are in the form of discs, approximately eight inches in diameter, which come with stands or with Plexiglas easels illuminated from behind by light bulbs. The reproductions are made much the way the five- or six-hundred-year-old originals were—from hand-cut pieces of free-blown colored glass painted with black and yellow lines and shadings, fired in a kiln, and joined by lead. There are nine selections at present (more are being planned), and they sell for from $40 to $80—prices that include the stand or easel. My favorite is the copy of the famous Head from Wissemberg—the wonderful stylized staring face whose eleventh-century original is at the Musée de l'Œuvre Notre-Dame, in Strasbourg, and whose bold economy of line gives it an extraordinarily modern appearance. There is an appealing owl, a detail from a window in a fourteenth-century German monastery showing St. Francis's sermon to the birds, and a knight on horseback, a lovely, luminous composition of red, green, blue, yellow, and white, whose original is in the Metropolitan Museum. Mr. Berkman's choice of things to reproduce has been dictated by their artistic merit and also by what he calls their "secular interest." He is anxious to avoid the churchy associations that stained glass has for many people, and he rather reluctantly divulged the one religious store that carries his line—Morehouse-Barlow, 14 East 41st Street. The secular outlets are Henri Bendel; Obelisk, 133 East 56th Street; McEwen & Stevens, 24 East 73rd Street; and the Metropolitan Museum Gift Shop, which sells the knight on horseback for $55. I visited Mr. Nussbaum in his subterranean

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studio, on East 15th Street, where he was at work on a commission for a mausoleum. He was glumly doing over a head of the Christ Child that the mausoleum owners hadn't liked. Mr. Nussbaum became fascinated with stained glass while he was in Europe with the Army during the Second World War. The windows in the great cathedrals so impressed him that on his return to this country he decided to learn the craft. The only way to do so at that time was to become apprenticed to a master glass craftsman, which he did, and he soon became a master of the craft himself. He's a large, loquacious, mildly melancholy man with an untidy walrus mustache. There's nothing Old World about this craftsman. He's very American, and I trust that he and Mr. Berkman will become rich from their better mousetrap.

THERE are some remarkable hand-woven wool or silk tapestries designed by American Abstract Expressionist and Pop painters at the Slatkin Galleries, 115 East 92nd Street, some of them replicas or versions of well-known works, such as Andy Warhol's "Marilyn" and Robert Indiana's "Love." Weaving firms in India and France execute the tapestries, which can be used either as wall hangings or as floor coverings, in a closely woven rug or pile weave from cartoons done by the artists. I very much admired these tapestries—to my astonishment, for I have never greatly admired Abstract Expressionist or Pop painting. The tapestries have something—a richness, a sensuousness, a quality of finish, a look of wanting to please as well as to express—that is absent from their painted counterparts. Imagine a painted version of "The Hunt of the Unicorn" tapestry, and you can understand the difference I'm getting at. Frank Stella (of all people) seems to feel this difference. He writes in the catalogue, "Personally, I think the tapestry they made of my design is in some ways better than the painting. The effectiveness of the tactile qualities of the surface and of the color is surprising. They give the tapestry a softness and resonance that you literally can't get in painting." Stella's design may be inspected and trodden on in the middle of one of the gallery's exhibition rooms; it is entitled "Sinjerli," and it is a circular carpet, ten feet in diameter, whose design breaks in the middle to form two shapes like slices of watermelon. Thick lines of color follow the curves of the slices; one half is gray, green, and black, and the other is blue, yellow, and beige. It is a distinguished design—concise, simple, rational, and vaguely Oriental at the same time. The price for the whole thing is $3,500, and you can also buy halves, for $1,800 each. (The prices of these tapestries seem entirely reasonable when you consider the quality of the workmanship and the inflated prices of their painted counterparts, which you can't even walk on.) Lichtenstein's "Modern Tapestry" is not a comic strip but a strong, heavy Léger-like design that features Lichtenstein's familiar large Benday dots and red, white, blue, yellow, and black palette. It's the first thing one sees as one enters the room where it hangs, and it fairly takes the breath away. Its size is eight feet ten inches by twelve feet three inches, and the price is $4,000. Gottlieb's "Burst" has a sort of ink blot in the lower half of a dark-red background and a bright-red egg shape in the upper half. There's an interesting tension here between subject and medium—between the freedom of the splash of ink and the constrictive discipline of weaving. "Burst" measures six feet by seven feet eleven inches, and the price is $2,250. Indiana's "Love" is done in silk (all the tapestries mentioned earlier are wool), and has a lovely shimmering quality; nine feet eleven inches by ten, and $4,000. Jim Dine's "Valentine" and "Midsummer" have a brilliance and ripeness that I have never found in any of his paintings or Happenings. Milton Avery, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, Richard Diebenkorn, Lee Gatch, Thomas George, Ellsworth Kelly, Richard Lindner, Robert Motherwell, Kenneth Noland, Ben Shahn, Theodoros Stamos, Ernest Trova, Esteban Vicente, Jack Youngerman, and Larry Zox are the other artists represented. Slatkin also has a number of tapestries designed by French painters, including works by Picasso, Cocteau, Léger, Klee, Ernst, Laurens, and Miró. They seem less effective to me than the American tapestries—perhaps because the originals are more effective paintings.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

Rozelle, a polished neatly-tailored witness who had been subpoenaed by Flood's lawyer, Arthur Goldberg, former Super Supreme Court Justice, was complimented by Judge Irving Ben Cooper, when he had finished his testimony.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

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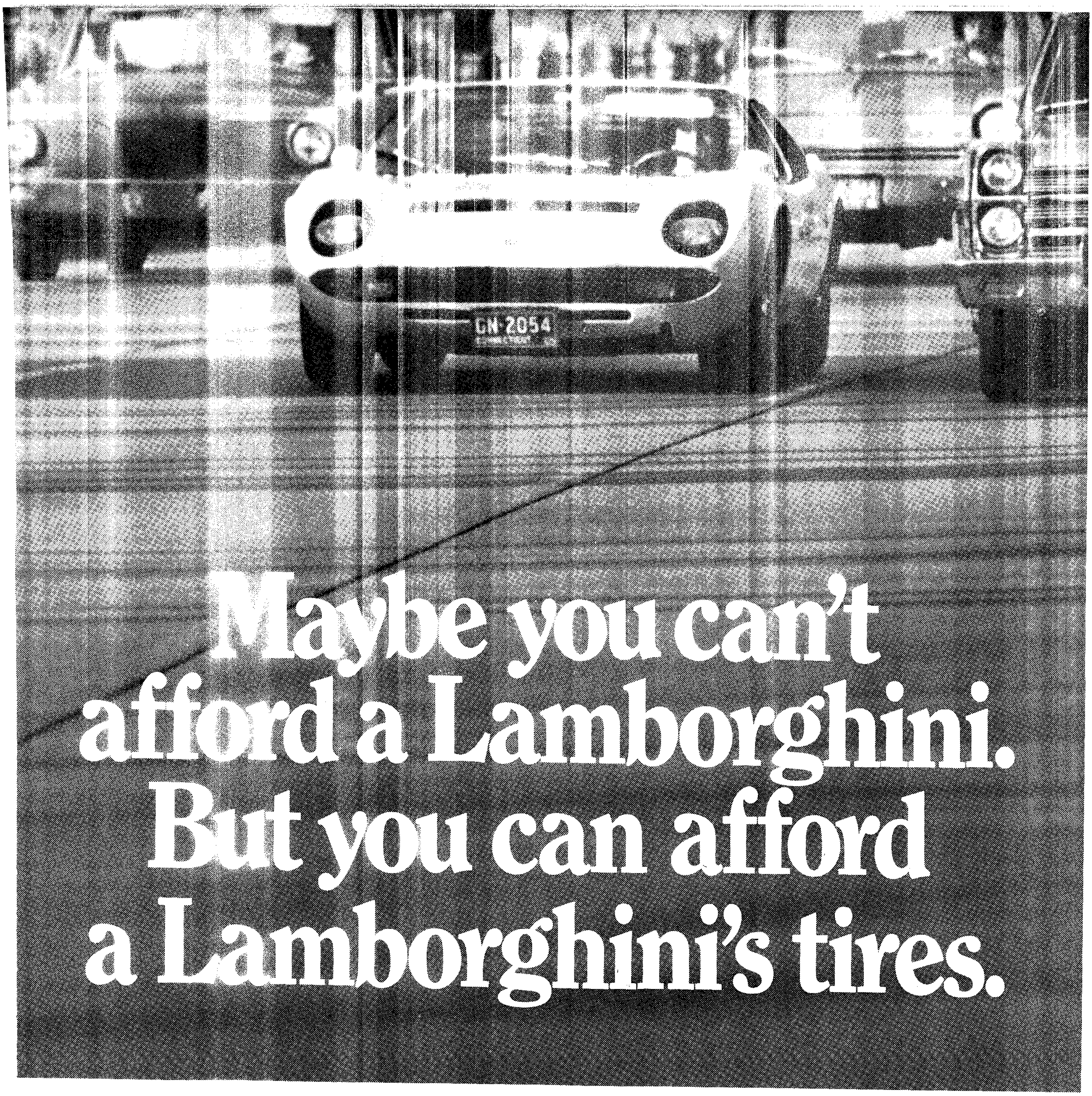

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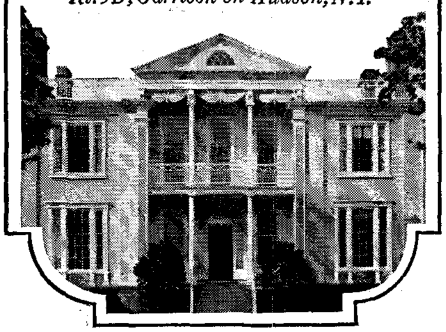

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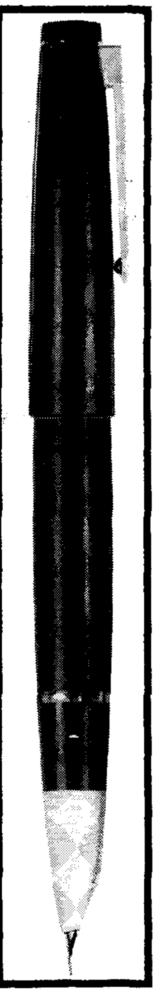


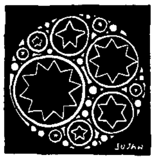
DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK
JUNE 7, 1970

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN the issues of February 7th and March 14th of this year, I presented in *The New Yorker* some of the mounting evidence regarding the dangerous teratogenic, or fetus-deforming, effects of the herbicide 2,4,5-T, which has been used in huge amounts over the past decade as a defoliant in Vietnam and as a weed killer here at home. What seemed particularly alarming, as I reported, was the seemingly unavoidable presence in 2,4,5-T of a highly toxic and teratogenic contaminant belonging to a group known commonly as dioxins. I also pointed out the reluctance of the government, despite its apparent awareness of the dangers, to eliminate or drastically restrict the use of this herbicide.

On April 15th, the Surgeon General of the United States, Dr. Jesse L. Steinseld, appeared before a Senate subcommittee, headed by Senator Philip A. Hart, of Michigan, that was investigating the safety of 2,4,5-T and announced, on behalf of the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, a number of measures that were being taken to limit the use of 2,4,5-T in this country. These measures included the immediate suspension of the Department of Agriculture's registrations of liquid formulations of 2,4,5-T used around the home and of all formulations used for killing vegetation around lakes, ponds, and irrigation ditches. The Surgeon General also announced that the Department of Agriculture was about to cancel its registrations of nonliquid formulations of 2,4,5-T for use around the home and on food crops, including corn, barley, oats, rice, rye, apples, and blueberries. On the same day, Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard announced the immediate suspension of the use of 2,4,5-T in Vietnam.



Against a background of evidence accumulated since 1966 that 2,4,5-T, or material with which it is ordinarily contaminated to some degree, exerts a fetus-deforming effect on the offspring of experimental animals, and a background, too, of extraordinary reluctance on the part of government agencies, including the office of President Nixon's own Science Adviser, Dr. Lee DuBridge, to inform the public in a forthright manner about the potential hazards of 2,4,5-T to human health, the statement by the Surgeon General appeared to signal clear and unequivocal action at last against the widespread use of 2,4,5-T. Federal law requires that all pesticides and herbicides be registered with the Department of Agriculture before they can be marketed in interstate commerce, and the conclusion that citizens could reasonably be expected to draw from the Surgeon General's statement was that cancellation and suspension of these registrations had put an immediate stop to the sale and use of 2,4,5-T here.

That conclusion, I regret to say, is not justified. The word "cancellation," which has such an air of finality about it, and which seems to signify drastic action, is really one of the weaker words in the federal-regulatory lexicon—far weaker than the word "suspension," which the Department of Agriculture has applied to its action on the registrations of liquid formulations of 2,4,5-T used around the home and around lakes, ponds, and irrigation ditches. To illustrate one of the powerful distinctions implicit in this upside-down bureaucratic language, when the Department of Agriculture *suspends* the registration of a product for certain uses, the suspension takes force immediately, and under federal law shipments of the product in interstate commerce must stop; in effect, the flow of the product from manufacturer to ultimate user is immediately pinched off at a point reasonably close to the source of supply. When the Department of Agriculture *cancels* the registration of a product for certain uses, however, the movement of the product in interstate commerce is brought to no such automatic halt. A company given a cancellation order is told that after thirty days it can no longer ship its product across state lines, but the company has the right to appeal the order, and if it does appeal, this action has the effect of staying the order. During the lengthy process of appeal, the company can continue to produce, ship, and sell the cancelled product. A company whose product's registration is suspended has no such recourse.

Approximately six weeks after the Surgeon General's announcement concerning 2,4,5-T, I stopped in at several garden stores in the New York area. I found that a number of 2,4,5-T

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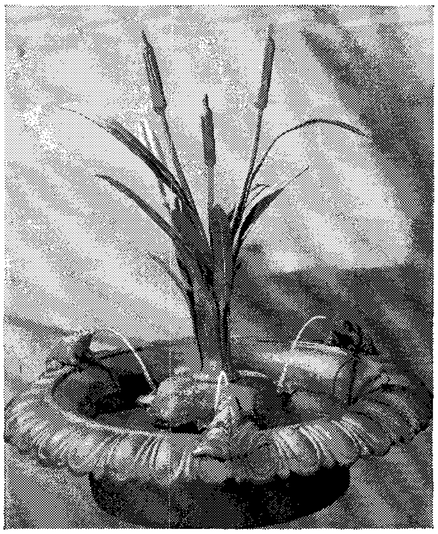

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formulations—weed killers, poison-ivy sprays, and lawn food—were still on sale. Since the Surgeon General had cited as one of the primary reasons for federal actions against 2,4,5-T the government's wish to afford "maximum protection to women in the child-bearing years" by preventing them from being exposed to the herbicide, this state of affairs startled me, particularly since May and June are the months of maximum use of herbicides. The disturbing fact is that the Department of Agriculture has no power to compel manufacturers to recall from retail stores products whose registration for certain uses the Department has either cancelled *or* suspended. There is no federal law against a retailer's selling such a product or against a customer's buying it. The law does provide that stocks of it can be seized by Department of Agriculture inspectors. However, the number of retail establishments selling herbicidal formulations for home use runs into the scores of thousands, whereas the number of retail-store inspectors employed by the Department of Agriculture, I recently discovered, is exactly thirty-two. On a practical level, then, the power of the Department of Agriculture to prevent the retail sale of such products is almost nonexistent. Furthermore, not only is it legal under federal law for a homeowner to buy a product whose registration for certain uses has been officially cancelled or suspended but it is legal for him to use it, and use it in any way he pleases. Without breaking any federal law, he can dump concentrations of 2,4,5-T on his lawn in such a way that some of it enters his or his neighbors' water supplies.

Similarly, a farmer can continue to use 2,4,5-T on his crops without breaking any federal law even though that use has been the subject of a Department of Agriculture cancellation order. The only risk he faces is that of seizure by Food and Drug Administration inspectors *of any* of his crops shipped in interstate commerce that are found to have detectable amounts of 2,4,5-T residue on them. The risk isn't a very great one, since these inspections take place at retail outlets—supermarkets, and so on—where F.D.A. inspectors collect samples of foodstuff and send them back to the F.D.A. for analysis, which takes time. The bureaucratic machinery is creaky, and if any detectable residue of 2,4,5-T is found on the foodstuff—say, blueberries that the farmer has sprayed with 2,4,5-T—the chances are that by the time the Department is ready to seize the stock of blueberries in the store (which, after

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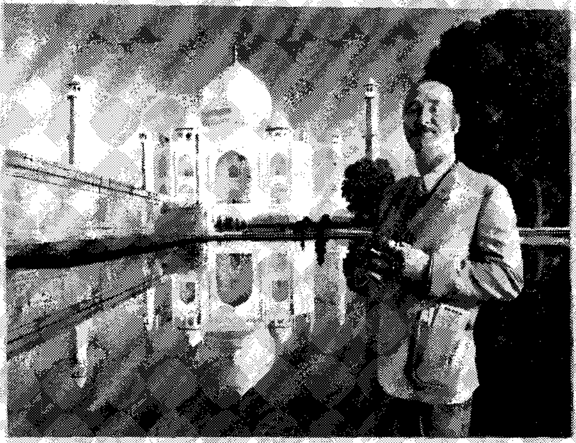

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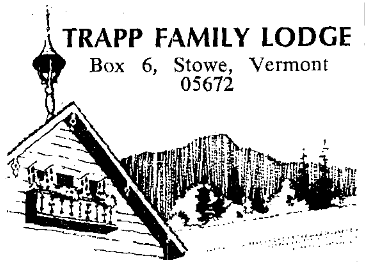

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all, is probably only one of many stores to which berries from this batch have been shipped) the blueberries have been bought and eaten. In any event, only the blueberries can be found guilty—not the farmer or the shipper. And the farmer can go right on using 2,4,5-T as he pleases, because the cancellation powers and suspension powers of the Department of Agriculture apply not to the basic chemical compound of 2,4,5-T as such but only to the formally registered *uses* for which it is intended. In effect, this means that there is federal control only over the wording of labels on the cans, bottles, or drums of these chemicals. It is true that the Department has asked manufacturers of 2,4,5-T products whose registration for certain uses have been cancelled or suspended to recall the products from retailers, but this will have to be done strictly on a voluntary basis if it is done at all. Even if it actually is done, and the products are back in the manufacturers' hands, the recall does not mean that the 2,4,5-T will be destroyed. For the most part, it means merely that the 2,4,5-T formulation will be relabelled, with the cancelled uses deleted, and sold over again in the same form, and even in the same containers. And since the label on the container has no binding force on the purchaser, there is no guarantee at all that 2,4,5-T will not continue to be applied in ways that the public might reasonably suppose to have been stopped dead by the government.

Further examination reveals that the measures against the use of 2,4,5-T that appear to be so sweeping actually apply to about ten per cent of the total amount of 2,4,5-T used in this country—that is, only to 2,4,5-T used around homes, gardens, and aquatic areas and on food crops. And since 2,4,5-T products are still being sold freely in garden-supply stores, I estimate that so far the cancellation and suspension orders have affected no more than two or three per cent of the total amount. About ninety per cent, in any case, is used for the control of woody plants in such areas as rangeland and pastureland and along railroad and electric-line rights-of-way. These uses remain unaffected by the new federal orders because the Departments of Agriculture, H.E.W., and the Interior agreed that in such areas, many of which are remote from dense population, 2,4,5-T does not constitute an imminent hazard to women of child-bearing age.

I believe that this conclusion de-

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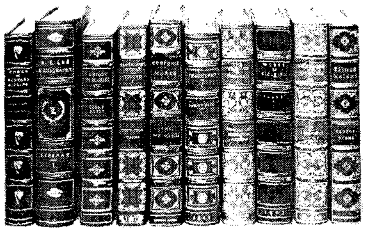

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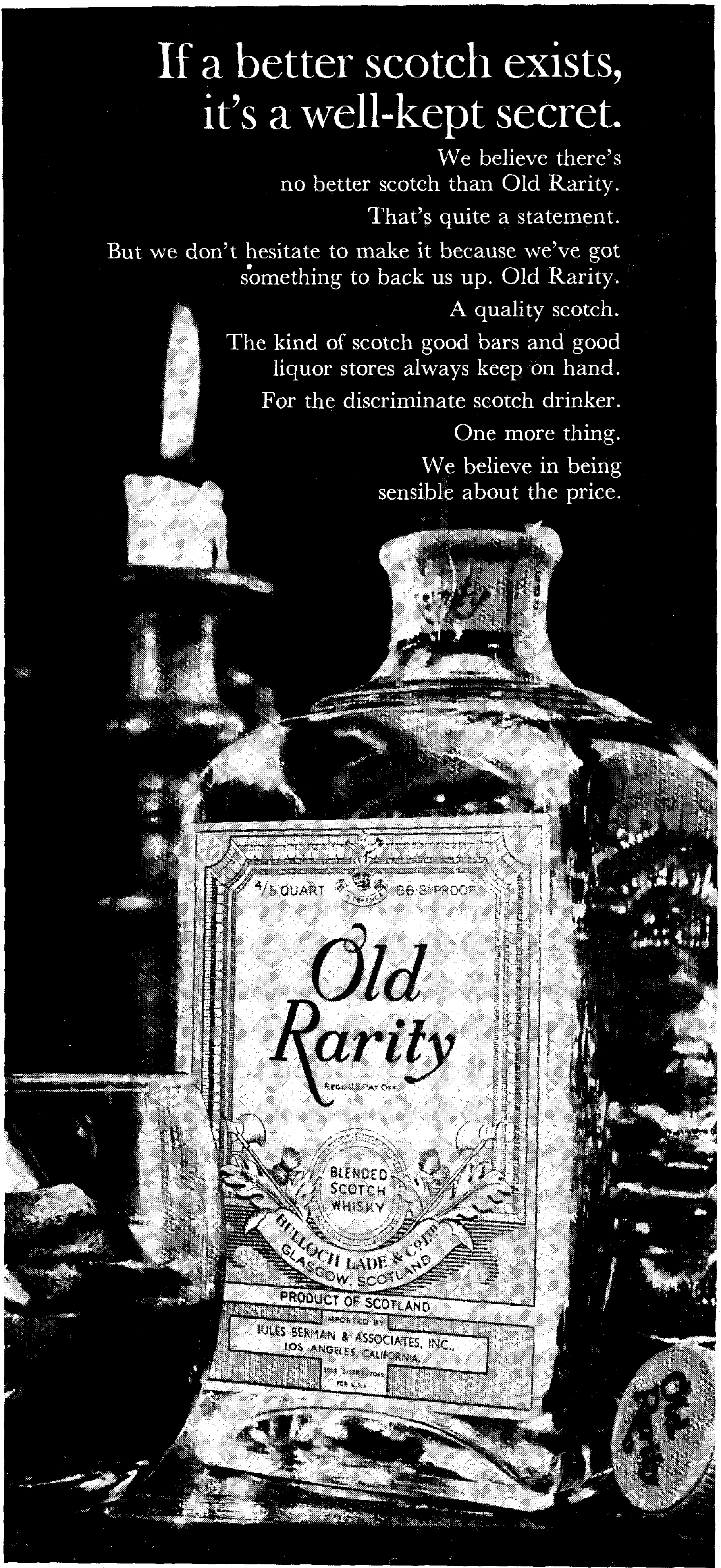
serves reëxamination. As studies with experimental animals have shown, 2,4,5-T is a fetus-deforming agent both in its relatively pure form, which has so far been formulated only under laboratory-test conditions, and in the form in which it is ordinarily sold to users. Because certain factors are apparently impossible to eliminate in its production, the latter form is a contaminated one, the contaminants being present in amounts that have up to now been considered tolerable. The name of the principal contaminant in 2,4,5-T is symmetrical 2,3,6,7-tetrachlorodibenzo-*p*-dioxin, and it has been found to be both extremely toxic and, in certain tests on living creatures, teratogenic. In tests on chick embryos, this form of dioxin, in a pure state, has the capacity to deform embryos at levels of a trillionth of a gram per kilogram of the egg—a level only one-millionth as great as that required to achieve a comparable effect in chick-embryo experiments with the notorious teratogen thalidomide. And in tests involving a mixture of dioxins in which the symmetrical tetrachlorodibenzo-*p*-dioxin predominated, conducted by the Food and Drug Administration on pregnant hamsters, a dosage of 9.1 millionths of a gram per day (for five days) per kilogram of the mother's body weight produced an incidence of eighty-two per cent mortality and eighty-two per cent abnormality among live offspring.

Dioxins are also known to have untoward effects on human beings. In factories where 2,4,5-T is produced, the dioxin appears as a contaminant in an intermediate stage of the manufacturing process, and some of it remains in the finished product. In 1964, workers in a Midland, Michigan, factory of the Dow Chemical Company, one of the largest producers of 2,4,5-T, contracted an illness through exposure to the dioxin contaminant. The symptoms of this illness were described as follows by Dr. Julius E. Johnson, a vice-president of Dow Chemical and its director of research and development, in testimony he gave in mid-April before the Senate subcommittee investigating 2,4,5-T:

> The most sensitive toxic reaction observed in humans to this impurity [the tetra dioxin] was manifested by a condition known as chloracne, a skin disorder mostly prevalent on the face, neck and back. It is similar in appearance to severe acne often suffered by teenagers.

The way Dr. Johnson described chloracne before the Senate subcommittee, it does not sound like a very serious condition. However, the way he



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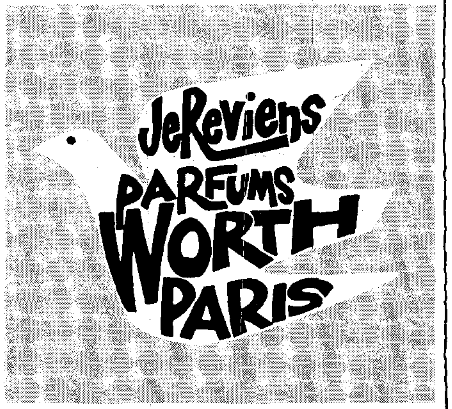

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described it before the subcommittee is not quite the way Dr. Benjamin Holder, the director of the medical department at Dow's Midland Division, had described it two months earlier during a meeting with government chemists. According to a memorandum originating in one of the regulatory agencies involved, Dr. Holder said that about sixty people had contracted the disease at the Dow plant, and that its onset had been slow—four to six weeks. The memorandum continued:

> Early symptoms [according to Dr. Holder] include fatigue, lassitude and depression, and early signs include the appearance of comedones on the face and body . . . and weight loss. . . . Severe exposure results in effects involving internal organs and nervous system disorder (polyneuritis). . . . Dr. Holder discussed the examination and treatment of exposed workers. He said that six months were required for marked recovery to begin, and complete recovery required up to several years.

According to a paper published in a German scientific journal a year before the Dow people made these observations, the symptoms of chloracne associated with the intermediate stage of manufacture of 2,4,5-T include mental depression, reduced power of recall and concentration, disturbed sleep, irritability, reduced libido, and impotence. And another scientific paper, so far unpublished, on an outbreak of chloracne that occurred in another 2,4,5-T factory (not a Dow factory) in the United States, describes the continued existence of serious mental disturbance among affected workers some six years afterward. The reason I emphasize the presence and the extremely hazardous nature of the dioxin contaminant in 2,4,5-T is that while the Dow people claim that 2,4,5-T is readily decomposable in soil and by the action of sunlight after it has been applied, neither they nor anyone else has ever shown that the dioxin contaminant, as distinct from a theoretically pure 2,4,5-T, is biologically degradable; that is, that it does not persist in the environment or accumulate in animal tissue. On the contrary, the characteristics of dioxin-related chloracne poisoning, far from resembling those of the transient acne of teen-agers, include effects that are surely indicative of a serious toxic influence that is stubbornly persistent in the human body and its central nervous system. And, according to Dr. Jacqueline Verrett, of the Food and Drug Administration (Dr. Verrett's chick-embryo studies contributed to the discovery that the cyclamates widely used as sugar substitutes were carcinogenic substances), studies of the effects of dioxins on chicks and small mammals indicate that dioxin may very well accumulate in animal tissue more or less as DDT does—the difference being that dioxin is infinitely more toxic.

In the absence of positive proof that dioxin is not persistent and cumulative, the continued virtually unrestricted spraying of 2,4,5-T on pastureland and rangeland seems to me to constitute a serious potential hazard to human health. In spite of manufacturers' claims, there appears to be no evidence that the dioxin contaminant does not persist in the sprayed area long after the 2,4,5-T itself has broken down. The amounts of dioxin that would thus remain would, admittedly, be very small in relation to the amount of 2,4,5-T originally laid down—the Dow people, for example, claim that the dioxin content of their 2,4,5-T is less than one part per million—but the potency of dioxin is so extreme that a serious question arises whether traces of dioxin remain on sprayed pastureland and may be ingested by beef cattle, dairy cows, and sheep, with the result that dioxin builds up in the tissues of these livestock and enters the human food chain through meat or milk. The relentlessness of the cumulative process involving DDT and other pesticides is well known by now, when human milk contains more DDT than federal law permits in cow's milk crossing state lines, and when virtually every sample of drinking water tested throughout the country by the Environmental Control Administration has contained traces of pesticide. The only precaution recommended by the Department of Agriculture against possible contamination of dairy cattle feeding on pastureland sprayed with 2,4,5-T is that the land not be grazed for seven days after a spraying. Since the Department's own calculations of the persistence of 2,4,5-T—calculations that take no account whatever of the persistence of the dioxin contaminant—are that 2,4,5-T takes about five months to break down in soil, these precautionary measures as they relate to grass growing from the soil or water holes on its surface hardly seem adequate for the ultimate protection of the public against a herbicide that has been demonstrated to be a serious potential health hazard even in a laboratory-purified form. As for precautions against the ingestion of dioxin, there simply aren't any, because as far as federal regulations are concerned dioxin does not exist. In the case of

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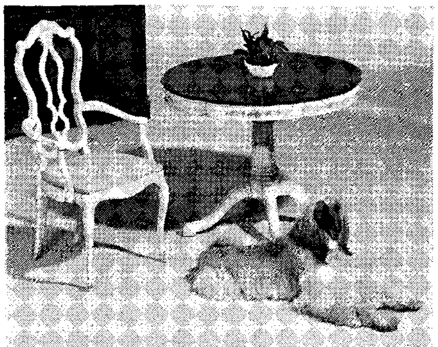

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grazing beef cattle, the Department of Agriculture does not recommend withholding the land from use for as much as a day after a 2,4,5-T spraying. In Texas alone, more than a million acres of rangeland and pastureland are being sprayed with 2,4,5-T this year; probably at least a quarter of a million head of cattle will graze on that sprayed land; and the cattle will produce something like a hundred and fifty million pounds of meat that will be sold to Americans as edible—all in the absence of a solitary meaningful restriction imposed by the federal government on either the spraying or the grazing, and also in the absence of a solitary scientific study, either by industry or by any government agency, concerning the stability, the persistence, and the cumulative capacity of the dioxin contaminant in the bodies of living creatures.

Next year, the total area sprayed with 2,4,5-T throughout the country may well be greatly increased rather than decreased. The use of herbicides in this country has been increasing at a considerably greater rate than that of pesticides, and it is only because military priorities for defoliation programs in Vietnam cut the available supply of 2,4,5-T quite drastically that this country has been spared the much more extensive use of 2,4,5-T on rangeland and pastureland. In Vietnam, a total of about forty million pounds of 2,4,5-T has been dropped on the countryside. The suspension, under public pressure, of the use of 2,4,5-T there will probably bring about the release in the coming year of huge amounts of it in the domestic market, and a logical target of chemical-company salesmen for disposal of the surplus would be the cattle industry and the United States Forest Service.

Also, to my knowledge, no proper investigation has ever been made of the possibility that, quite aside from the dioxin already present in 2,4,5-T sprayed on vegetation, *further* amounts of dioxin may be created, and released into the environment, through the breakdown process of 2,4,5-T as it is affected by sunlight and by heat. Heat strong enough to create new dioxin can occur under conditions that are not highly unusual. Brush that has been killed, whether by 2,4,5-T or other means, is certainly a fire hazard, especially in a hot, dry climate, such as that of Texas, where so much 2,4,5-T spraying is going on, and a brush fire over a large sprayed area containing 2,4,5-T residues could conceivably

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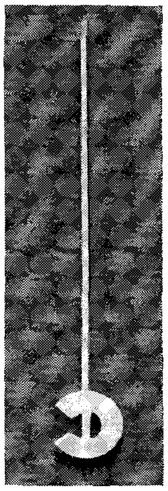

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generate considerable quantities of dioxin and release it into the atmosphere.

IT seems most likely that the hazards of pollution of the environment by dioxins extend far beyond the use of 2,4,5-T. This herbicide is only one of many products derived from polychlorinated phenolic compounds that contain dioxins or are the precursors of dioxins. These products range from pesticides to deodorants. It appears that when any chlorophenol is heated sufficiently it can be converted into a dioxin. This fact raises questions about the release of dioxins into the environment merely through the burning of many commonly used products. For example, one of the polychlorinated phenolic compounds, pentachlorophenol, is widely used as a fungicide and as an antibacterial preparation. It is used in preserving wood and in controlling slime in the manufacture of paper. In 1968, more than twenty-seven million pounds of pentachlorophenol and its salts were used in the United States to preserve wood. Since the fate of most timber is to be burned sooner or later, and since it is reported that when five grams of pentachlorophenol is heated at a temperature of three hundred degrees for twelve hours it is capable of generating one and a half grams of octachlorodibenzo-*p*-dioxin, the possibility that considerable amounts of dioxin will be released into the atmosphere from wood treated with this preservative presents a potential health hazard of very alarming dimensions. The same thing may be said of the burning of paper that has been treated with pentachlorophenol. Aside from any hazard created by burning, the extreme toxicity of pentachlorophenol was discussed some years ago in an article in the *British Medical Journal* on some sawmill workers in Borneo who handled wet timbers that had been freshly treated with a solution of sodium pentachlorophenate, a salt of pentachlorophenol. The people involved, who are described in a Monsanto Chemical Company manual on pentachlorophenol as "nine undernourished, scantily clothed native workers," were not wearing protective garments—a circumstance that the Monsanto manual calls a "complete violation of safety precautions for handling Penta [a Monsanto trade name] materials." They died as a result of handling the timbers.

Pentachlorophenol is used in a wide variety of products, including paints and shampoos. It is put in laundry

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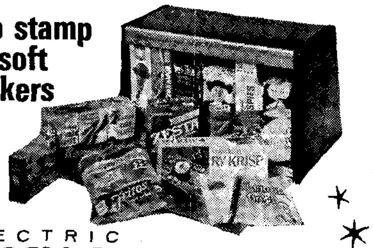

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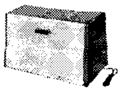

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starches as a preservative, and it has been used in other laundry products. The extreme hazards posed by the injudicious use of this chemical, which is buried in so many consumer products, can be perceived in a scientific paper that appeared in the *Journal of Pediatrics* last August, entitled "Pentachlorophenol Poisoning in a Nursery for Newborn Infants." The paper describes the cases of nine infants between six and fourteen days old who were all born in a small hospital for unmarried mothers in St. Louis and who were all admitted to St. Louis Children's Hospital with a severe form of an unusual and undiagnosed illness marked by excessive sweating, increased heart rate, respiratory difficulty, and enlargement of the liver. Two of the infants died shortly after being admitted to Children's Hospital; the rest were given blood transfusions and other treatment and survived. The cause of the poisoning was traced to an antimicrobial laundry neutralizer that had been used in excessive amounts in the laundry of the hospital where the children were born. The neutralizer contained sodium pentachlorophenate, and traces of pentachlorophenol that remained in diapers and other clothing after laundering had penetrated the skins of the infants and entered their systems. The insidious nature of pentachlorophenol can be illustrated further by the fact that after the use of the rinse was discontinued, traces of pentachlorophenol continued to be found in the blood of newborn children and of expectant mothers. It turned out that although the infants were no longer directly exposed to pentachlorophenol, the mothers-to-be had continued to use linens that had been rinsed with it. There is speculation that the pentachlorophenol traces in the linens used by the expectant mothers became absorbed into their systems and crossed the placental barrier into the systems of the unborn babies.

Such facts led me to become curious about other commonly used products that contain polychlorinated phenolic compounds. One of these is the household disinfectant Lysol, which contains a chlorophenol compound. Another polychlorinated phenolic compound that is widely used is hexachlorophene. The basic material for hexachlorophene originates in 2,4,5-trichlorophenol, which is also the precursor of 2,4,5-T in the manufacture of the herbicide. Hexachlorophene is very widely used as an antibacterial agent, and is an ingredient of toilet soaps, of skin lotions for babies, and of cleaning powders used for wash-

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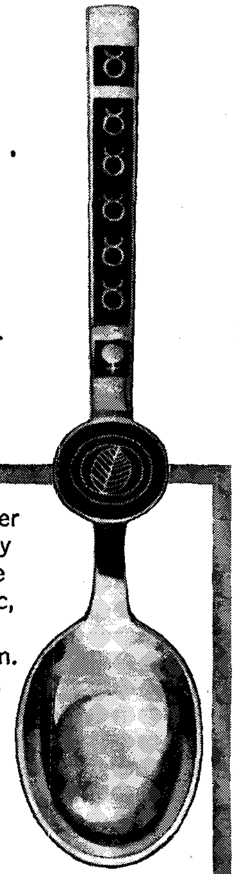

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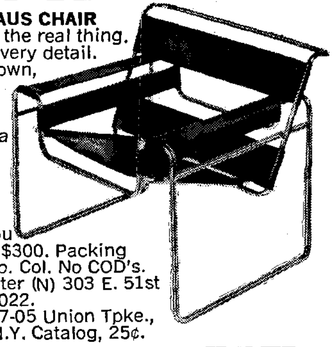

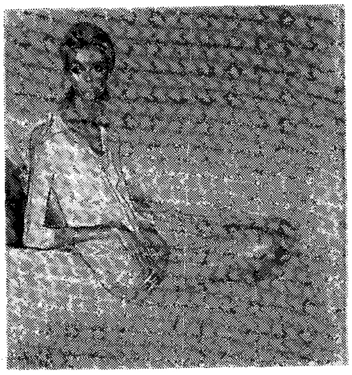

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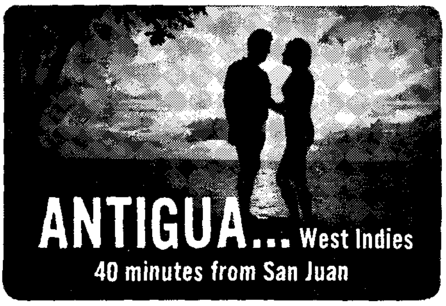
ing diapers and infants' laundry. It is used in deodorant creams and sprays, and it is a principal active ingredient of pHisoHex, a sudsing antibacterial agent for the skin that is universally used in hospitals and widely used in homes. (In hospitals, it is used in scrubbing up before surgery.)

A relatively small number of people appear to be sensitive to such hexachlorophene preparations when they are applied to the skin, but the undoubted benefits of the preparations are generally considered to far outweigh this known disadvantage. Manufacturers of soap claim that hexachlorophene does not readily penetrate the natural barrier of the human skin. However, it may be another matter when hexachlorophene preparations are used where the natural skin barrier has been broken down. In 1965, at the Shriners' Burns Institute, a hospital in Galveston, affiliated with the University of Texas, that is devoted to the treatment of severe burns, nine children had their wounds cleansed with a three-per-cent solution of hexachlorophene in detergent in preparation for skin grafts. Six of the children soon developed generalized convulsions. To determine the cause of the convulsions, a study was subsequently made in which hexachlorophene was sprinkled into skin incisions in rats. All the rats died.

More recently, Dr. Verrett has made studies of the effects of hexachlorophene on chick embryos, and her observations concerning one of her experiments have led her to conclude that hexachlorophene is so toxic that when it is injected into the embryos in a concentration of half a milligram per kilogram of egg it kills sixty per cent of the embryos. In another study, in which hexachlorophene was injected into the eggs at this same concentration, Dr. Verrett found signs of teratogenicity—including a significant incidence of cleft palate, eye and beak defects, and an incidence of leg deformations and edemas, or body-fluid swellings—similar to the teratogenic effects she had found in comparable chick-embryo studies of 2,4,5-T, of the dioxin contaminant, and of 2,4,5-trichlorophenol.

Hexachlorophene has been manufactured for commercial purposes for about thirty years, and last year between two and three million pounds was produced in this country; much larger quantities are expected to be available in 1970, again because of the suspension of the use of 2,4,5-T in Vietnam. The Food and Drug Administration places no re-



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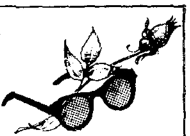

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strictions on the use of hexachlorophene in such consumer products as toilet soap and deodorants. Yet, as far as I can determine, not one single series of formal tests has ever been completed either by any corporation or by any government agency to determine whether this chemical is teratogenic, whether it causes mutations, or whether it produces cancer in experimental animals. Regardless of this lack of data, the Department of Agriculture permits the use of hexachlorophene in certain pesticides used on farm produce. It is sprayed on certain fruits and vegetables to cut down bacterial action that might encourage spoilage. Its use is permitted in quite high concentrations in water drunk by livestock, as a means of preventing liver flukes in cattle. If it is effective against liver flukes in cattle, it presumably penetrates to the liver, and since beef and calf's liver winds up on the dinner table, one wonders about other ways in which hexachlorophene might possibly be ingested by humans. One route might be through drinking water. With the huge amounts of hexachlorophene used in soaps and such consumer products, regardless of whether, as soap manufacturers claim, very little of the hexachlorophene is absorbed into the human body through the skin, the hexachlorophene that remains outside the skin is for the most part drained away in waste water. Since much waste water in this country is reused, after treatment, as drinking water, it seems reasonable to question whether traces of hexachlorophene are ingested by human beings in this way.

BOTH the ubiquity of polychlorinated phenolic compounds in the environment and their apparent ability to accumulate in the systems of living creatures are suggested by the contamination caused by a group of polychlorinated phenolic compounds known as polychlorinated biphenyls, or, more commonly, PCBs. These materials, which are known to be highly toxic, and are potential sources of dioxins in themselves, are used for a wide variety of purposes. They are used in rubber products and insulating materials, in paper coatings, in brake linings, in asphalt tiles and other asphalt compounds, in paints and varnishes, in inks for high-speed presses, in waxes, and also in pesticides. In this country, PCBs are manufactured by the Monsanto Chemical Company under the trade name Aroclors. According to a recent article by Dr. Robert Risebrough, of the Institute of Marine Resources of the University of California at Berkeley, in the maga-

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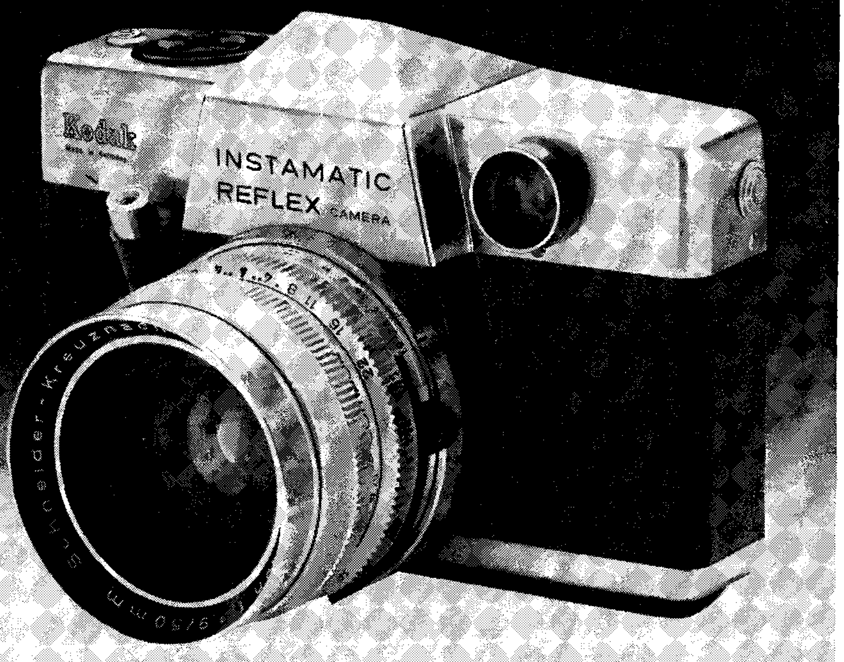

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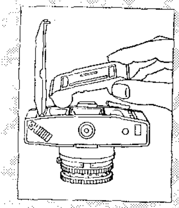

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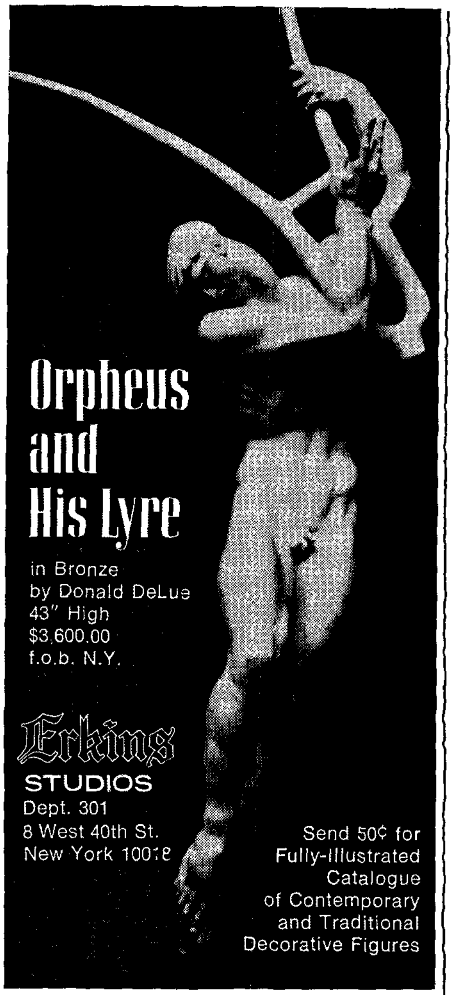
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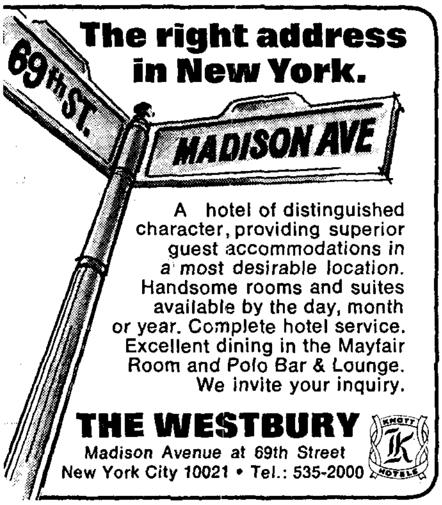
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zine *Environment*, PCBs have been found in North American peregrine falcons in amounts as great as 1,980 parts per million parts of body fat, and, in Sweden, in the fat of the white-tailed eagle in the amount of 17,000 parts per million. Traces of PCBs have been discovered in fish in Lake Michigan, and it may therefore be assumed that PCBs have found their way into the human food chain. In tests of samples of mothers' milk from Los Angeles and Berkeley that were analyzed late in 1968 by Dr. James Enderson, of Colorado College, every sample tested contained traces of PCBs.

Of the polychlorinated phenolic herbicides used in the United States, the most widely used is 2,4-dichlorophenoxyacetic acid, or 2,4-D. In 1968, approximately fifty-seven million pounds of 2,4-D was used in this country, in compounds that ranged from agricultural sprays to lawn foods and preparations for removing dandelions. As far as the Department of Agriculture is concerned, 2,4-D may be sprayed on virtually any crop or area—with minor restrictions as to intervals before harvesting, and so on. Last year, probably fifty-seven million acres of agricultural land was sprayed with it, and probably more than a million pounds of it was used on turf alone. Over the past ten years, close to half a billion pounds of 2,4-D has been laid down on vegetation in this country, and today every garden store is full of compounds containing it; about a hundred and seventy-five companies produce 2,4-D preparations, and the chemical appears in somewhere between five hundred and eight hundred products currently in use. In spite of the Department of Agriculture's almost completely permissive attitude toward the use of 2,4-D, this herbicide has never been proved to be non-hazardous to public health. Last year, 2,4-D was characterized in a report by the Bionetics Research Laboratories, in Bethesda, Maryland—the original discoverer of the teratogenic qualities of 2,4,5-T—as "potentially dangerous" and "needing further study." Recently, a screening study conducted by Dr. Verrett on the effects of purified 2,4-D on chick embryos showed the 2,4-D to have teratogenic effects. And preliminary observations in a study, also made within the F.D.A., of the effects of commercially produced 2,4-D given orally at high dosage levels to pregnant hamsters are said to show an incidence of birth abnormalities, including skeletal abnormalities, higher than that in studies of the effects of purified 2,4,5-T given to pregnant

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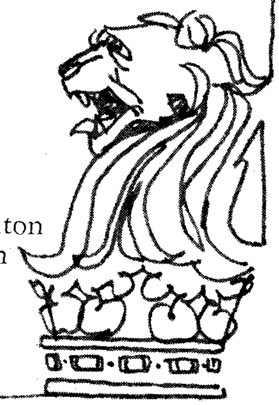

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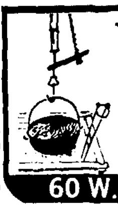
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hamsters at comparable dosage levels. But the Department of Agriculture has made no move either to warn the public of these ominous findings or to restrict 2,4-D's registered uses.

The potential hazards of 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D were further underlined this spring by a report concerning the fate of a herd of six hundred reindeer on government rangeland near Luleå, in northern Sweden, which had been sprayed last July with a mixture of one part 2,4,5-T and two parts 2,4-D at the rate of a little less than two pounds per acre. A few weeks after the animals had eaten large amounts of sprayed foliage, a hundred of them died and another hundred and fifty disappeared—the presumption being that many of the missing ones also succumbed. Among the surviving animals, forty females had miscarriages. Analysis of the reindeer carcasses by the National Swedish Veterinary Institute showed significant residues of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T in their kidneys and livers. In view of this report, the almost complete lack of restrictions by our Department of Agriculture on the use of 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D on rangeland and pastureland seems particularly disturbing.

The acute effects on human beings of high dosages of PCBs are evident from a series of outbreaks of poisoning, traced to cooking oil extracted from rice hulls, that occurred two years ago in western Japan, in which at least ten thousand people were affected. The outbreaks involved both an abnormal incidence of miscarriages and stillbirths among women in the affected population and abnormally dark skin pigmentation in infants. The victims of the poisoning showed the classic symptoms of chloracne, and in several very serious cases they also showed symptoms of jaundice and other liver damage. Polychlorinated phenolic compounds are known to be used in Japan as herbicides on paddy fields, and the causative agent of the poisoning was identified as a PCB. Yet our Department of Agriculture permits the use of PCBs as additives in between thirty and forty registered pesticide products and has taken no action to protect the public against the dangers of these additives.

It seems to me clear from all this that the whole family of polychlorinated phenolic compounds is one that, scientifically speaking, consistently produces very bad news. In spite of this, the federal agencies charged with regulating the use of such substances to protect public health have taken virtually no effective steps either to investigate the

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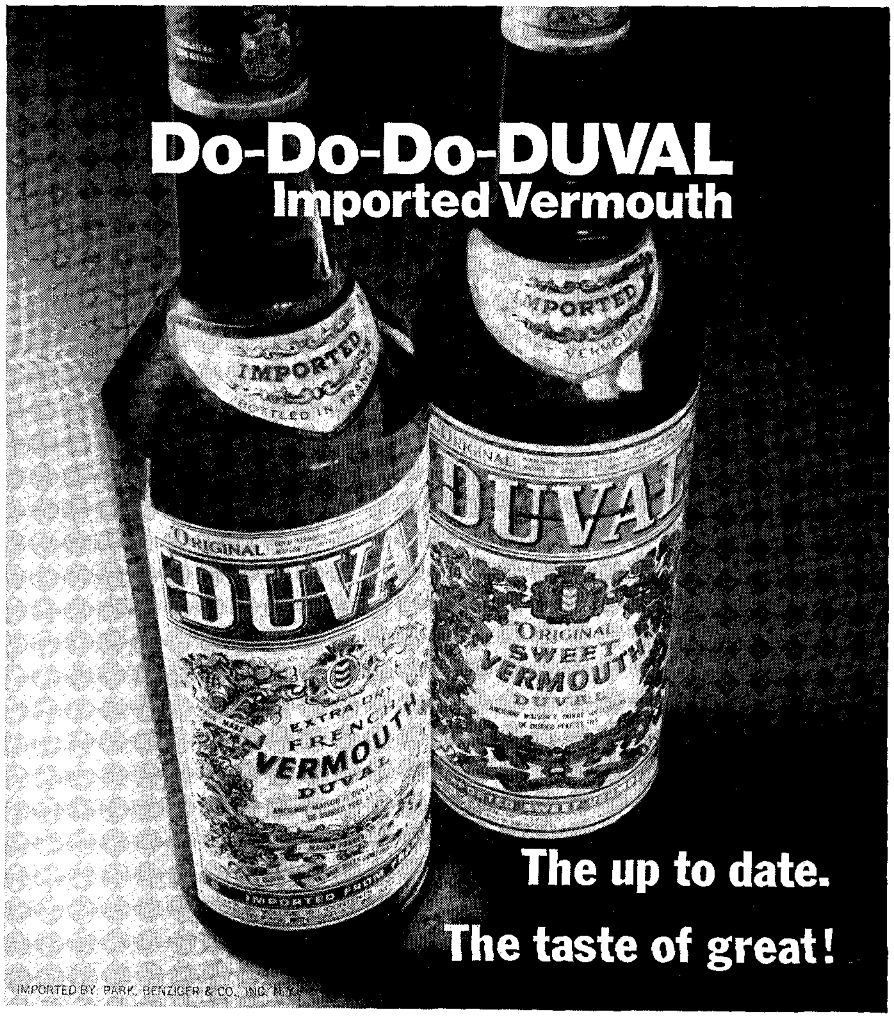

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harmful potential of these compounds or to protect the public from such possible harm. The Department of Agriculture, which has jurisdiction over the pesticidal and other non-drug uses of all sterilizing, disinfecting, germicidal, and antibacterial chemicals sold in this country—and most of the polychlorinated phenols are in one or more of these categories—has not, during all the years in which it has permitted the use of these substances, completed one laboratory study of dioxin contamination or of dioxin generation by any polychlorinated phenol. After almost a quarter of a century during which the Department has authorized the virtually unrestricted use of a herbicidal agent as powerful as 2,4,5-T, and in the face of well-established facts about the alarming teratogenicity both of 2,4,5-T and of its dioxin contaminant, none of the scientists employed by the Department have completed a single working experiment on the prevalence and generation of dioxins. Although they have gone so far as to draw up a list of seventeen polychlorinated phenolic compounds that they believe should be studied, they do not know, at the time this is written, even how many formulations of these compounds are on the market, what quantities of them are being sold, and what uses they are being put to. I became aware of this when, before writing this letter, I called the Pesticides Regulation Division of the Department of Agriculture and asked for a list of registered products containing polychlorinated phenolic compounds. According to the assistant director of the Pesticides Regulation Division, the Department has no such list and no list of formulators in whose names the products have been registered, nor has it a list of the uses to which the compounds in interstate commerce are being put. No one had ever before asked for such a list, he said, and the only way the Department could compile one for me would be by making a manual search through files containing some fifty thousand pesticidal-product registrations—which would, of course, be very expensive and complicated.

Clearly, in the polychlorinated phenolic compounds, we are confronted with substances in our environment that, even though we may be exposed to any of them in almost undetectable quantities, cumulatively and collectively pose frightening potential hazards to public health and involve the serious question of possible effects on the unborn. Considering the striking contrast between the urgency of the problems

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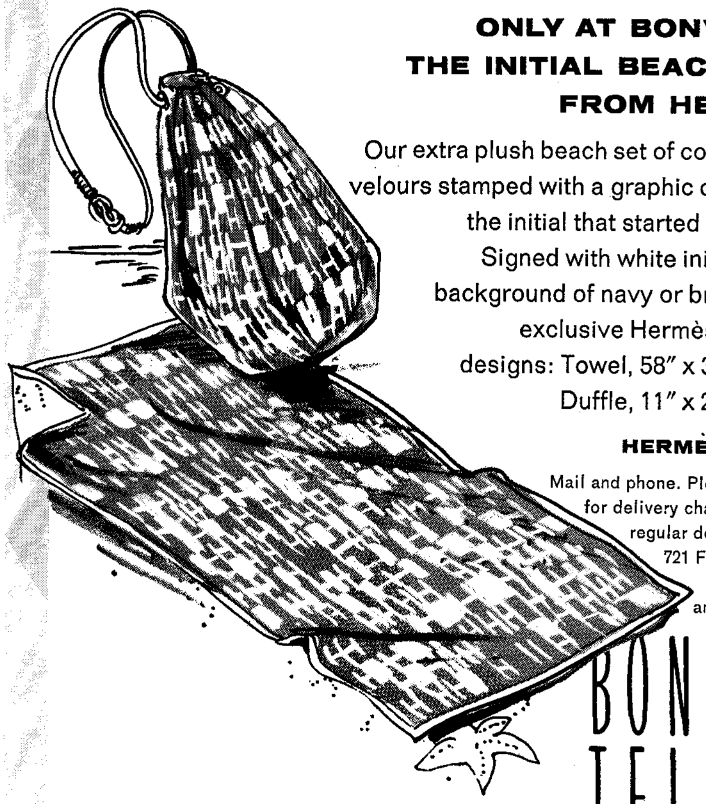
and the apparent inability of federal regulatory agencies to take prompt action to protect the public against these hazards, it seems to me that a drastic change in methods is essential. The existing pattern of inertia is attributable to a complex set of circumstances that includes inadequate statutory authority to deal with potentially hazardous products on the necessary environmental scale—all the way from their creation in factories, through their movement in interstate commerce, to their use and their eventual disposal or decomposition. A second factor is the very inadequate funding by Congress of the regulatory agencies. The Food and Drug Administration, for example, is supposed properly to regulate various activities of businesses that gross some three hundred *billion* dollars a year on an annual departmental budget of sixty million dollars, while the Department of Agriculture, as I have pointed out, has those thirty-two retail-store inspectors to cover the whole country. These conditions account, in part, for the passive attitude that agencies often take toward the industries they are supposed to regulate. Once a product has been registered as acceptable for use in interstate commerce, it tends to acquire such status that if subsequent questions arise about its safety, the burden of proof concerning this is really placed upon the federal regulatory agency rather than on the producer of the product. Since the agency too often does not have adequate facilities, money, or manpower to offer such proof, general foot-dragging or tired surrender to industry pressure by the agency people is naturally encouraged. It seems to me grossly improper that doubts raised about the safety of complex chemical substances put out by large companies for extensive public use should be so often resolved by federal regulatory agencies in favor of the welfare of these companies rather than of the welfare of the public. It does appear to me that in the case of the present uses of 2,4,5-T, 2,4-D, and other polychlorinated phenolic herbicide or pesticide compounds, such doubts can best be resolved by simply imposing a full suspension of all uses of these chemicals until it has been shown, as clearly as science can demonstrate through the necessary chemical, biological, and environmental testing, that the employment of these substances or their contaminants or breakdown products will not be hazardous to public health.

Sincerely,
THOMAS WHITESIDE



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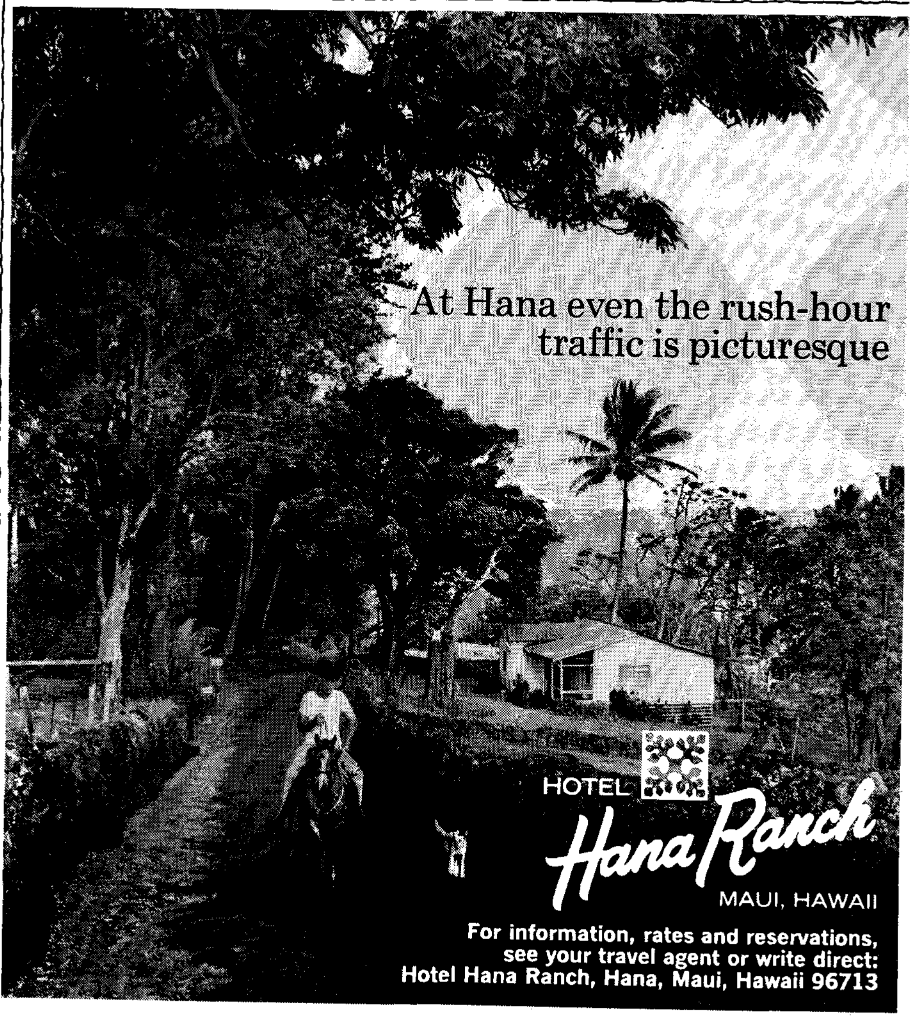

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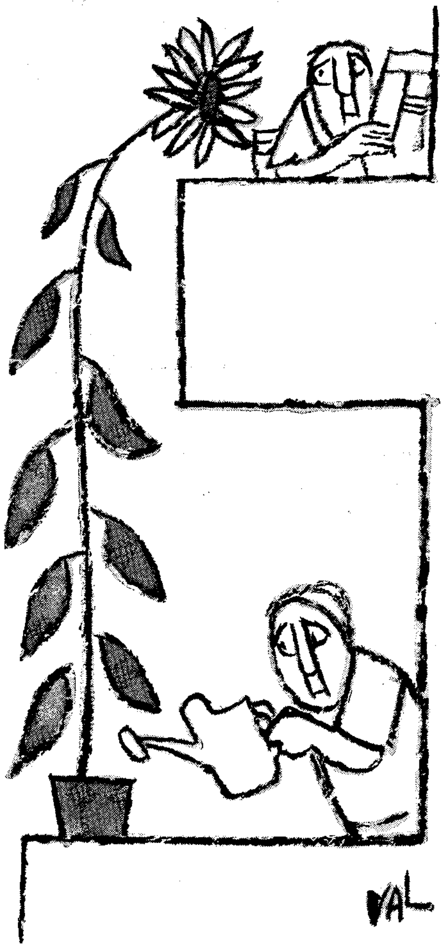
FOR various administrative and legislative purposes, New York City is divided, redivided, and subdivided into Planning Districts, Health Districts, School Districts, Sanitation Districts, Judicial Districts, Election Districts, Congressional Districts, Councilmanic Districts, State Senatorial Districts, and State Assembly Districts—not to mention several kinds of divisions that are not called districts. But when a politician says "my district" or "the district," he is most likely to mean the Assembly District—the A.D.

One day in March, during a visit to City Hall, I ran into Mrs. Sandy Reichman, who was the campaign coordinator for Brooklyn City Councilman Theodore Silverman when I first met her, last year. Having contributed to Mr. Silverman's success in a primary and a general election, Mrs. Reichman had decided to see what she could do for herself. "Have you heard?" she asked me, with familiar exuberance. "I'm going to be a candidate. I'm running for co-leader in my district." She hurried off before I could ask any questions.

A New York State Assembly District is a piece of political territory designed to produce one state assemblyman every two years. There are a hundred and fifty A.D.s in the state—sixty-eight of them in New York City, twenty-three of which are in Kings County, also known as Brooklyn. Hardly any citizen in the street knows either the number or the boundaries of the A.D. he lives in, but district numbers and boundary lines are of great interest to professional party politicians, for whom the A.D.s are a source not only of assemblymen but also of party officials—members of the party state and county committees.

To speak of party politics in New York City is to speak of Democratic Party politics, and in the primary next Tuesday registered Democrats in most of the city's A.D.s not only will have the opportunity to choose among candidates for governor, lieutenant governor, attorney general, United States senator, congressman, state senator, and assemblyman but they will also be able to influence the structure and policy of the state Democratic Party to some extent by voting for district leader and co-leader, more formally known as Member of State Committee (Male) and Member of State Committee (Female). For several years now, party positions have been allotted more or less evenly between the sexes.

As members of the State Committee, the district leader and co-leader participate in nominating candidates for statewide office (as at the recent Committee convention at Grossinger's), in composing a party platform, and in raising money. Locally, the leaders are supposed to inform their assemblyman, who spends the winter in Albany, about what the community needs and how it feels in regard to particular issues. Because of this relationship, candidates for assemblyman and for the district leadership generally campaign as a team. The assemblyman, who, if he wins the primary, must run against the nominees of other parties in the general election in November, receives a salary of fifteen thousand dollars, plus expenses. The district leadership, which, being a party position, is won in the primary, is an unpaid job, and those who win it may either continue to earn a living as they did in the past or be given one of the remunerative political jobs that the party has at its disposal. The definitions of district leadership in state election law and in party rules do not specify all the possible activities and prerogatives of the position, which depend on the relationship between the leader and the party organization.



Two days after my encounter with Mrs. Reichman, I received a homely invitation in the mail. "You are cordially invited," it said, to:

Meet *Alan Lebowitz*
Max Bloom
Sandy Reichman
A Cocktail Party
Date—Wednesday
March 18, 1970
Time—8 P.M.
Place—New Era Club
1618A Ralph Av.
corner Farragut

ON the evening of March 18th, in a mushy snowfall, I rode the No. 3 I.R.T. train to the Flatbush Avenue station and walked over to Glenwood Road to wait for the Avenue J bus. I took cover with some other travellers in the entrance to the Glenwood Rest. Although there was still room under the awning, I noticed a small old man who was holding a paper bag and standing out in the snow just around the corner. I asked him if he wouldn't prefer a dry spot. "It rains every day in France," he said. He elaborated on his remark with an account of climatic conditions in Ethiopia and then complained about the reluctance of storekeepers to provide a double paper bag for such weather as he was enduring. When the bus pulled in at the stop, I rode to Ralph Avenue, and I arrived late at the club, a storefront.

The windows were filled with large, verbose posters, hand-lettered in red and black. One of them said:

NOTICE

Our purpose in forming the New Era Club was to provide a voice for residents of Canarsie, Mill Basin and East Flatbush that would carry to City Hall and Albany.

In a short period of time over 200 people have joined with us and we anticipate a membership of over 1,000 for 1970.

It has become very obvious in recent weeks that some political groups have viewed our existance [*sic*] with alarm. They have tried to remove us from the scene, but their efforts have only given us strength. Our message to the organization hacks that have allied against us is short—

"Our New Era Club Members Will Not Be Intimidated or Scared Off. We Will Go Forward to Success."

The New Era Club, I learned later, was founded last July by Max Bloom. The regular Democratic club in the district, the Fortieth A.D., is the John F. Kennedy Club, and its candidates

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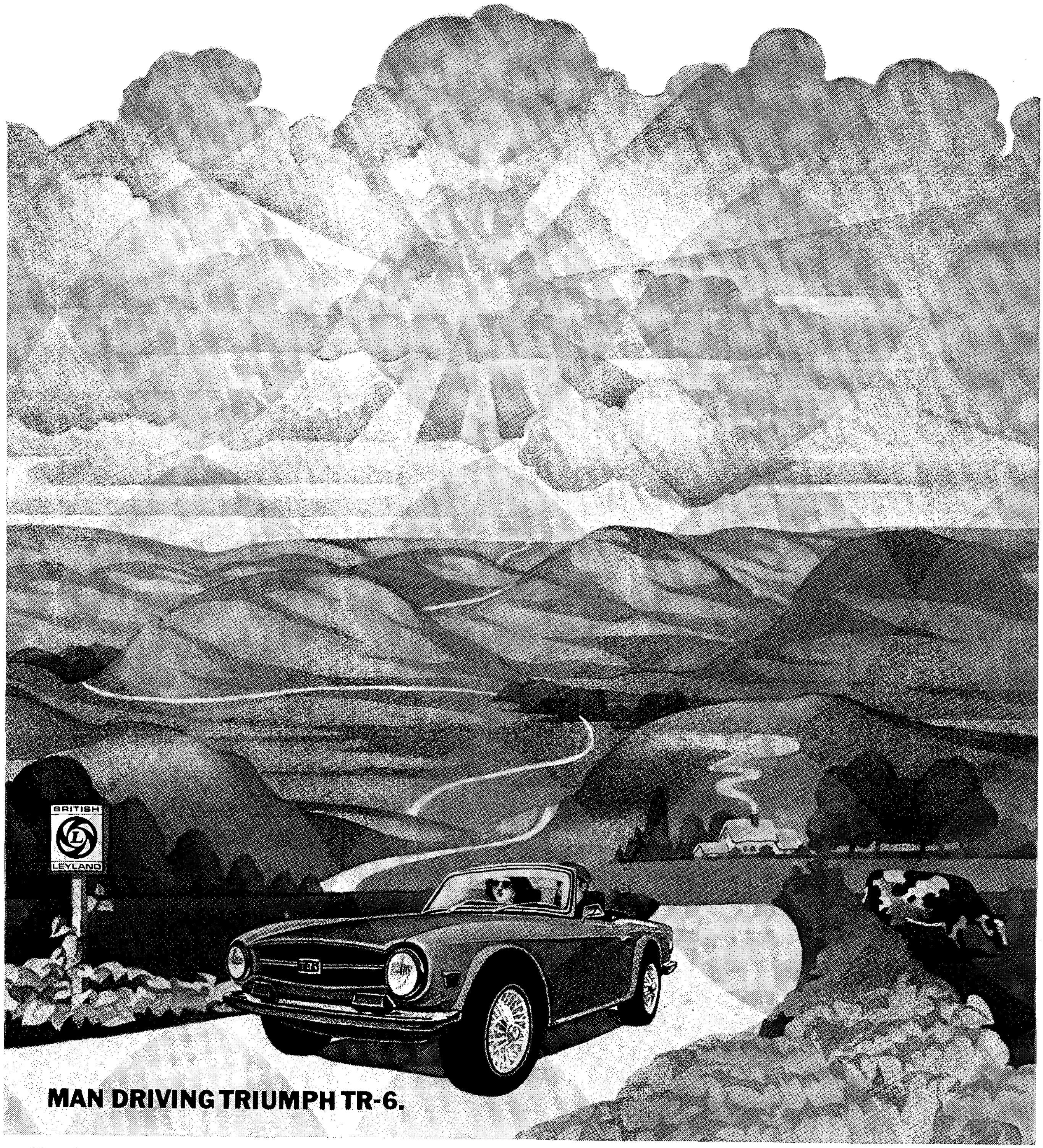

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Racing-type rack and pinion steering. Four-wheel independent springing. Competition-proven engines. Front disc brakes. Four-forward-speed gearboxes.

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But a Triumph is a lot more than just hardware. It's what amounts to a whole philosophy:

You control the machine.

The machine doesn't control you.

You realize, of course, we can help you pick up a Triumph overseas. And maybe save you some money in the bargain.

in the primary are Alfred A. Lama, who has been in the Assembly for twenty-eight years, and Mike Wollin and Beadie Markowitz, the incumbent leader and co-leader. Mrs. Markowitz, a woman in her sixties, is universally regarded as the powerful one of the three—a fact that disturbs some of the men in the opposition, for although the leader and the co-leader of a district are officially equal, the co-leader, being a woman, is usually subordinate in practice.

"It's a party rule that the co-leader is a woman," a male campaign worker told me. "Generally, the woman is just dragged along. They have to do it that way, or women wouldn't get in at all."

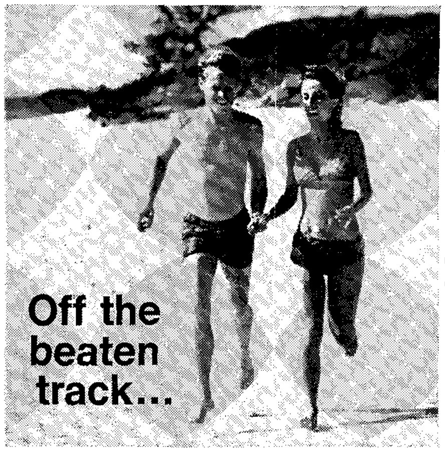
Inside the New Era Club, the air was heavy with heat and smoke. Chairs lined the edges of the room, and they were all occupied, by friends and relatives of the prospective candidates and by a couple of nomadic political advisers who were there to look the team over. I joined a group standing just inside the doorway and dripping with melted snow. A master of ceremonies was introducing, in a defiant tone of voice and with violent facial expressions, Alan Lebowitz, candidate for the Assembly. The room was decorated with red, white, and blue crêpe paper.

Mr. Lebowitz referred to Mr. Lama as "Assemblyman Who?," to suggest that the incumbent was remote from the community—a device borrowed from the Silverman campaign, in which a regular Democratic incumbent referred to as "Councilman Who?" had been defeated. Mr. Lebowitz said he was willing to declare himself on the issues—in favor of abortion reform, for example, and opposed to full community control of schools. He identified himself as an "insurgent" rather than a "reformer."

Contrary to the clues provided by most dictionaries, the terms "independent," "insurgent," and "reformer" are not interchangeable. In Brooklyn, at least, "independent" is most often used in the titles of clubs that, for one reason or another, oppose the regular clubs. "Insurgent" is used of candidates, also to connote opposition to the regular party organization but without necessarily entailing any ideological differences. "Reformer" connotes a liberal outlook; e.g., opposition to the Vietnam war, sympathy for the downtrodden of all races, antagonism toward symbolic enemies like Stanley Steingut and Meade Esposito, the former and present county leaders of Brooklyn—"the bosses."

The distinctions are important to

ELEUTHERA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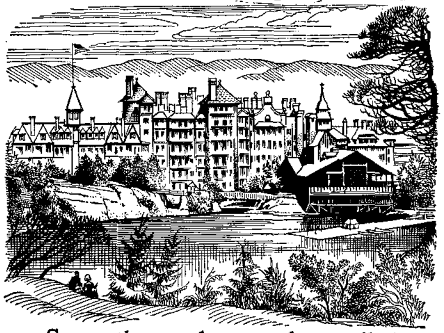

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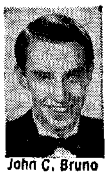

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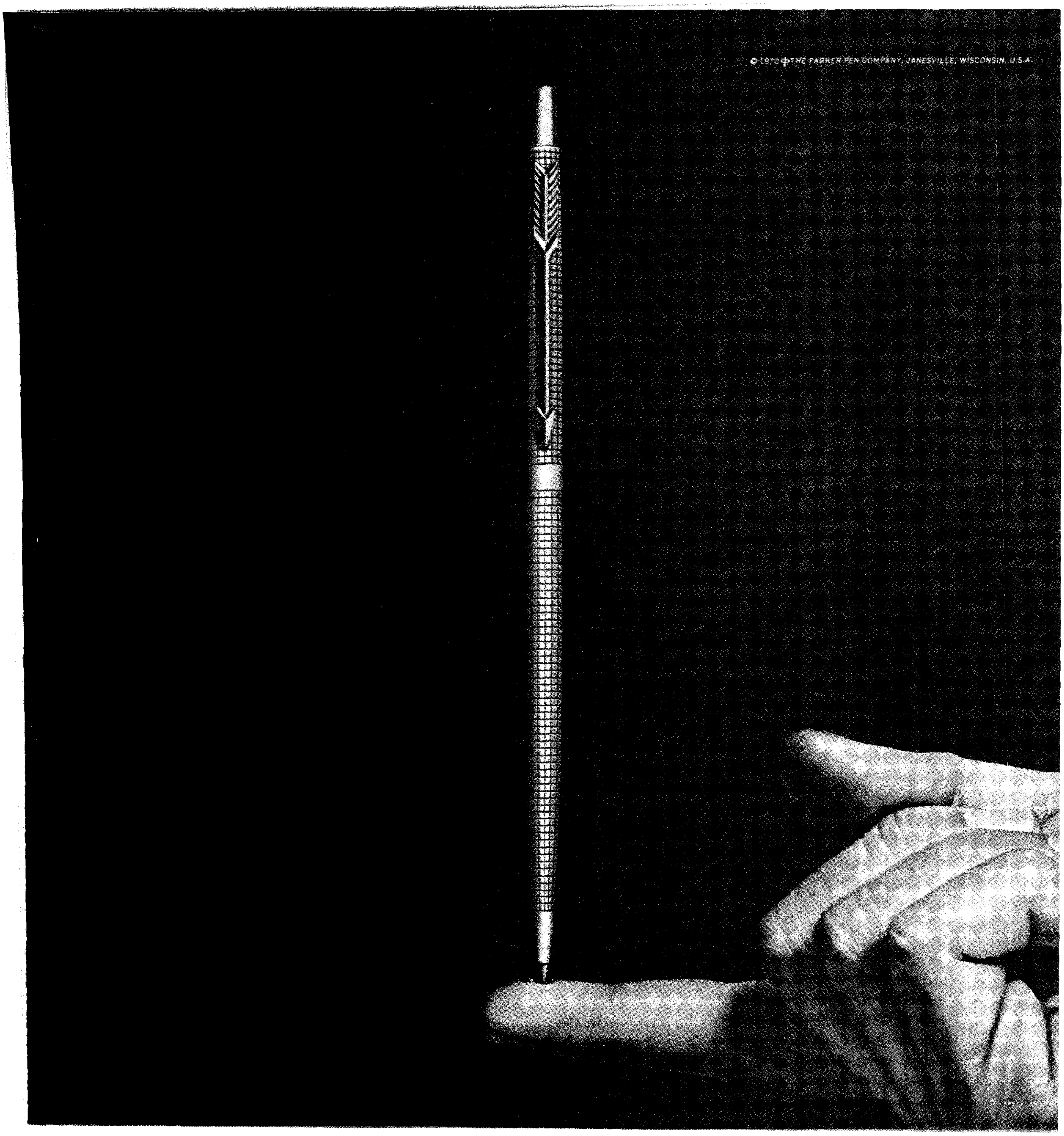
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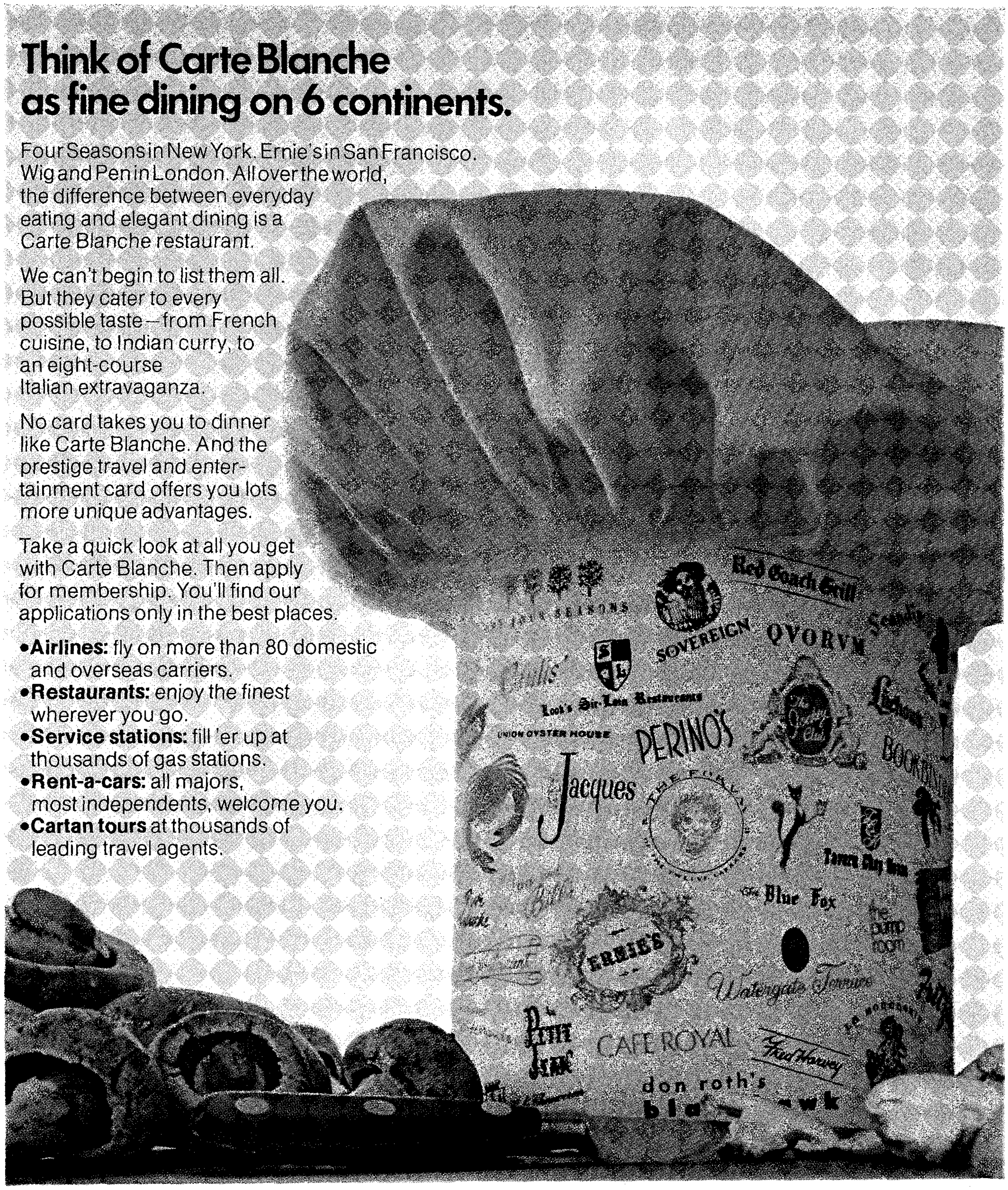
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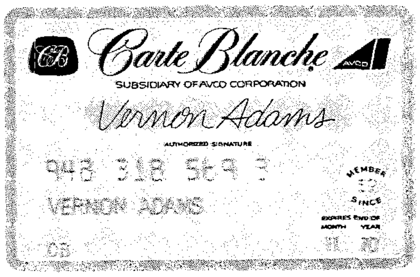
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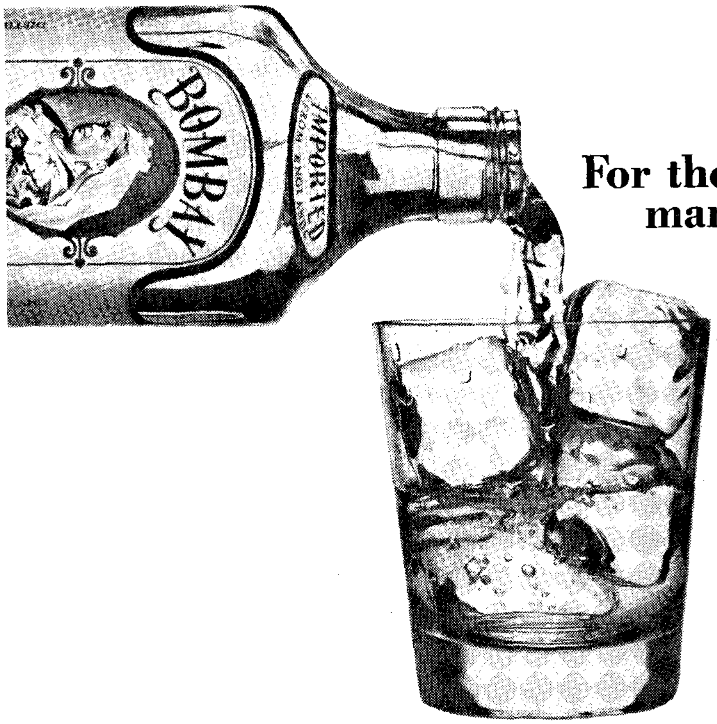
Mr. Lebowitz, a former associate of Mr. Steingut's and a recent convert to insurgency. "I am an insurgent, and not a reformer, in that I am not against the Democratic Party or the entire Democratic organization in Brooklyn," he told me. "I believe that Meade Esposito is one of the best county leaders we have. I am not considered a reformer, because I am not against *everything*, as they have seemed to be. I am, and I will continue to be, a Democrat. I am running against the organization because I believe that legislators, district leaders, and captains should be responsive to the community, and our present leadership has not been responsive. They come around only for an election. I am around three hundred and sixty-five days a year. But I see nothing wrong with the word 'organization;' I see nothing wrong with the term 'politics.' "

I asked Mrs. Reichman how she would feel if someone called her a reformer. "I would be complimented," she said. "But there are some insurgents who would be offended. It does not offend me. It makes me very proud; it's a great distinction. Reform, I think, is associated with the Manhattan reform group, with the complete breaking up of a machine. Not to say that there aren't insurgents who are for reform. And yet, only because of the word, they become scared just by the name 'reformer.' In some isolated cases, there are insurgents running for only one reason—the reason being that they were not able to get what they wanted in the incumbent club. So they go out on their own, and then when they get elected they refer back immediately to the regular structure. This is not my philosophy."

"To me," Mr. Bloom said, " 'politics' has always been a dirty word."

I detected echoes of the Silverman campaign in the announcement speeches of Mr. Bloom and Mrs. Reichman as well as in Mr. Lebowitz's. Councilman Silverman had worked as a truck driver for the *News* before he was elected, and Mr. Bloom identified himself as a truck driver for a bakery—working nights, sleeping in the daytime, and spending his evenings at the club. "The only time my wife sees me is on Saturday night," he told the audience. Mrs. Reichman used the phrase "*people* people," which she had coined to express the homespun, proletarian spirit of the Silverman campaign. She illustrated the perseverance of that spirit into the current election year with an anecdote. Her daughter, she said, had asked her, "What is the govern-



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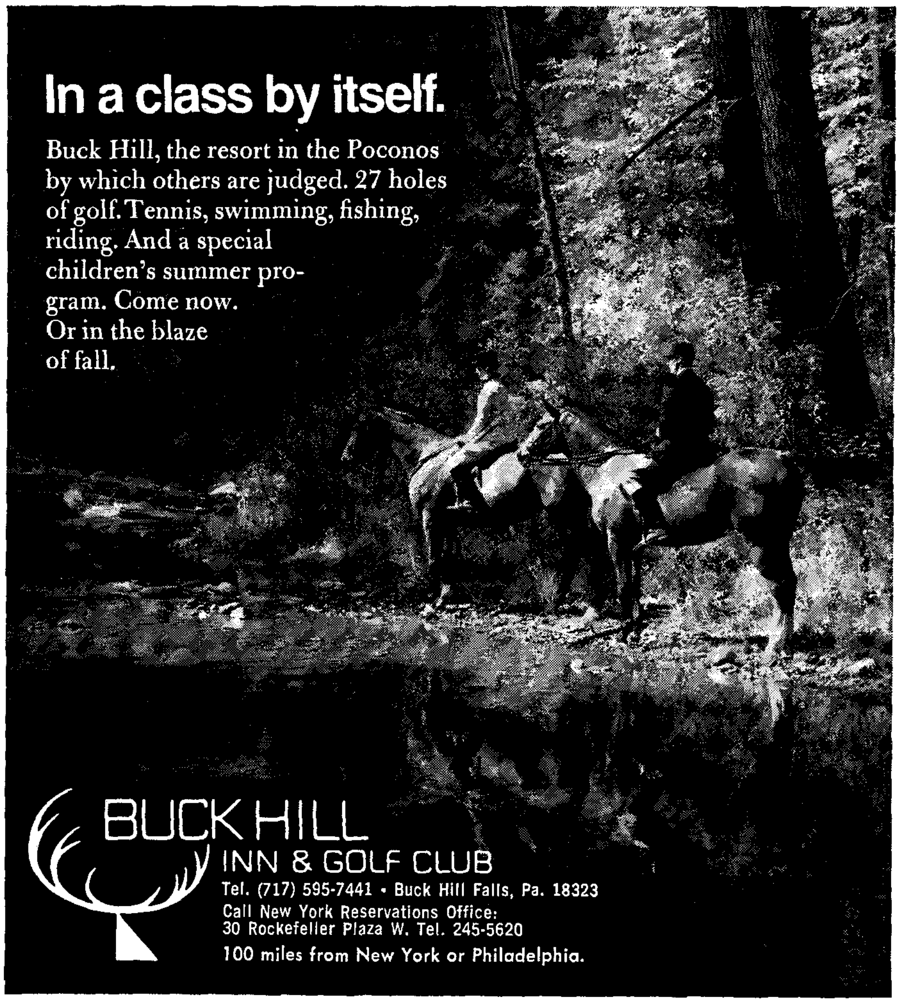

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ment? Who is the government?" And she had replied, "Valerie, you are the government. The people are the government. People people."

A COUPLE of weeks later, I met one of the nomadic advisers who had been in the crowd at the New Era Club. "How are things going in the Fortieth?" I asked him.

"The ticket with Bloom was replaced by Maisel-Reichman-Lebowitz," he reported. "Meanwhile, Kramer—Herb Kramer, same district—had a ticket of Kramer-Robbins and no co-leader. Then Goldner came into the race to replace Maisel. Sid Goldner," he said, in an attempt to make himself clear. "Goldner was a candidate for two days while Maisel was in Florida. Then Goldner decided not to run and Maisel decided to run again. But Maisel was originally Kramer's campaign manager, and he was having guilt feelings about turning against Kramer." The adviser stopped for breath.

"Now it gets better," he continued. "Bloom and Lebowitz couldn't get along, and Maisel agreed to run with Lebowitz on a three-week trial basis, but during that three-week trial basis he decided again that he could not leave Kramer. So a meeting was set up between Kramer and Lebowitz, with myself and Maisel acting as mediators. Both men wanted to run for Assembly. Kramer's main attribute was that he was an Orthodox Jew. Now, Kramer insisted that he was the most qualified to run for Assembly, and he wanted to take the whole affair for mediation to the Lubavitcher rabbi—every politician in Brooklyn goes to him for advice. After much consideration, we decided to go to a more neutral mediator—Mayor Lindsay's man in Brooklyn, Norm Levy. Not Norm Levy from the Brooklyn Council of Independent Democrats; the other one. However, after a back-room conference between myself and Maisel, Maisel came out and said that Lebowitz should run for Assembly and Kramer should run for leader. Lebowitz was Steingut's associate counsel in Albany, and that meant he had experience. Kramer went along finally. It was then decided that no one would tell anybody about them getting together. For example, Robbins was still running for leader, but he was in Guatemala. The other point is that Kramer felt he didn't want the regular club to put another Jew in the race to win votes away from Lebowitz for Lama, who was the only non-Jew

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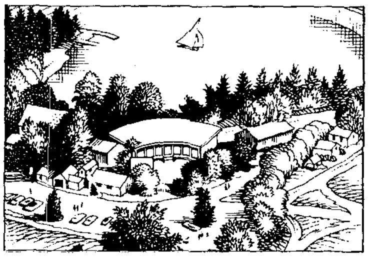

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running for Assembly. So here's how it stands today: Kramer and Lebowitz are both running for the same position. However, Kramer has not formally announced, because he's under the Hatch Act—no political activity for government employees. He's an Assistant U.S. Attorney. He's going to quit his job in two weeks. Right now, the one ticket is still Robbins and Kramer, but Robbins is going to withdraw, we *hope*, and the other ticket is Lebowitz and Maisel, and Maisel is going to withdraw, we *think*. In three weeks, all the petitions have to be in and the declination period will be over—nobody can withdraw after May 13th. At the moment, there are four different sets of petitions out: Kramer-Lebowitz-Reichman, Kramer-Maisel-Reichman, Lebowitz-Reichman-Maisel, Goldner-Reichman-Lebowitz." He thought it over for a minute. "I think I left somebody out," he said.

BY the middle of May, there were three Assembly candidates in the race (Lama, Lebowitz, and Roy C. Rattray, a black man), three candidates for district leader (Wollin, Kramer, and Myron Lemberger), and three women running for co-leader (Markowitz, Reichman, and Rafaela Carrillo).

On the afternoon of May 13th, I joined Mrs. Reichman and Mrs. Beverly Wald, another veteran of the Silverman campaign, for a vote-canvassing expedition. Mrs. Reichman was driving a battered Ford equipped with a borrowed microphone and loudspeakers. I climbed into the back seat, which was heaped with posters, leaflets, and shopping bags. "Who's running?" I asked, just to make sure. "Lebowitz, Kramer, and Reichman," Mrs. Wald replied without hesitation. "Herb Kramer just quit his job, and Max Bloom is back with the Kennedy Club. He's got his job back as captain."

Our first stop was the Mydenal Hair Stylists ("Where Glamour Reigns"), on Glenwood Road. Mrs. Reichman had made an appointment for a "recomb"—a dollar-fifty, according to a sign on the mirror. While she waited her turn, she tried to stimulate a discussion with the proprietor, Irving, a gray-haired, middle-aged man, and Steve, one of the stylists, a younger man with a thick dark beard. Irving was leery. "Let's not get involved, Steve," he said. "We've got enough problems."

Mrs. Wald, who had been sitting silently near the door, wearing an expression of suspicion, teased Mrs. Reichman by praising her rival. "Politically, Beadie Markowitz may not be *so nice*, but as a person she's nice to be with," she said. "She really is a nice lady."

Mrs. Reichman, who now was sitting in Steve's chair, with her short blond hair standing on end prior to being resettled, was indignant, and exclaimed, "You can't separate the two!"

Steve tried to be neutral. "People are people, Sandy," he said.

Mrs. Wald, still teasing, offered an analogy. "Let's talk about the Mafia," she said. "They're cold, hardened criminals, but socially they're the nicest people in the world."

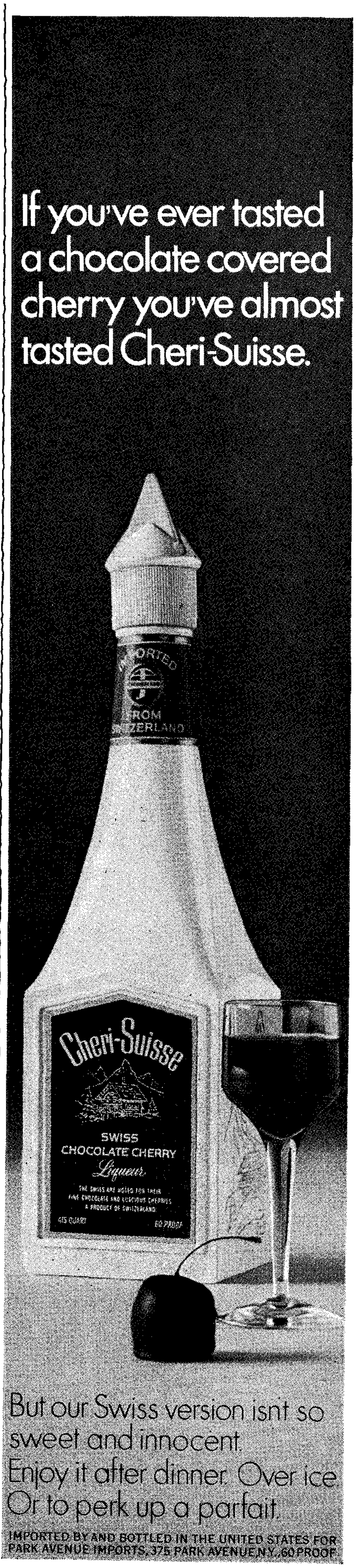
"God bless you," Steve said to Mrs. Reichman as she was leaving.

"Thank you very much," Mrs. Reichman said.

When the car got moving again, Mrs. Wald seized the microphone. "Vote for the new Democratic team," she said into it. "Your new Democratic team of Lebowitz, Kramer, and Reichman. . . . Campaign for your community. . . . Vote for a young, vibrant, dynamic team." She addressed a group of women outside a large apartment building. "Coming out to vote June 23rd, girls?" she asked. As we turned into East Fifty-sixth Street, she spied a member of the team standing at the curb. "Hello, Herb Kramer!" she cried. "Vote for Herb Kramer, folks!"

The Fortieth A.D. lies just east of the middle of Brooklyn and encompasses parts of the Flatlands, Crown Heights, Canarsie, Brownsville, and East Flatbush. The official population of an A.D., based on the 1960 census, is about a hundred and twenty-three thousand. In the Fortieth A.D., there are about twenty-five thousand registered Democrats. Fewer than eight thousand are expected to vote in the Democratic primary this year. About thirty per cent of the district is black; about half the people own their homes and half are renters. Brownsville is mostly black, and East Flatbush is known as "a transitional area," meaning that black families are moving into the area and white families are moving out.

Most of the voters in the district are white, and there is a diversity of opinion among candidates and campaign workers about the importance of racial fear and hostility as an issue and about possible ways of dealing with the racial overtones of issues like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blockbusting and disorderly schools without throwing away the election. Mrs. Reichman speaks of "establishing a dialogue" among parents in schools where there have been fights between black and white students, and she sees the district leaders as mediators between factions in the district. But she is pessimistic about the chances of bringing people together—"Every part of my A.D. considers itself a separate entity," she told me—and she is easily distressed by the nastiness that such issues carry with them. "I am getting the tough hide that I really need if I'm going to stay in politics," she said one day. "I think I am. I'm trying to get it."

East Fifty-sixth Street near Foster Avenue is a border area; one side of the street is in the Fortieth A.D. and the other is in the Forty-first. It is an idyllic, suburban kind of street, lined with small trees and three-story brick row houses, beside which cement driveways alternate with plots of grass, tulips, and azaleas. In midafternoon, most of the people in sight are white women and children. At the end of the block, there is a huge automobile junkyard.

Mr. Kramer, who, although it was a hot day, was dressed in a dark suit and a gray felt hat with a red feather in the band, led the way to 751 East Fifty-sixth Street, the first house to be canvassed, carrying Board of Elections canvass sheets bearing the names of registered Democrats. Mrs. Reichman carried shopping bags labelled with the names of the candidates, and Mrs. Wald brought along a handful of white cards with the names of the New Era slate and the date of the primary on one side and a list of "Emergency & Important Telephone Numbers" on the other. The list started out with 911, for Police & Ambulance, and ended with the number of the Samuel J. Tilden Club, which the team inherited along with Mr. Kramer. The club had been founded in January.

"Samuel J. Tilden fought the Tweed gang," Mrs. Reichman said. "I read up about him. He ran for President, and got the majority of votes, but lost in the Electoral College, and sooner than fight for the election—a recount, and so forth; civil war could have broken out in the country—he decided that he would concede the election. I think he was a pretty good man."

Mr. Kramer discussed issues with the few voters who were at home that

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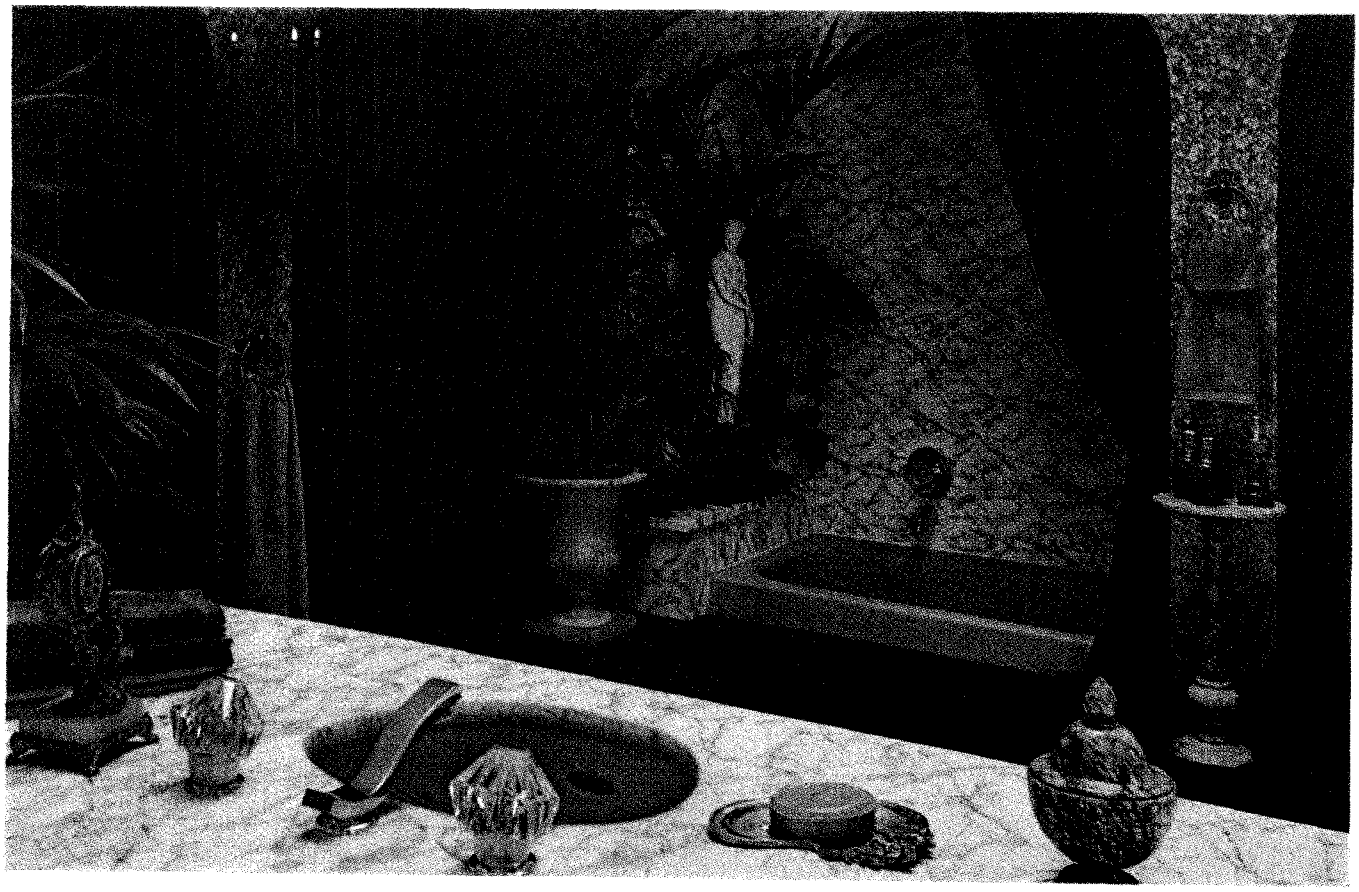

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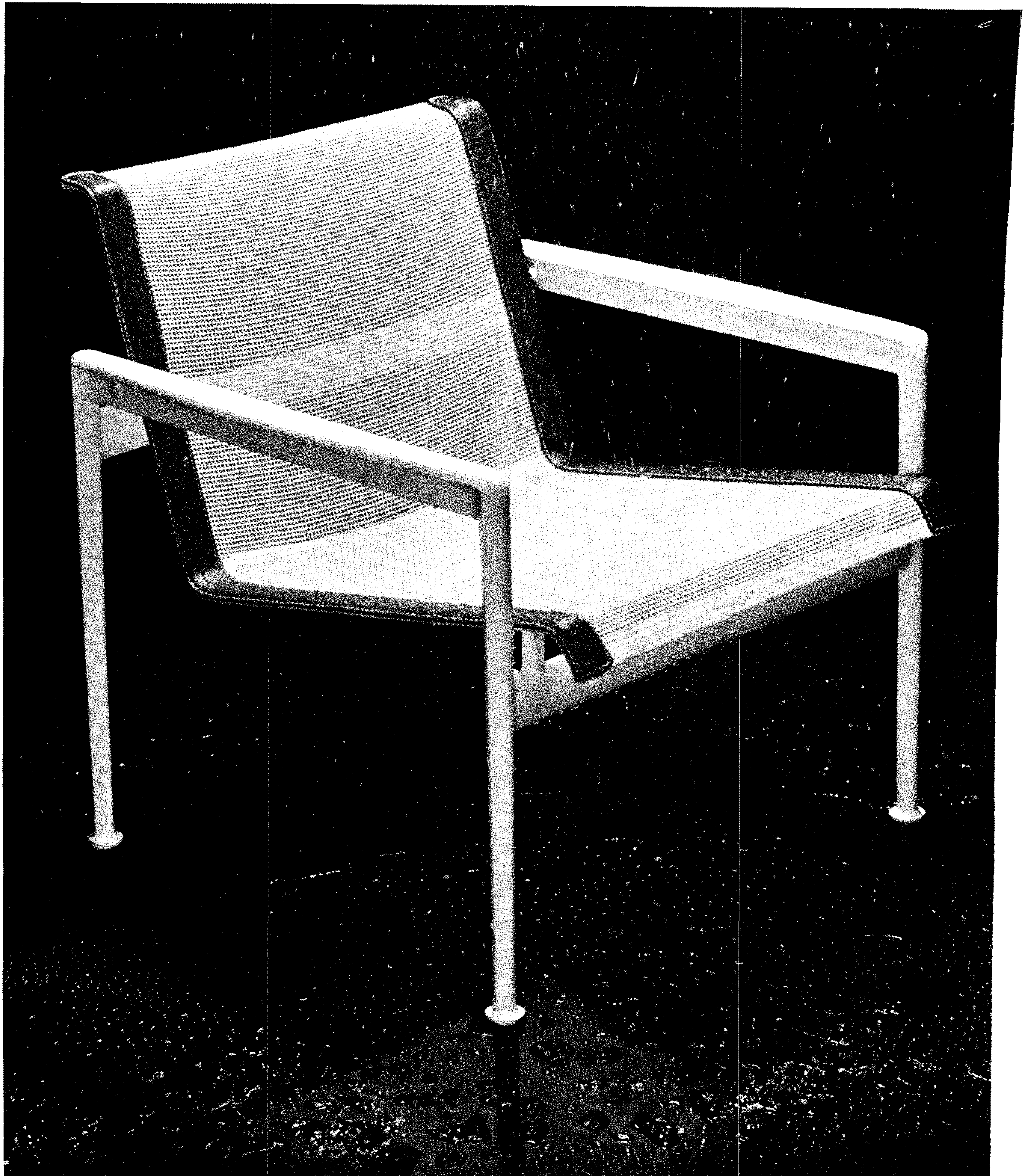

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afternoon, concentrating on the threat of neighborhood deterioration brought on by the spread of slums from Brownsville, which would be caused, he said, by unscrupulous real-estate brokers who tricked people into buying homes on terms they would be unable to meet. Mrs. Reichman concentrated on making friends—introducing herself, smiling, and trying to arrange kaffeeklatsches where the candidates could meet the voters. Mrs. Wald stood back at the curb and at one point gave directions in Yiddish to an old Chassidic man who had shown her an address on a slip of paper. "We need this block very badly," she told me. "There's a very high registration here."

"I don't like this kind of campaigning," Mrs. Reichman said, halfway up the block. "Canvassing—I hate it. I'd rather be out meeting loads of people at once. I don't feel we meet enough people this way. It's a necessary evil, though—necessary because we three are known in our specific community but not in the whole A.D." Lebowitz is from Canarsie, Kramer is from East Flatbush, and Mrs. Reichman lives in the Glenwood Houses, a large, integrated middle-income project in the southern part of the district. "I like kaffeeklatsches," Mrs. Reichman explained. "You get to meet a number of people at once. And I *love* subways and buses—giving the people literature, saying hello, seeing all the hot and tired people coming home from work. I feel sorry for them, but I love them."

Mrs. Wald expressed a preference for the microphone and loudspeakers. "I like sound," she said. "I found a toy, and I can't wait to get back to it. I love it, and everybody says, 'We heard you, we heard you.' "

The trip along the block produced only one sure supporter for the team—a young woman who promised to hold a kaffeeklatsch and to put a poster in her window. Most of those canvassed listened blankly and made no commitment. "These people are not concerned with Brownsville," Mrs. Wald said. "They think it's way over there somewhere"—she waved vaguely beyond the neat brick houses—"and yet you get in a car and it's only five minutes from here."

LATER, Mr. Kramer took me for a drive through Brownsville, the area that most people consider to be in the worst shape of any in the city. "I was once a 'slumlord,' by accident—by inheritance—and I understand the process of the creation of slums," he

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said. "There seems to be a conspiracy of brokers to conceal the actual cost of buying a house."

We drove along East Ninety-eighth Street, Rutland Road, Howard Avenue, Amboy Street, Dumont Avenue—past huge junk-filled lots, broken sidewalks, abandoned buildings with blackened interiors exposed. Mr. Kramer pointed to a hollow ruin at the intersection of Howard and Sutter Avenues. "Places like that have been taken over by vermin," he said. "I don't mean rats and lice. Here's where your dope addicts hang out, here's where your derelicts hang out."

Even the solid streets in Brownsville showed signs of defecting landlords. Buildings with their doors and windows boarded up stood side by side with identical-looking buildings that were still occupied. "Why did Brownsville become the worst area in the city?" Mr. Kramer asked. "These buildings are mostly new-law tenements, the same age as houses in any block in East Flatbush. What happened? There are no community organizations, there's no pipeline to City Hall. Brownsville has been abandoned by the political organization in our area. Sometimes people have got to be saved from their own foibles. The law should be strong enough to prohibit people from buying a home when they can't afford it, but when you come out against this trafficking in people's aspirations, some people think it sounds racist. I've been very open, though, and the black people in this community know what I am talking about." We passed a bright new gas station that had been abandoned, and an abandoned movie theatre—the Palace.

At five o'clock that day, Lebowitz, Kramer, and Reichman were at the Rutland Road I.R.T. station, standing at the foot of the steps that lead down from the elevated platform, introducing themselves, smiling, shaking hands, giving the people literature. Mrs. Wald was in the Ford, parked across the street. "Vote for your new Democratic team," she was saying, over and over. "Say hello to your future leaders of the Fortieth Assembly District—they're standing in front of the train station now. Meet your future leaders—Lebowitz, Kramer, and Reichman. Vote for the young, the dynamic, the vibrant, the clean, the untainted, the untarnished team of Lebowitz, Reichman, and Kramer." Most of the people who poured down into the street from the station were black. Some of them smiled at the candidates and some of them did not.

—SUSAN LARDNER

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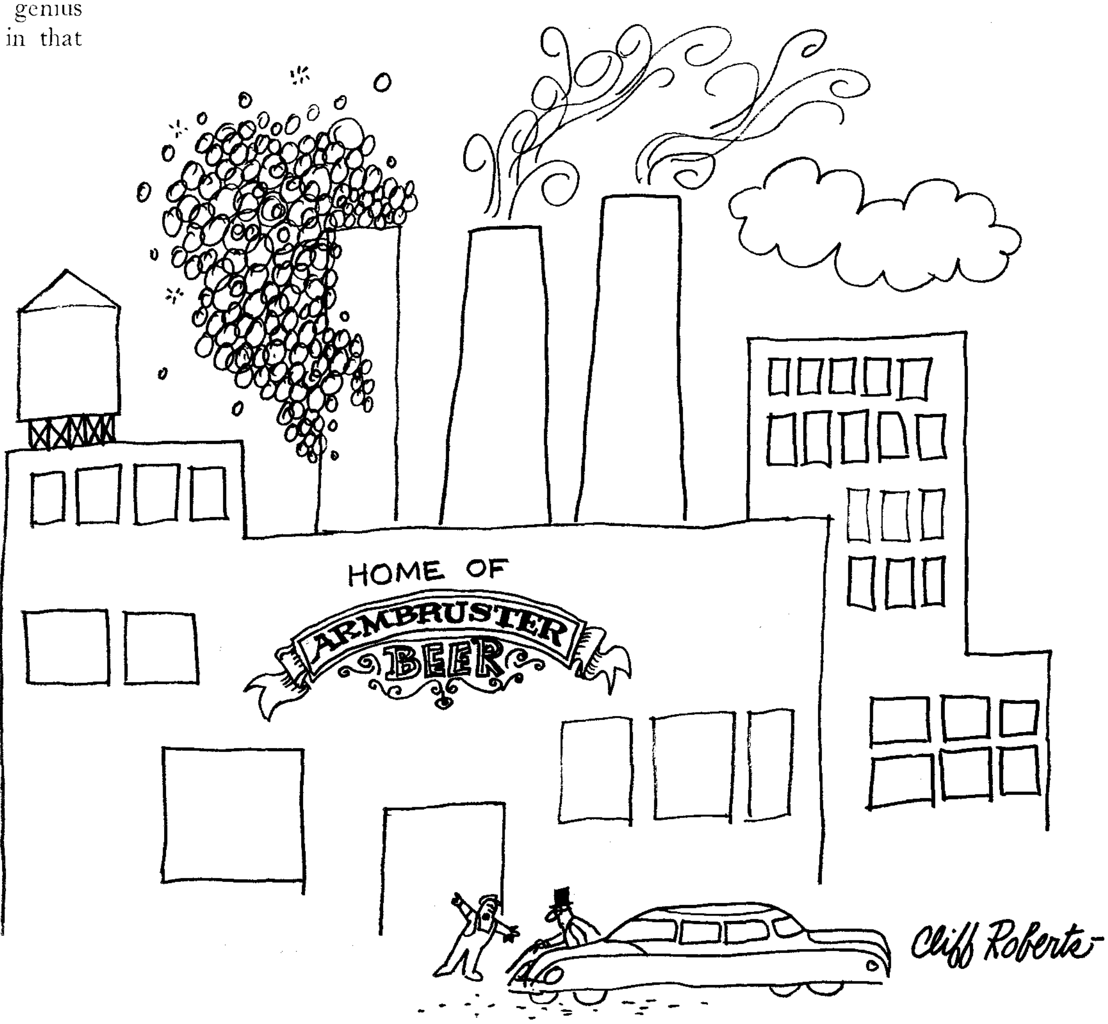
BOOKS

Tigers in the Mirror

INEVITABLY, the current world fame of Jorge Luis Borges will entail for some a sense of private loss. As when a view long treasured (the shadow mass of Arthur's Seat in Edinburgh seen, uniquely, from the back of No. 60 The Pleasance, or Fifty-first Street angled to a bronze and racing canyon through a trick of elevation and light in my dentist's window), a collector's item of and for the inner eye, becomes a panoptic spectacle for the tourist horde. For a long time, the splendor of Borges was clandestine, signalled to the happy few, bartered in undertones and mutual recognitions. How many knew of his first work, a summary of Greek myths, written in English in Buenos Aires, the author aged seven? Or of Opus 2, dated 1907 and distinctly premonitory—a translation into Spanish of Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince"? To affirm today that "Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote" is one of the sheer wonders of human contrivance, that the several facets of Borges's shy genius are almost wholly crystallized in that spare fable, is a platitude. But how many own the *editio princeps* of "El Jardín de Senderos Que Se Bifurcan" (Buenos Aires, 1941), in which the tale appeared? Only ten years ago, it was a mark of arcane erudition to know that H. Bustos Domecq was the joint pseudonym of Borges and his close collaborator, Adolfo Bioy Casares, and that the Borges who, with Delia Ingenieros, published a learned monograph on ancient Germanic and Anglo-Saxon literatures (Mexico, 1951) was indeed the Master. Such information was close-guarded, parsimoniously dispensed, often nearly impossible to come by, as were Borges's poems, stories, essays—themselves scattered, out of print, pseudonymous. I recall an early connoisseur, in the cavernous rear of a bookstore in Lisbon, showing me—this was in the early nineteen-fifties—Borges's translation of Virginia Woolf's "Orlando," his preface to a Buenos Aires edition of Kafka's "Metamorphosis," his key essay on the artificial language devised by Bishop John Wilkins, published in *La Nación* in 1942, and (rarest of rare items) "Dimensions of My Hope," a collection of short essays issued in 1926 but, by Borges's wish, never reprinted. These slim objects were displayed to me with an air of fastidious condescension. And rightly. I had arrived late at the secret place.

The turning point came in 1961. Beckett and Borges were awarded the Formentor Prize. A year later, Borges's "Labyrinths" and "Fictions" appeared in English. Honors rained. The Italian government made Borges *Commendatore*. At the suggestion of Malraux, de Gaulle conferred on his illustrious fellow-writer and master of myths the title of Commander of the Ordre des Lettres et des Arts. The sudden lion found himself lecturing in Madrid, Paris, Geneva, London, Oxford, Edinburgh, Harvard, Texas. "At a ripe old age," muses Borges, "I began to find that many people were interested in my work all over the world. It seems strange: many of my writings have been done into English, into Swedish, into French, into Italian, into German, into Portuguese, into some of the Slav languages, into Danish. And always this comes as a great surprise to me, because I remember I published a book—that must have been way back in 1932, I think—and at the end of the year I found out that no less than thirty-seven copies had been sold!" A leanness that had its compensations: "Those people are real, I mean every one of them has a face of his own, a family, he lives in his own particular street. Why, if you sell, say, two thousand copies, it is the same thing as if you had sold nothing at all, because two thousand is too vast—I mean for the imagination to grasp. . . . Perhaps seventeen would have been better or even seven." Each of these numbers has a symbolic role, and in Borges's fables so does the cabalistic diminishing series.

Today, the secret thirty-seven have produced an industry. Critical commentaries on Borges, interviews with, memoires about, special issues of quarterlies devoted to, editions of—all pul-



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lulate. Already the five-hundred-and-twenty-page exegetic, biographical, and bibliographical Borges compilation issued in Paris by L'Herne in 1964 is out of date. The air is gray with theses: on "Borges and Beowulf," on "The Influence of the Western on the Narrative Pace of the Later Borges," on "Borges's Enigmatic Concern with 'West Side Story' " ("I have seen it many times"), on "The Real Origins of the Words Tlön and Uqbar in Borges's Stories," on "Borges and the Zohar." There have been Borges weekends in Austin, seminars in Widener, a large-scale symposium at the University of Oklahoma, where Borges himself was present, watching the learned sanctification of his other self—or, as he says, *Borges y yo.* A journal of Borgesian studies is being founded. Its first issue will deal with the function of the mirror and the labyrinth in Borges's art, and with the dreamtigers that wait behind the mirror or, rather, in its silent crystal maze. With the academic circus have come the mimes. Borges's manner is being widely aped. There are magic turns that many writers, and even undergraduates gifted with a knowing ear, can simulate: the self-deprecatory deflection of Borges's tone, the occult fantastications of literary, historical reference that pepper his narrative, the alternance of direct, bone-spare statement with sinuous evasion. The key images and heraldic markers of the Borges world have passed into literary currency. "I've grown weary of labyrinths and mirrors and of tigers and of all that sort of thing. Especially when others are using them. . . . That's the advantage of imitators. They cure one of one's literary ills. Because one thinks: there are so many people doing that sort of thing now, there's no need for one to do it any more. Now let the others do it, and good riddance." But it is not pseudo-Borges that matters.

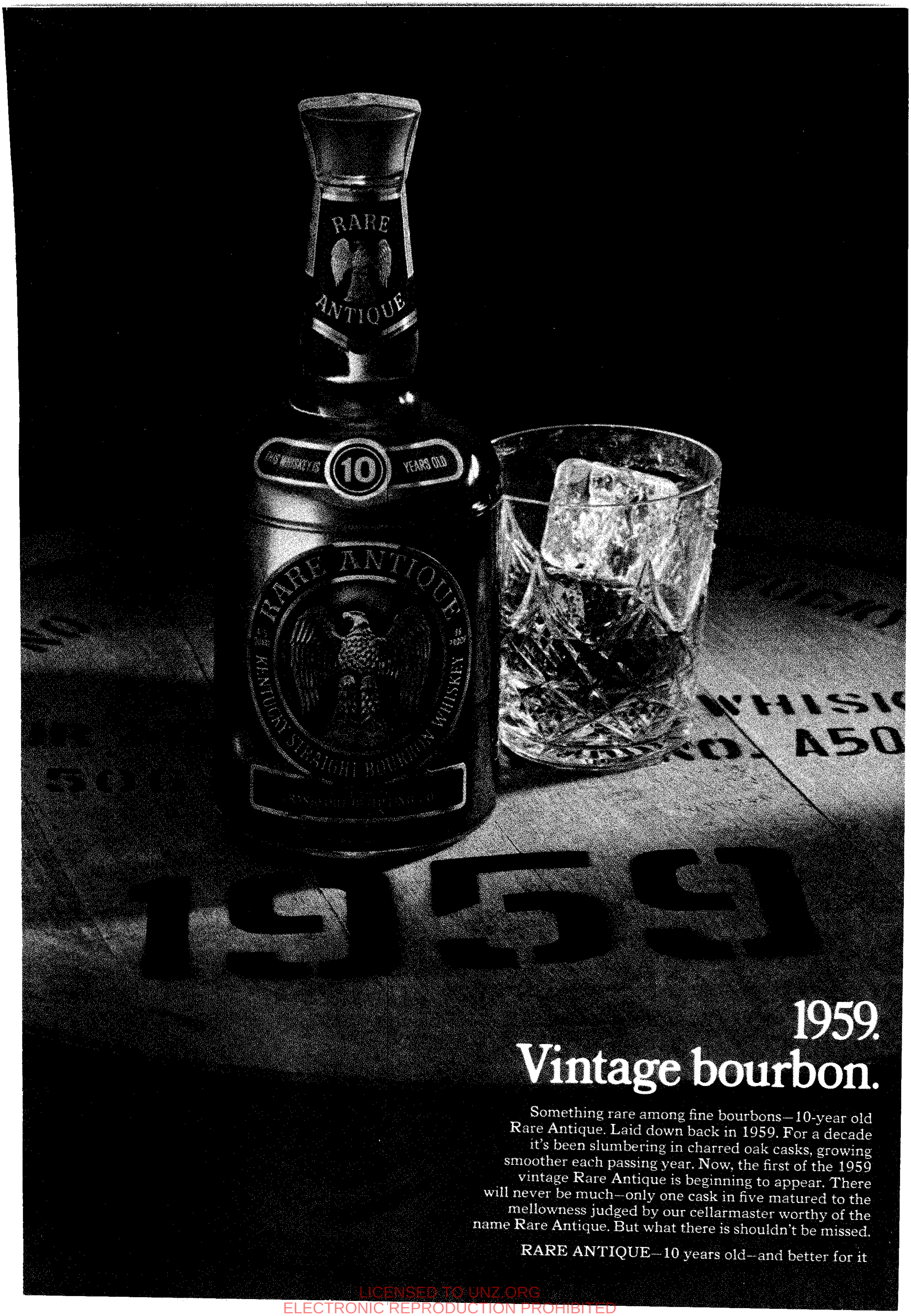
The enigma is this: that tactics of feeling so specialized, so intricately enmeshed with a sensibility that is private in the extreme, should have so wide, so natural an echo. Like Lewis Carroll, Borges has made of autistic dreams—of a private condition that is exotic and idiosyncratic to a degree—pictures, discreet but exacting summonses, that readers the world over are discovering with a sense of perfect recognition. Our streets and gardens, the arrowing of a lizard across the warm light, our libraries and circular staircases are beginning to look precisely as Borges imagined them, though the sources of his vision remain irreducibly singular, hermetic, at moments almost moon-mad. The process whereby a fantastically private model of the world leaps beyond the wall of mirrors in which it was created and reaches out to change the general landscape of awareness is unmistakable but exceedingly difficult to talk about (how much of the vast critical literature on Kafka is baffled verbiage). That Borges's entrance on the larger scene of the imagination was preceded by a local point of view of extreme rigor and linguistic métier is certain. But that will not get us very far. The fact is that even lame translations communicate much of his spell. The message—set in a cabalistic code, written, as it were, in invisible ink, thrust, with the proud casualness of deep modesty, in the most fragile of bottles—has crossed the seven seas (there are, of course, many more in the Borges atlas, and they are multiples of seven), to reach every kind of shore. Even those who know nothing of his masters and early companions—Lugones, Macedonio Fernández, Evaristo Carriego—or to whom the Palermo district of Buenos Aires and the tradition of gaucho ballads are little more than names have found access to Borges's "Fictions." There is a sense in which the director of the Biblioteca Nacional of Argentina is now the most original of Anglo-American writers.

This extraterritoriality may be a clue. Borges is a universalist. In part this is a question of upbringing, of the years from 1914 to 1921 spent in Switzerland, Italy, Spain. And it arises from Borges's prodigious talents as a linguist. He is at home in English, French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Anglo-Saxon, and Old Norse, as well as in a Spanish that is constantly shot through with Argentine elements. Like other writers whose sight has failed, Borges moves with a cat's assurance through the sound-world of many tongues. He tells memorably of "Beginning the Study of Anglo-Saxon Grammar":

At fifty generations' end
(And such abysses time affords us all)
I returned to the further shore of a great
  river
That the vikings' dragons did not reach,
To the harsh and arduous words
That, with a mouth now turned to dust,
I used in my Northumbrian, Mercian days
Before I became a Haslam or a Borges. . . .

Praised be the infinite
Mesh of effects and causes
Which, before it shews me the mirror
In which I shall see no-one or I shall see
  another,
Grants me now this contemplation pure
Of a language of the dawn.

"Before I became a Borges." There is in his penetration of different cultures a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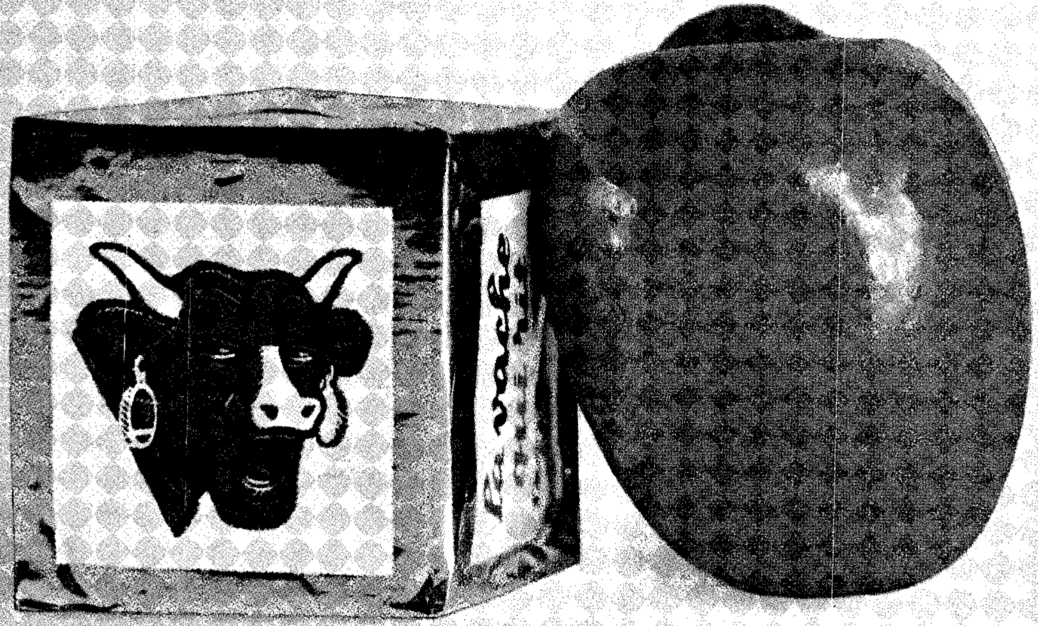

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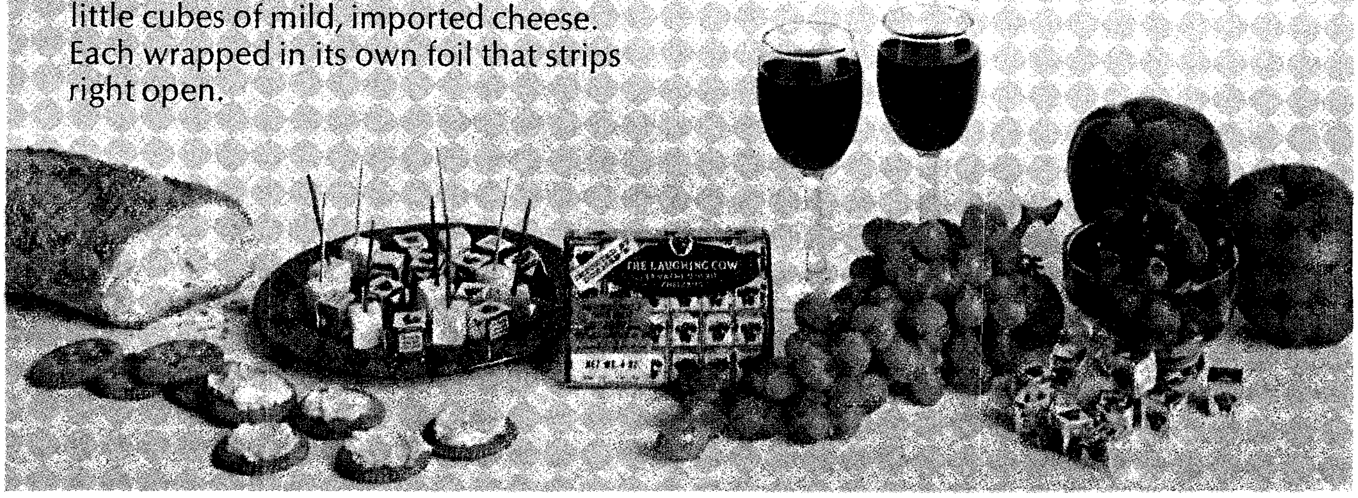
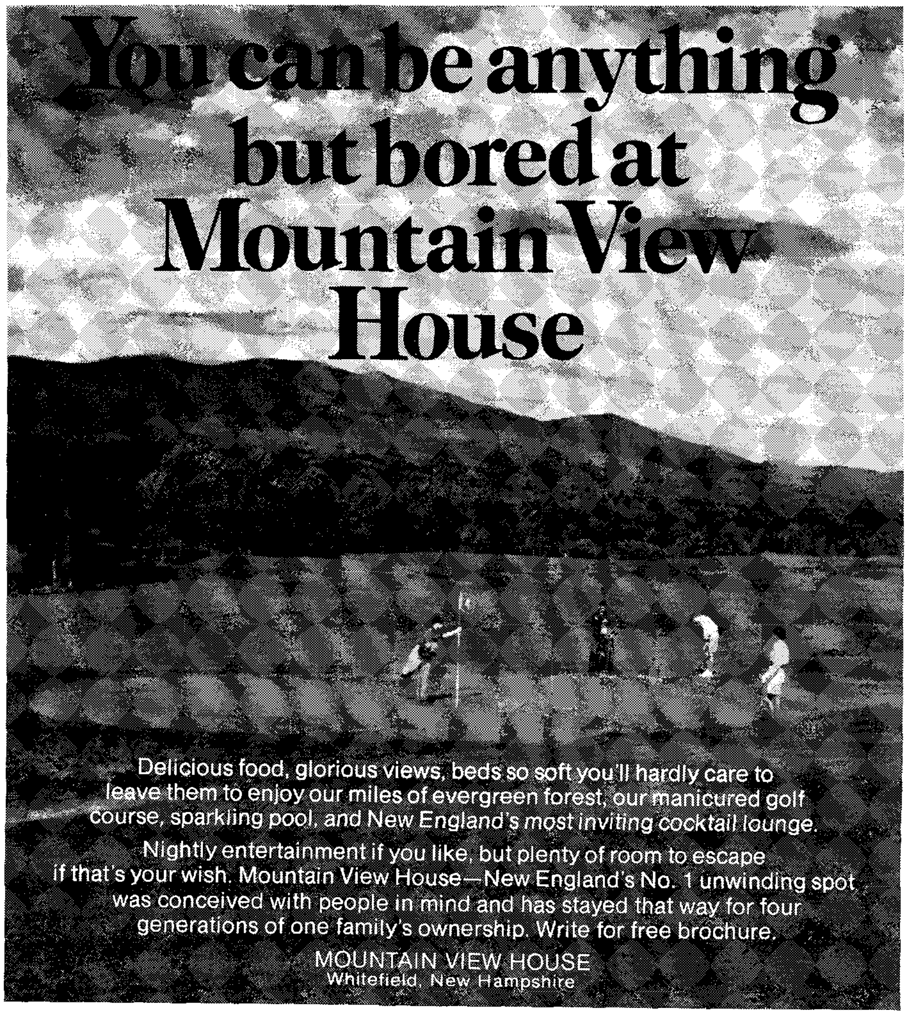


secret of literal metamorphosis. In "Deutsches Requiem," the narrator becomes—*is*—Otto Dietrich zur Linde, condemned Nazi war criminal. Vincent Moon's confession, "The Shape of the Sword," is a classic in the rich literature of the Irish troubles. Elsewhere, Borges assumes the mask of Dr. Yu Tsun, former professor of English at the Hochschule in Tsingtao, or of Averroës, the great Islamic commentator on Aristotle. Each quick-change brings with it its own persuasive aura, yet all are Borges. He delights in extending this sense of the unhoused, of the mysteriously conglomerate, to his own past: "I may have Jewish ancestors, but I can't tell. My mother's name is Acevedo: Acevedo may be a name for a Portuguese Jew, but, again, it may not. . . . The word *acevedo*, of course, means a kind of tree; the word is not especially Jewish, though many Jews are called Acevedo. I can't tell." As Borges sees it, other masters may derive their strength from a similar stance of strangeness: "I don't know why, but I always feel something Italian, something Jewish about Shakespeare, and perhaps Englishmen admire him because of that, because it's so unlike them." It is not the specific doubt or fantastication that counts. It is the basic notion of the writer as a guest, as a human being whose job it is to stay vulnerable to manifold strange presences, who must keep the doors of his momentary lodging open to all winds:

I know little—or nothing—of my own forebears;
The Borges back in Portugal; vague folk
That in my flesh, obscurely, still evoke
Their customs, and their firmnesses and fears.
As slight as if they'd never lived in the sun
And free from any trafficking with art,
They form an indecipherable part
Of time, of earth, and of oblivion.

This universality and disdain of anchor is directly reflected in Borges's fabled erudition. Whether or not it is "merely put there as a kind of private joke," the fabric of bibliographical allusions, philosophic tags, literary citations, cabalistic references, mathematical and philological acrostics that crowd Borges's stories and poems is obviously crucial to the way he experiences reality. A perceptive French critic, Roger Caillois, has argued that in an age of deepening illiteracy, when even the educated have only a smattering of classical or theological knowledge, erudition is of itself a kind of fantasy, a surrealistic construct. Moving with muted omniscience from eleventh-century heretical fragments to baroque algebra



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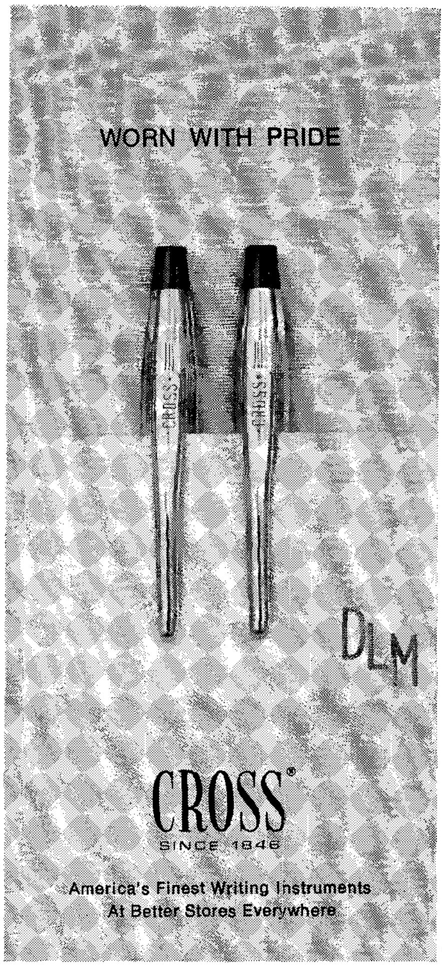

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and multi-tomed Victorian *œuvres* on the fauna of the Aral Sea, Borges builds an anti-world, a perfectly coherent space in which his mind can conjure at will. The fact that a good deal of the alleged source material and mosaic of allusion is a pure fabrication—a device that Borges shares with Nabokov and for which both may be indebted to Flaubert's "Bouvard et Pecuchet"—paradoxically strengthens the impression of solidity. Pierre Menard stands before us, instantaneously substantial and implausible, through the invented catalogue of his "visible works;" in turn, each arcane item in the catalogue points to the meaning of the parable. And who would doubt the veracity of the "Three Versions of Judas" once Borges has assured us that Nils Runeberg—note the rune in the name—published "Den Hemlige Frälsaren" in 1909 but did not know a book by Euclides da Cunha ("Revolt in the Backlands," exclaims the unwary reader) in which it is affirmed that for the "heresiarch of Canudos, Antonio Conselheiro, virtue 'was almost an impiety' "? Unquestionably there is humor in this polymath montage. And there is, as in Pound, a deliberate enterprise of total recall, a graphic summation of classical and Western civilization in a time in which the latter is largely forgot or vulgarized. Borges is a curator at heart, a treasurer of unconsidered trifles, an indexer of the antique truths and waste conjectures that throng the attic of history. All this arch learning has its comical and gently histrionic sides. But a very much deeper meaning as well.

Borges holds, or, rather, makes precise imaginative use of, a cabalistic image of the world, a master metaphor of existence, which he may have become familiar with as early as 1914, in Geneva, when he read Gustav Meyrink's novel "The Golem," and when he was in close contact with the scholar Maurice Abramowicz. The metaphor goes something like this: The Universe is a great Book; each natural and mental phenomenon in it carries meaning. The world is an immense alphabet. Physical reality, the facts of history, whatever men have created, are, as it were, syllables of a constant message. We are surrounded by a limitless network of significance, whose every thread carries a pulse of being and conducts, ultimately, to what Borges, in an enigmatic tale of great power, calls the *Aleph*. The narrator sees this inexpressible pivot of the cosmos in the dusty corner of the cellar of the house of Carlos Argentino, in Garay Street, on an October afternoon. It is the space of all spaces, the cabalistic sphere whose center is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere; it is the wheel of Ezekiel's vision but also the quiet small bird of Sufi mysticism, which in some manner contains all birds: "I was dizzy and I wept, for mine eyes had beheld this secret and conjectural object, whose name is usurped by men, but which no man has looked upon: the inconceivable universe." From the point of view of the writer, "the universe which others call the Library" has several notable features. It embraces *all* books, not only those that have already been written but every page of every tome that will be written and, which matters more, that could conceivably be written. Regrouped, the letters of all known scripts and alphabets as they are set down in extant volumes can produce every imaginable human thought, every line of verse or prose paragraph to the limits of the universe. The Library also contains not only all languages but those languages that have perished or are yet to come. Plainly, Borges is fascinated by the notion, so prominent in the linguistic speculations of the Kabbala and of Jacob Boehme, that a secret primal speech, an *Ursprache* from before Babel, underlies the multitude of human tongues. If, as blind poets can, we pass our fingers along the living edge of words—Spanish words, Russian words, Aramaic words, the syllables of a singer in Cathay—we shall feel in them the subtle beat of a great current pulsing from a common center, the final word, made up of all letters and combinations of letters in all tongues, that is the name of God.

Thus, Borges's universalism is a deeply felt imaginative strategy, a maneuver to be in touch with the great winds that blow from the heart of things. When he cites fictitious titles, imaginary cross-references, folios and writers that have never existed, Borges is simply regrouping counters of reality into the shape of possible other worlds. When he moves, by wordplay and echo, from language to language, he is turning the kaleidoscope, throwing the light on another patch of the wall. Like Emerson, whom he cites indefatigably, Borges is confident that this vision of a totally meshed, symbolic universe is a jubilation: "From the tireless labyrinth of dreams I returned as if to my home to the harsh prison. I blessed its dampness, I blessed its tiger, I blessed the crevice of light, I blessed my old, suffering body, I blessed the darkness and the stone." To Borges, as to the transcendentalists, no living thing or sound but contains a cipher of all.

This dream-system—Borges often asks whether we ourselves, our dreams included, are not being dreamed from without—has generated some of the most witty, uncannily original short fiction in Western literature. "Pierre Menard," "The Library of Babel," "The Circular Ruins," "The Aleph," "Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius," "Averroës' Search" are laconic masterpieces. Their concise perfection, like that of a good poem, builds a world that is at once closed, the reader inescapably inside it, yet open to the widest resonance. Some of the parables, scarcely a page long, such as "Ragnarök," "Everything and Nothing," and "Borges and I" stand beside Kafka's as the only successes in that notoriously labile form. Had he produced no more than the "Ficciones," Borges would rank among the few fresh dreamers since Poe and Baudelaire. He has, that being the mark of a truly major artist, deepened the landscape of our memories.

Nonetheless, despite its formal universality and the vertigo breadths of his allusive range, the fabric of Borges's art has severe gaps. Only once, in the story "Emma Zunz," has Borges realized a credible woman. Throughout the rest of his work, women are the blurred objects of men's fantasies or recollections. Even among men, the lines of imaginative force in a Borges fiction are stringently simplified. The fundamental equation is that of a duel. Pacific encounters are cast in the mode of a collision between the "I" of the narrator and the more or less obtrusive shadow of "the other one." When a third persona turns up, it will be almost invariably, obliquely, a presence alluded to or remembered or perceived, unsteadily, at the very edge of the retina. The space of action in which a Borges figure moves is mythical and never social. When a setting of locale or historical circumstance intrudes, it does so in free-floating bits, exactly as in a dream. Thus the weird, cool emptiness that breathes from many Borges texts as from a sudden window on the night. It is these lacunae, these intense specializations of awareness, that account, I think, for Borges's suspicions of the novel. He reverts frequently to the question. He says that a writer whom dimmed eyesight forces to compose mentally and, as it were, at one go, must stick to very short narratives. And it is true that the first important "Ficciones" follow immediately on the grave accident Borges suffered in De-

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cember of 1938. He feels, as well, that the novel, like the verse epic before it, is a transitory form: "The novel is a form that may pass, doubtless will pass, but I don't think the story will. . . . It's so much older." It is the teller of tales, on the high road, the *skald*, the raconteur of the pampas, men whose blindness is often a statement of the brightness and crowding of life they have experienced, who incarnate Borges's notion of the writer. Homer is often invoked as a talisman. Granted. But it is as likely that the novel represents precisely the main dimensions lacking in Borges. The rounded presence of women, their relations to men, are of the essence of full-scale fiction. As is a matrix of society. Number theory and mathematical logic charm Borges (see his "Avatars of the Tortoise"). There is a good deal of plain engineering in a novel.

The concentrated strangeness of Borges's repertoire makes for a certain preciousness, a rococo elaboration that can be spellbinding but also airless. More than once, the pale lights and ivory forms of his invention move away from the active disarray of life. Borges has declared that he regards English literature, including American, as "by far the richest in the world." He is admirably at home in it. But his own anthology of English works is a curious one. The writers who signify most to him, who serve very nearly as alternate masks to his own person, are De Quincey, Stevenson, Chesterton, and Kipling. Undoubtedly these are masters, but of a tangential kind. Borges is perfectly right to remind us of De Quincey's organ-pealing prose, and of the sheer control and economy of recital in Stevenson and Kipling. Chesterton is a very odd choice, though again one can make out what "The Man Who Was Thursday" has contributed to Borges's love of charade and high intellectual slapstick. But not one of these writers is among the natural springs of energy in the language or in the history of feeling. And when Borges affirms—teasingly, perhaps—that Samuel Johnson "was a far more English writer than Shakespeare," one's sense of the willfully bizarre deepens. Holding himself so beautifully aloof from the bombast, the bullying, the strident ideological pretensions that characterize so much of current letters, Borges has built for himself a center that is, as in the mystical sphere of the Zohar, also a far-out place.

He himself seems conscious of the drawbacks in this eccentric position. He has said, in more than one recent interview, that he is now aiming at extreme simplicity, at composing short tales of a flat, masculine directness. Courage, the spare encounter of knife against knife, have always fascinated Borges. Some of his earliest and best work derives from the legends of rumbles in the Palermo quarter of Buenos Aires and from the heroic *razzias* of gauchos and frontier soldiers. He takes eloquent pride in his warring forebears: in his grandfather, Colonel Borges, who fought the Indians and died in a revolution; in Colonel Suarez, his great-grandfather, who led a Peruvian cavalry charge in one of the last great battles against the Spaniards; in a great-uncle who commanded the vanguard of San Martin's army:

My feet tread the shadows of the lances
that spar for the kill. The taunts of my
death,
the horses, the horsemen, the horses'
manes,
tighten the ring around me. . . . Now the
first
blow, the lance's hard steel ripping my
chest,
and across my throat the intimate knife.

"The Intruder," a very short story recently translated into English, illustrates Borges's present ideal. Two brothers share a young woman. One of them kills her so that their fraternity may again be whole. They now share a new bond: "the obligation to forget her." Borges himself compares this vignette to Kipling's first tales. "The Intruder" is a slight thing, but flawless and strangely moving. It is as if Borges, after his rare voyage through languages, cultures, mythologies, had come home and found the *Aleph* in the next patio.

"THE BOOK OF IMAGINARY BEINGS" (Dutton) is marginal Borges. Compiled in collaboration with Margarita Guerrero, this "Manual de Zoología Fantástica" was first published in 1957. An enlarged version followed ten years later. The present collection is again expanded and has been translated by Mr. Norman Thomas di Giovanni, the most active of Borges's current "other voices." The book is a bestiary of fabled creatures, mostly animal and spectral. It proceeds alphabetically, from the A Bao A Qu of Malayan witchcraft to the whalelike Zaratan reported in the ninth-century "Book of Animals" of al-Jahiz. On the way, we meet dragons and krakens, banshees and hippogriffs. A good deal of the text is quotation from previous fabulists—Herbert Giles, Arthur Waley, Gershon Scholem, and Kafka. Often an entry consists of an extract from a poem or antique fiction fol-

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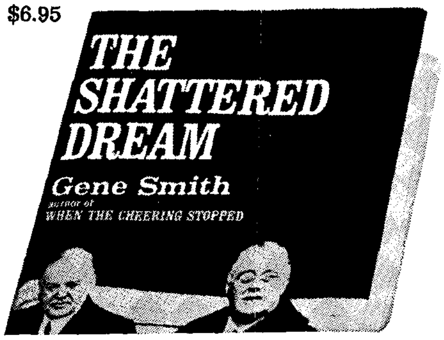

THE SHATTERED DREAM

Gene Smith

author of
WHEN THE CHEERING STOPPED

lowed by a brief gloss. There are, to be sure, unmistakable touches. A lighthearted entry on the brownies of Scottish farm lore moves via Stevenson to "that episode of Olalla, in which the scion of an old Spanish family bites his sister's hand." Full stop. We learn that the Holy Ghost has written two books; one is the Bible, "the second, the whole world, whose creatures had locked up in them moral teachings." In the "Fauna of Mirrors," Borges articulates the crucial vision of his own heraldic system. One day, the shapes that are frozen in the looking glass shall spring forth: "In advance of the invasion we will hear from the depths of mirrors the clatter of weapons." Borges knows that the Golem bears the word *'emeth*, meaning "truth," on its forehead; eliminate the first letter and you have *'meth*, whose meaning is "death." He supports Ibsen's biting suggestion that trolls are, above all, nationalists. "They think, or do their best to think, that the foul concoction they brew is delicious and that their hovels are palaces." But the greater part of the material is familiar and low-keyed. As Borges says, in a characteristic simile, "we should like the reader to dip into these pages at random, just as one plays with the shifting patterns of a kaleidoscope."

In a wonderful poem, "In Praise of Darkness," which equivocates with amused irony on the fitness of a man nearly blind to know all books but to forget whichever he chooses, Borges numbers the roads that have led him to his secret center:

These roads were footsteps and echoes,
women, men, agonies, rebirths,
days and nights,
falling asleep and dreams,
each single moment of my yesterdays
and of the world's yesterdays,
the firm sword of the Dane and the moon
  of the Persians,
the deeds of the dead,
shared love, words,
Emerson, and snow, and so many things.
Now I can forget them. I reach my
  center,
my algebra and my key,
my mirror.
Soon I shall know who I am.

It would be foolish to offer a simple paraphrase for that final core of meaning, for the encounter of perfect identity that takes place at the heart of the mirror. But this meaning is related, vitally, to freedom. In an arch note, Borges has come out in defense of censorship. The true writer uses allusions and metaphors. Censorship compels him to sharpen, to handle more expertly, the prime instruments of his trade. There is, implies Borges, no real

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freedom in the loud graffiti of erotic and political emancipation that currently pass for fiction and poetry. The liberating function of art lies in its singular capacity to "dream against the world," to structure worlds that are *otherwise*. The great writer is both anarchist and architect; his dreams sap and rebuild the botched, provisional landscape of reality. In 1940, Borges called on the "certain ghost" of De Quincey to "Weave nightmare nets / as a bulwark for your island." His own work has woven nightmares, but far more often dreams of wit and elegance. All these dreams are, inalienably, Borges's. But it is we who wake from them, increased.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TREASURE, by A. E. Hotchner (Random House). Paul Selwyn, forty-four years old, is an American who has just been released from a grim Italian island prison, Santo Stefano, after serving twenty-four years for a crime he didn't commit. Now, in Rome, he immediately begins working on his carefully set plan to recover a little something to compensate himself for the years he has lost. The little something is twenty-four million dollars, which he calculates is his share for helping reclaim the enormous fortune that Benito Mussolini and his Cabinet Ministers took with them when they attempted to flee Italy in April, 1945. The fortune was lost when the dictator and his companions were captured, and Selwyn figures that since the first attempt to recover the treasure was the cause of his going to jail, the second attempt might put him, so to speak, on his feet again. But this is 1969, and in the years that have passed since 1945 the world has changed so much that the ex-convict might as well be an ex-person. Selwyn appears a ghost to those who knew him, but he is a persuasive man, and he is in a hurry. This is a long, long novel, but Mr. Hotchner is a magnificent storyteller, and there isn't a dull moment from start to finish—not a dull moment or a false step. It is a great escape novel—a flight into a dangerous and exhilarating life that seems not merely believable but possible, if only we could be in Italy with a map marked "X" for buried treasure.

NOTE: John Updike's "Bech: A Book," a collection of episodes in

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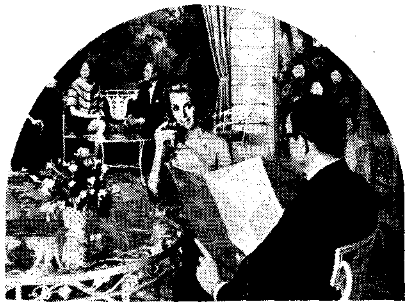

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the life of Henry Bech, that peripatetic literary figure, has been published by Knopf. Most of the stories were first printed in these pages.

GENERAL

THE SHATTERED DREAM: HERBERT HOOVER AND THE GREAT DEPRESSION, by Gene Smith (Morrow). A lively and subtle investigation of Hoover's personality (which the American people did not understand) at grips with an economic catastrophe that Hoover, like most Americans, could not understand. The author points out that the nation's disillusion with Hoover, whom it had worshiped, continues today, though historians and biographers have toiled to recall the man's lasting achievements. No close associate of Hoover's ever lost respect or affection for him, yet he was unable to make his personal qualities—diligence, honesty, loyalty—appear adequate to the crisis. Nor does Mr. Smith maintain that they were. In fact, the book is absorbing because it is a documented exploration rather than a brief. One episode raises some questions: Mr. Smith describes the Army's attack on the unarmed bonus marchers who had camped in and around Washington—a brutal act for which Hoover was blamed—and says that General MacArthur, then Chief of Staff, deliberately disobeyed Hoover's orders when he drove the men away and destroyed their camp, but nowhere does Mr. Smith suggest that Hoover reprimanded the General for his insubordination. The contrast with Truman is striking. Was authority the Presidential quality that Hoover lacked? Or courage? Or the capacity for getting angry?

THE MYTH OF FRANCE, by Raymond Rudorff (Coward-McCann). A frontal attack not so much on France as on the *idea* of France that Frenchmen cherish in their hearts and inculcate in the minds of their children. The French people, the author says, believe that theirs is a unique culture and that it is their historic mission to civilize the rest of the world; Léon Blum, when he was Premier, wrote that all Frenchmen live in the hope "that the whole world will one day be peacefully conquered by those ideas which France represents in history." Mr. Rudorff, a British critic and journalist who lived for many years in France (he currently, and perhaps discreetly, lives in Rome), declares this to be nonsense. On the whole, he says, France is and always has been hostile to intellectuals; when the French have exported their ideas of civilization to such former colonies as Algeria and Indo-China, Morocco and Senegal, the results have been tragic and disastrous; despite their claim to the contrary, the French have not enjoyed political unity for over a hundred and seventy-five years; and in no country in Europe are the citizens more divided against themselves. Mr. Rudorff examines the current state of the arts in France and finds cultural bankruptcy and, in literature, an élitism that speaks only to itself. He even denies that Paris is still a beautiful or stimulating city; what charm and vitality Paris had was gone, he says, by the Second World War. The interesting thing about all this is that the indictment is drawn up without rancor.

THE AFRICAN GENIUS: AN INTRODUCTION TO AFRICAN SOCIAL AND CULTURAL HISTORY, by Basil Davidson (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Mr. Davidson has made himself something of an impresario for as well as an authority on black African cultures. Readers who are already persuaded that Africa's civilization is interesting and far from valueless may be irritated by the author's insistence that they sit up and properly appreciate what he has to say. But when Mr. Davidson tells what he knows, he is fascinating. He makes the point that African societies have tried to do the same impossible things as European societies—to achieve stability and order and to make philosophical and religious sense out of the world's harsh necessities. He also emphasizes that many African solutions are similar to European ones: the African concept of sacred kingship is a counterpart of the British concept of the Crown. Mr. Davidson's last section discusses nineteenth- and twentieth-century African attempts first to resist white encroachment and, later, to fashion a modern African culture that will utilize some elements of the old. It is an eyeopener.

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Mayor Phillips said what was amazing about the effort was the involvement and interest of the people. After the cleanup of the Mamaroneck River, the same program was tried on a smaller scale by neighborhoods in other little streams.—Port Chester Daily Item.

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